THE TRANSFORMERS
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

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☐ THE DEATH OF OPTIMUS PRIME

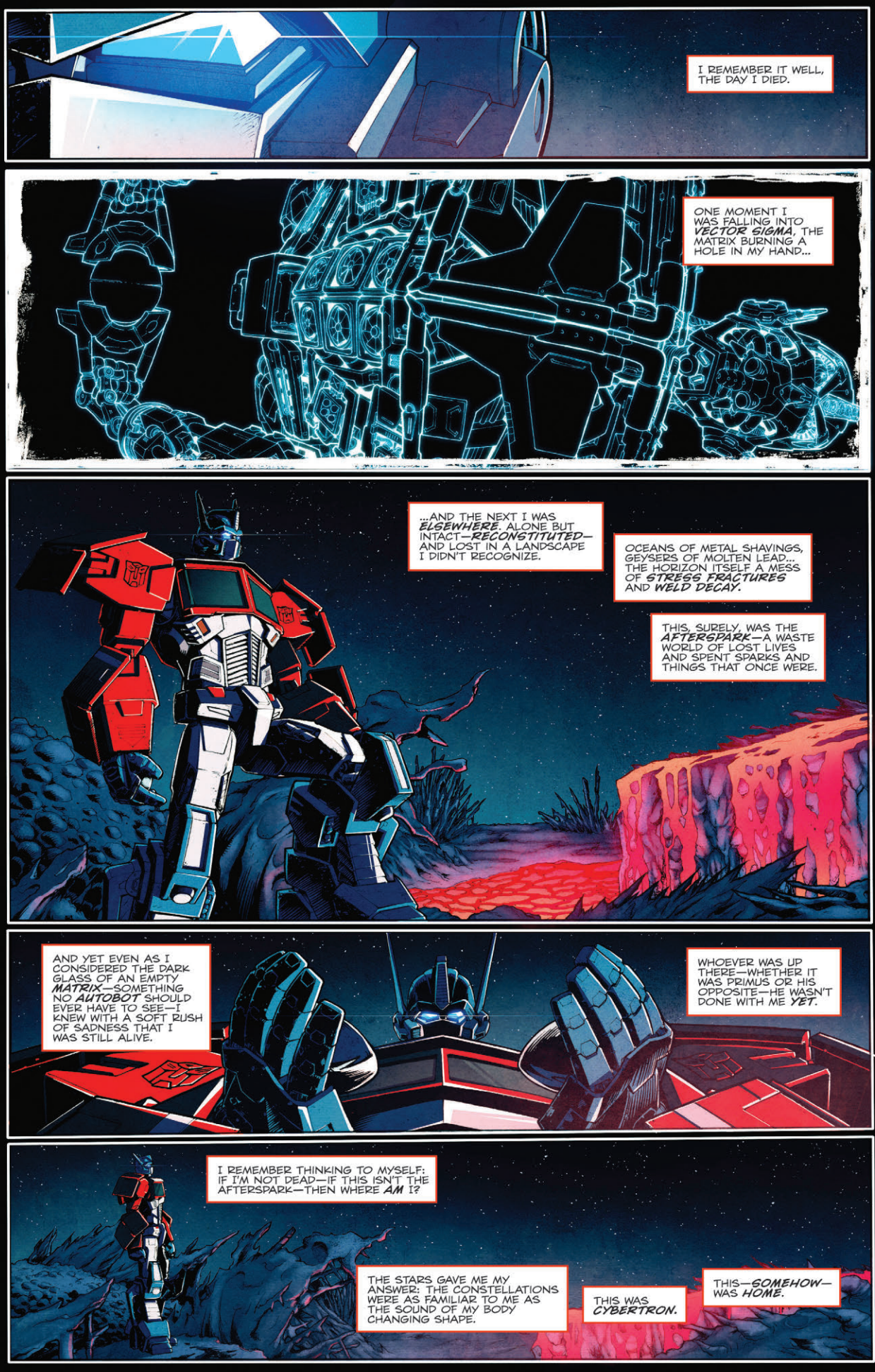
WRITTEN BY **JAMES ROBERTS & JOHN BARBER** ART BY **NICK ROCHE**
COLORS BY **JOSH BURCHAM** LETTERS BY **SHAWN LEE** EDITS BY **CARLOS GUZMAN**

☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

WRITTEN BY **JAMES ROBERTS** ART BY **NICK ROCHE** (ISSUE #1) AND **ALEX MILNE**
COLORS BY **JOSH BURCHAM** LETTERS BY **SHAWN LEE** SERIES EDITS BY **JOHN BARBER**

☐ DEATH OF OPTIMUS PRIME COVER RI-A

BY **LIVIO RAMONDELLI**


I REMEMBER IT WELL, THE DAY I DIED.
ONE MOMENT I WAS FALLING INTO VECTOR SIGMA, THE MATRIX BURNING A HOLE IN MY HAND...
...AND THE NEXT I WAS ELSEWHERE. ALONE BUT INTACT—RECONSTITUTED—AND LOST IN A LANDSCAPE I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE.
OCEANS OF METAL SHAVINGS, GEYSERS OF MOLTEN LEAD... THE HORIZON ITSELF A MESS OF STRESS FRACTURES AND WELD DECAY.
THIS, SURELY, WAS THE AFTERSPARK—A WASTE WORLD OF LOST LIVES AND SPENT SPARKS AND THINGS THAT ONCE WERE.
AND YET EVEN AS I CONSIDERED THE DARK GLASS OF AN EMPTY MATRIX—SOMETHING NO AUTOBOT SHOULD EVER HAVE TO SEE—I KNEW WITH A SOFT RUSH OF SADNESS THAT I WAS STILL ALIVE.
WHOEVER WAS UP THERE—WHETHER IT WAS PRIMUS OR HIS OPPOSITE—HE WASN'T DONE WITH ME YET.
I REMEMBER THINKING TO MYSELF: IF I'M NOT DEAD—IF THIS ISN'T THE AFTERSPARK—THEN WHERE AM I?
THE STARS GAVE ME MY ANSWER: THE CONSTELLATIONS WERE AS FAMILIAR TO ME AS THE SOUND OF MY BODY CHANGING SHAPE.
THIS WAS CYBERTRON.
THIS—SOMEHOW—WAS HOME.

I WANDERED. I WONDERED.
WAS THIS CYBERTRON'S ANCIENT PAST? WAS I WITNESSING THE BIRTH OF THE PLANET?
ONCE AGAIN, THE ANSWER WAS ABOVE MY HEAD: I COULD SEE ONLY THE SMALLER OF CYBERTRON'S TWO MOONS. WHENEVER I WAS, IT WAS AFTER LUNA 1 DISAPPEARED.
IF NOT THE PAST, THEN— THE FUTURE?

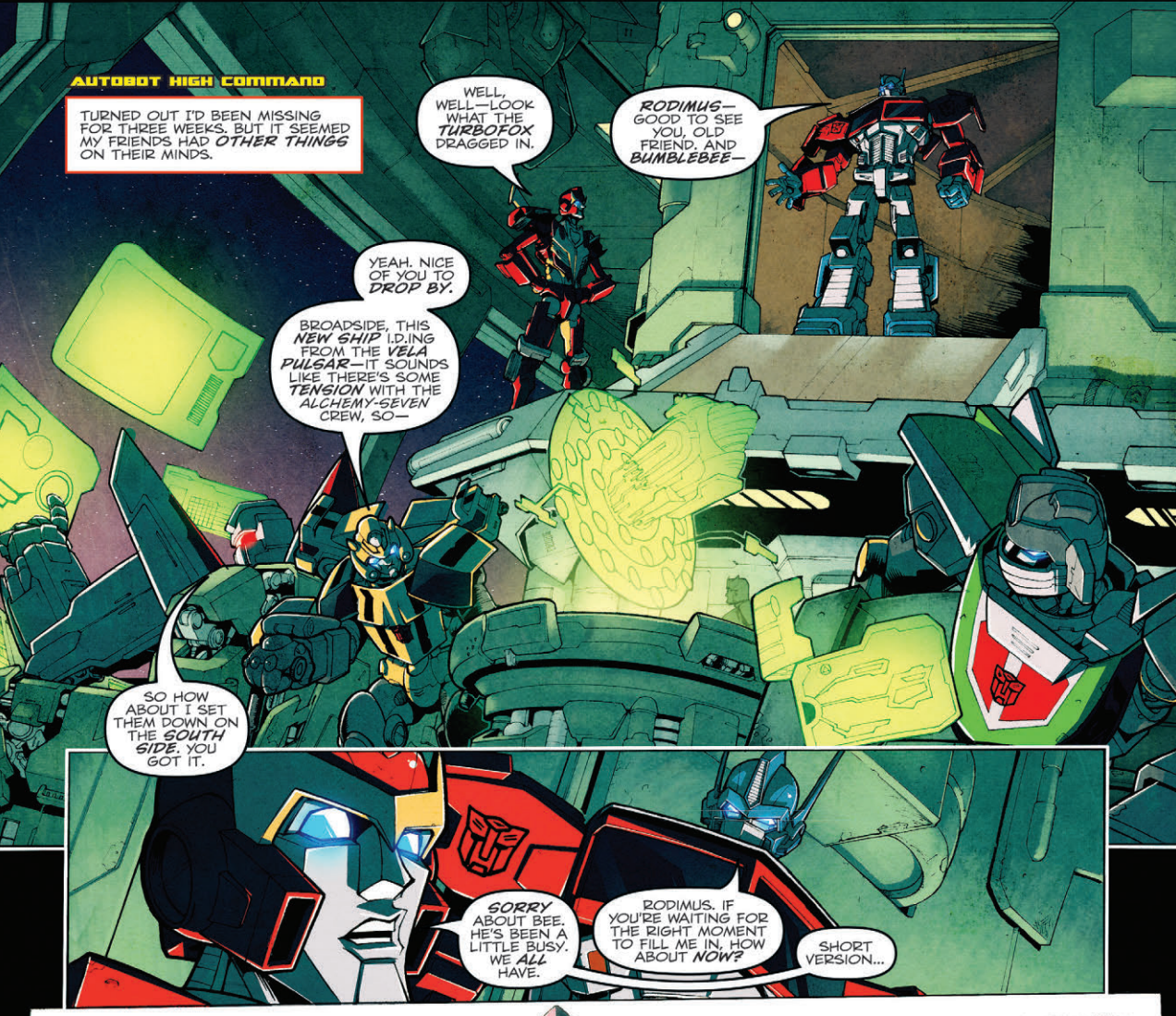
AT THAT MOMENT MY GPS* FINALLY KICKED IN.
IT TOLD ME THAT I WAS STANDING AMONG THE TOWERING RUINS OF THE GRAND IMPERIUM, AND THAT IF I LOOKED LEFT I WOULD SEE THE MANGANESE MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.
*GALACTIC POSITIONING SYSTEM

THAT SETTLED IT: I WAS IN THE FUTURE. THE DISTANT FUTURE, AT THAT.
A FUTURE WHERE THE MANGANESE MOUNTAINS HAD CORRODED AWAY.
A FUTURE WHERE WHOLE CITIES HAD BEEN REDUCED TO A PATINA OF RUST.
A FUTURE WHERE...

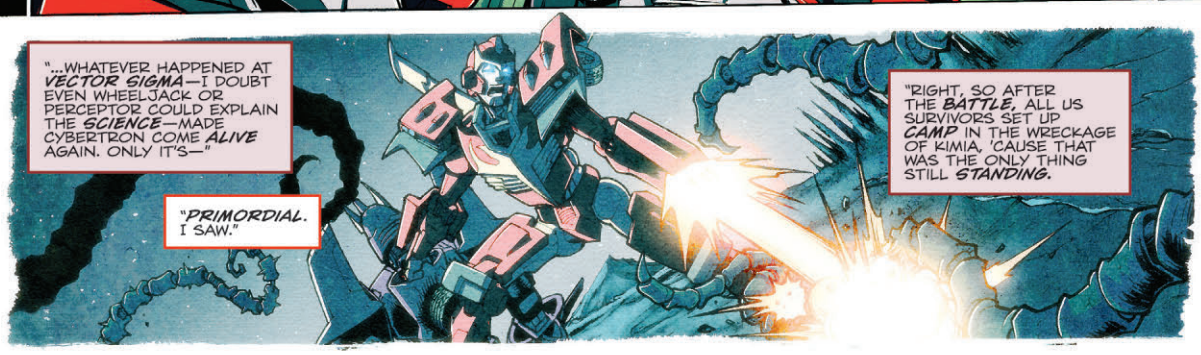
...GALVATRON'S SWEEPS WERE STILL LYING AROUND...?
IT WAS AROUND THIS POINT THAT I RECALLED SOMETHING IRONHIDE USED TO SAY: "SOMETIMES YOU JUST GOTTA STOP THINKING AND TAKE IT AS IT COMES."

I WALKED FOR HOURS, UNTIL THE GPS TOLD ME THAT I WAS LOOKING AT *GREATER IACON.*
AND ALTHOUGH IT RESEMBLED A *SHANTYTOWN* OR A *BOMB SITE* OR A *SPACEPORT GONE TO SEED*, IT HAD SOMETHING OVER THE IACON I'D KNOWN FOR THE LAST FEW MILLION YEARS...
...IT WAS *POPULATED.*
CYBERTRONIANS OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES, GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS.
I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THEM. THAT WAS SURPRISING IN ITSELF. BUT WHAT WAS EVEN *MORE* SURPRISING...
...WAS THAT THEY DIDN'T RECOGNIZE *ME.*
EXCEPT THAT'S NOT *QUITE* TRUE.
HEY, PAX!
ORION *PAX!*

YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE, SHOWING YOUR FACEPLATE AROUND HERE!
I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE ME AT A DISADVANTAGE, FRIEND. I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
TAKE A LOOK AROUND YOU! SATISFIED? THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
IF THAT IS THE CASE THEN I APOLOGIZE. THE LAST FEW DAYS HAVE BEEN SOMEWHAT CHAOTIC.
THE LAST FEW DAYS? THE LAST FEW DAYS?! TRY THE LAST FOUR MILLION YEARS!
THIS NAIL BOTHERING YOU, OPTIMUS?
SIDESWIPE!
"NAIL"? WHAT...?
IT'S AN ACRONYM. ONE OF PROWL'S. "NON-AFFILIATED INDIGENOUS LIFE-FORM."
NAIL. I LIKE SAYING IT. NAIL. NA-IL. "YOU'RE A NAIL." SUITS YOU.
KNOW WHAT I LIKE ABOUT NAILS?
HAMMERING THEM?
HAMMERING— AH. BEAT ME TO IT.
NO ONE'S HAMMERING ANYONE, WHIRL.
GOOD TO SEE YOU, BOSS. RODIMUS SAID YOU'D BE OKAY. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE A HATE FIGURE?
YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I IGNORE ALL THOSE QUESTIONS IN FAVOR OF ONE OF MY OWN: JUST WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

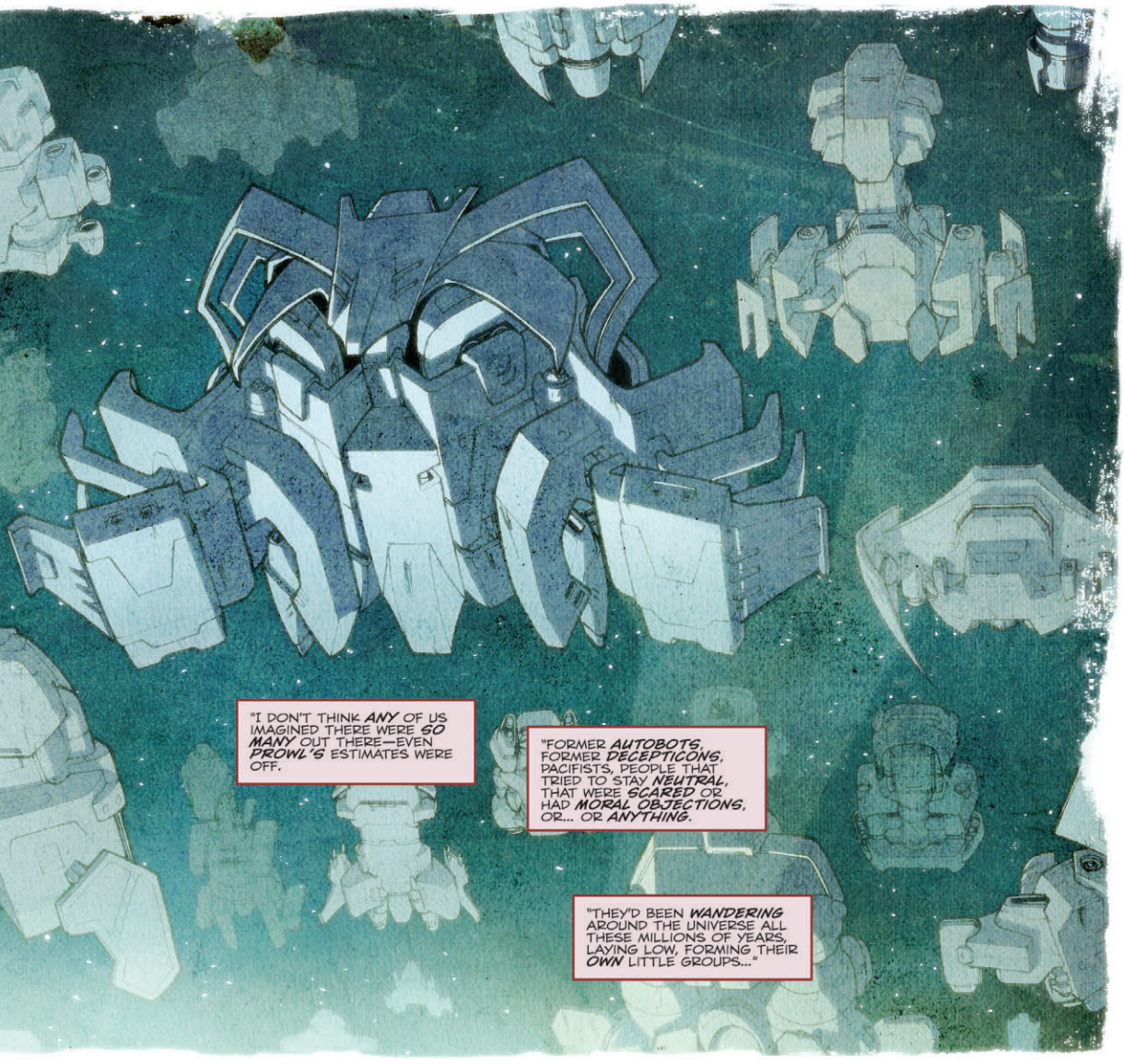

AUTOBOT HIGH COMMAND
TURNED OUT I'D BEEN MISSING FOR THREE WEEKS. BUT IT SEEMED MY FRIENDS HAD OTHER THINGS ON THEIR MINDS.
WELL, WELL—LOOK WHAT THE TURBOFOX DRAGGED IN.
RODIMUS—GOOD TO SEE YOU, OLD FRIEND. AND BUMBLEBEE—
YEAH. NICE OF YOU TO DROP BY.
BROADSIDE, THIS NEW SHIP I.D.ING FROM THE VELA PULSAR—IT SOUNDS LIKE THERE'S SOME TENSION WITH THE ALCHEMY-SEVEN CREW, SO—
SO HOW ABOUT I SET THEM DOWN ON THE SOUTH SIDE. YOU GOT IT.

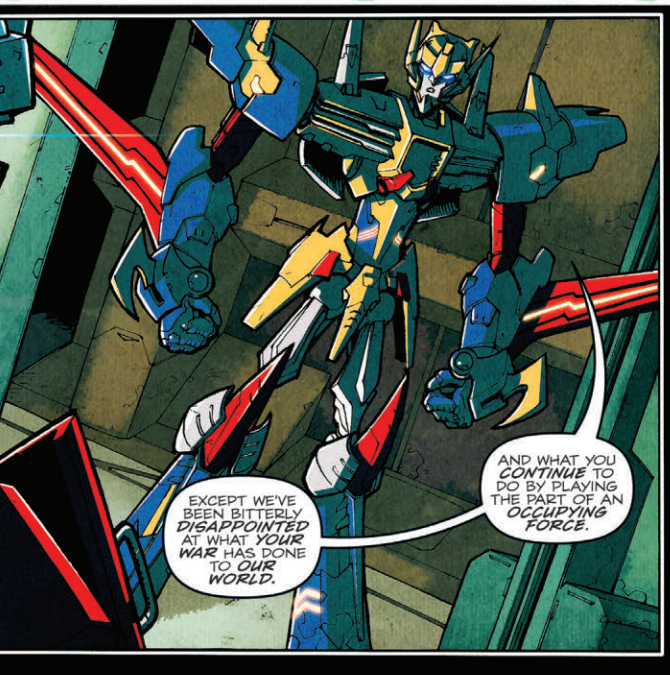
SORRY ABOUT BEE. HE'S BEEN A LITTLE BUSY. WE ALL HAVE.
RODIMUS. IF YOU'RE WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO FILL ME IN, HOW ABOUT NOW?
SHORT VERSION...


"...WHATEVER HAPPENED AT VECTOR SIGMA—I DOUBT EVEN WHEELJACK OR PERCEPTOR COULD EXPLAIN THE SCIENCE—MADE CYBERTRON COME ALIVE AGAIN. ONLY IT'S—"
"PRIMORDIAL. I SAW."
"RIGHT, SO AFTER THE BATTLE, ALL US SURVIVORS SET UP CAMP IN THE WRECKAGE OF KIMIA, 'CAUSE THAT WAS THE ONLY THING STILL STANDING.

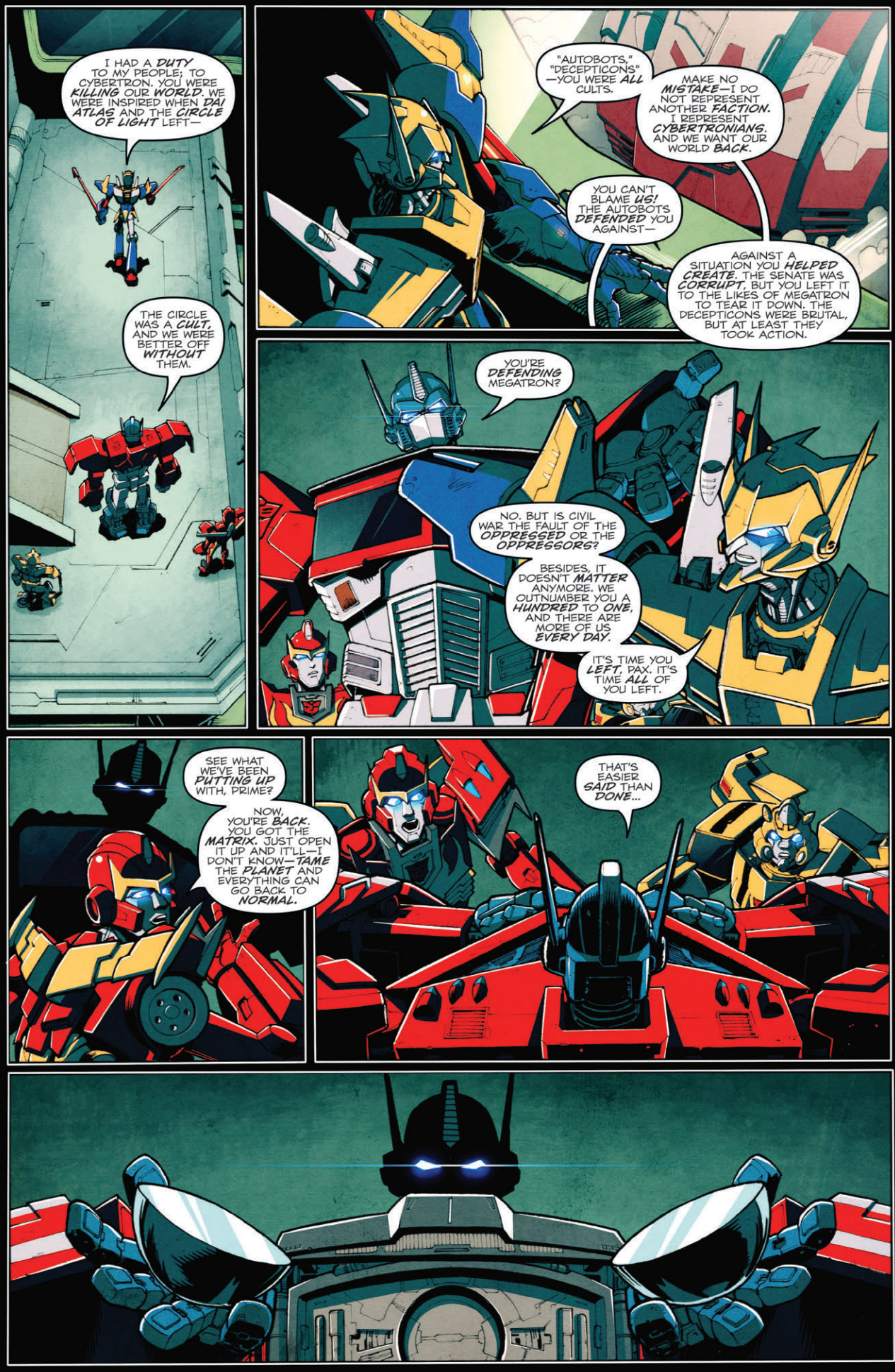
"WE SENT A SHIP TO PICK UP BEE, PROWL, AND THE GANG FROM EARTH, AND WHEN THEY GOT BACK, I WAS LIKE—"
WELL, BESIDES PRIME, I GUESS THAT'S EVERYBODY.
UM...

"SO, AH... IT SEEMS VECTOR SIGMA SENT OUT A PULSE. PROWL AND BEE HAD HEARD IT. I GUESS WE PROBABLY DID, TOO, BUT WE WERE HEARING A LOT OF THINGS—"
"GO ON, RODIMUS."
"RIGHT. WELL, THOUSANDS OF CYBERTRONIANS SHOWED UP—NON-COMBATANTS, PRIME!
AND NOW THEY'VE COME HOME.
WITH MORE SHOWING UP EVERY DAY, PRIME...
...EXPECTING TO FIND A PARADISE. CYBERTRON REBORN, RIGHT? EXCEPT—

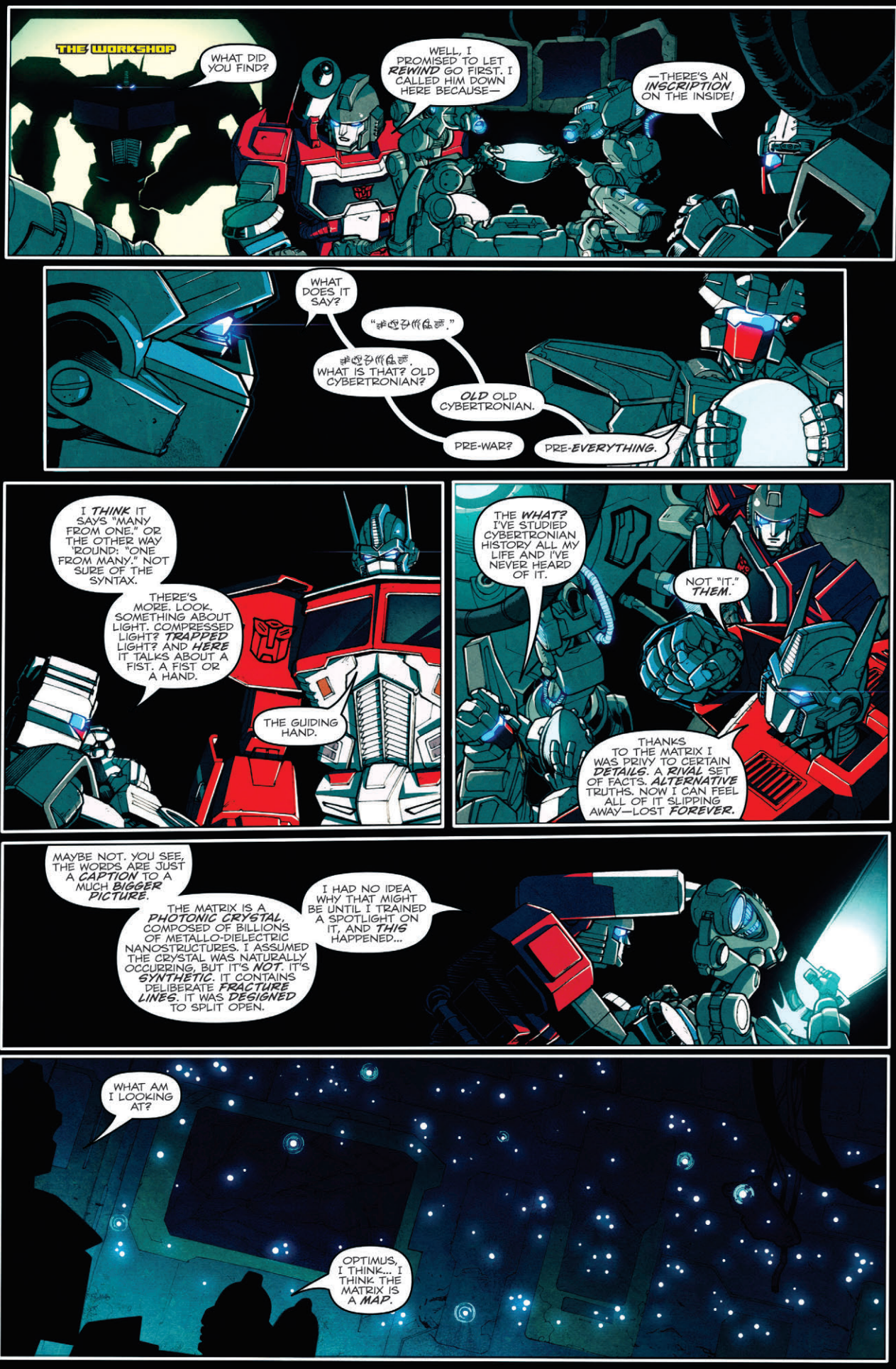

"I DON'T THINK ANY OF US IMAGINED THERE WERE SO MANY OUT THERE—EVEN PROWL'S ESTIMATES WERE OFF.
"FORMER AUTOBOTS, FORMER DECEPTICONS, PACIFISTS, PEOPLE THAT TRIED TO STAY NEUTRAL, THAT WERE SCARED OR HAD MORAL OBJECTIONS, OR... OR ANYTHING.
"THEY'D BEEN WANDERING AROUND THE UNIVERSE ALL THESE MILLIONS OF YEARS, LAYING LOW, FORMING THEIR OWN LITTLE GROUPS..."

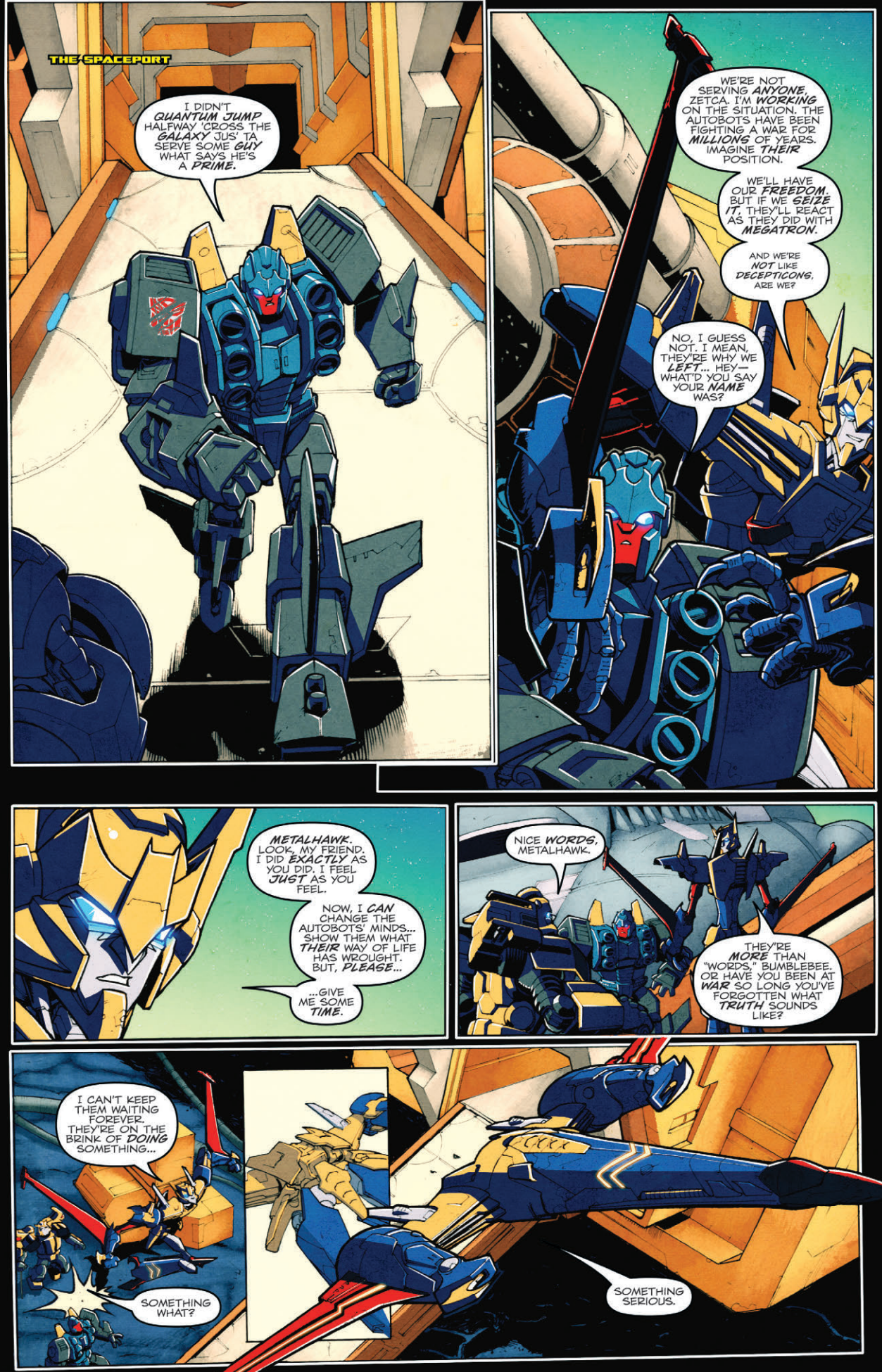

EXCEPT WE'VE BEEN BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED AT WHAT YOUR WAR HAS DONE TO OUR WORLD.
AND WHAT YOU CONTINUE TO DO BY PLAYING THE PART OF AN OCCUPYING FORCE.

METALHAWK.
I'M SURPRISED YOU REMEMBER ME, ORION PAX.
I REMEMBER YOU RAN.

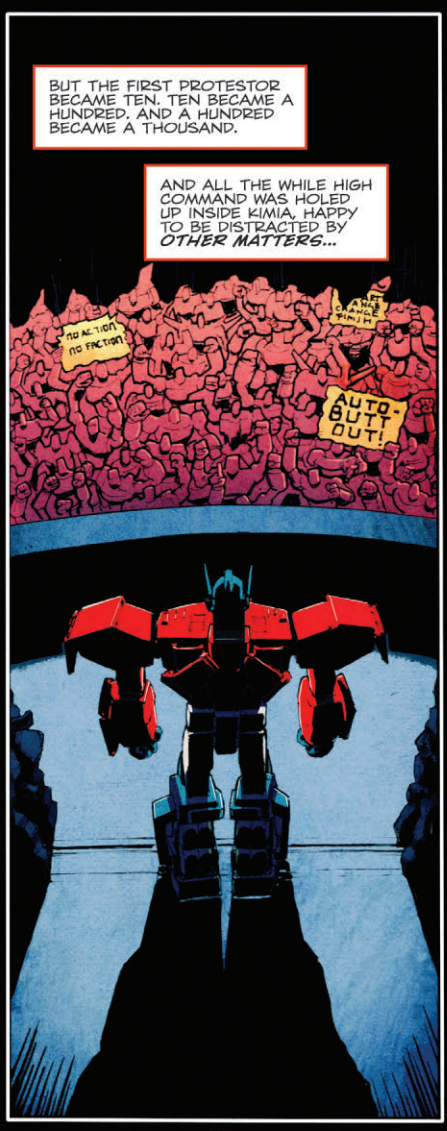

I HAD A DUTY TO MY PEOPLE; TO CYBERTRON. YOU WERE KILLING OUR WORLD. WE WERE INSPIRED WHEN DAI ATLAS AND THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT LEFT—
THE CIRCLE WAS A CULT, AND WE WERE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THEM.
"AUTOBOTS," "DECEPTICONS" —YOU WERE ALL CULTS.
MAKE NO MISTAKE—I DO NOT REPRESENT ANOTHER FACTION. I REPRESENT CYBERTRONIANS. AND WE WANT OUR WORLD BACK.
YOU CAN'T BLAME US! THE AUTOBOTS DEFENDED YOU AGAINST—
AGAINST A SITUATION YOU HELPED CREATE. THE SENATE WAS CORRUPT, BUT YOU LEFT IT TO THE LIKES OF MEGATRON TO TEAR IT DOWN. THE DECEPTICONS WERE BRUTAL, BUT AT LEAST THEY TOOK ACTION.
YOU'RE DEFENDING MEGATRON?
NO. BUT IS CIVIL WAR THE FAULT OF THE OPPRESSED OR THE OPPRESSORS?
BESIDES, IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE. WE OUTNUMBER YOU A HUNDRED TO ONE, AND THERE ARE MORE OF US EVERY DAY.
IT'S TIME YOU LEFT, PAX. IT'S TIME ALL OF YOU LEFT.
SEE WHAT WE'VE BEEN PUTTING UP WITH, PRIME?
NOW, YOU'RE BACK. YOU GOT THE MATRIX. JUST OPEN IT UP AND IT'LL—I DON'T KNOW—TAME THE PLANET AND EVERYTHING CAN GO BACK TO NORMAL.
THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE...

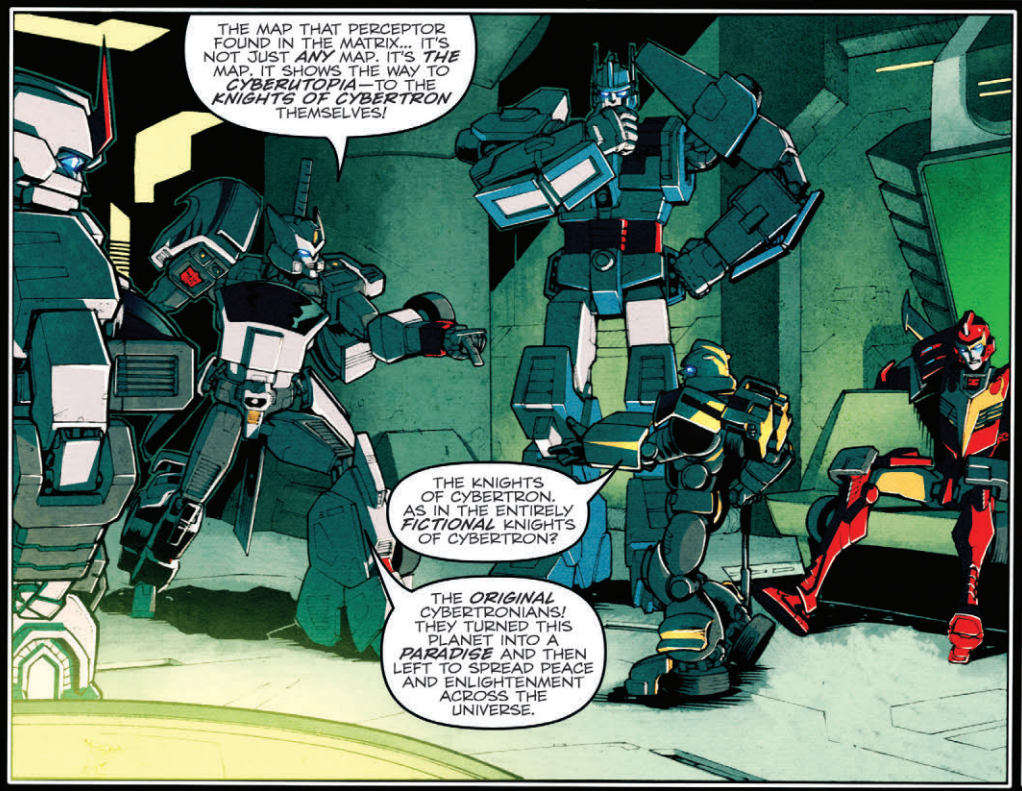
THE DECEPTICON PEN
THE MORE I SAW, THE WORSE THINGS LOOKED. WITH MEGATRON MISSING AND GALVATRON PRESUMED DEAD, THE DECEPTICONS WERE DIRECTIONLESS...
YOU'VE HERDED THEM INTO THE BARREL OF KIMIA'S GUN? I DON'T LIKE THIS, BUMBLEBEE.
WELL, YEAH.
BUT WE HAD TO DO SOMETHING WHILE THEY WERE STILL WEAK AFTER BECOMING PART OF THAT... THAT WEIRD GESTALT MONSTER THING.
OPTIMUS— A WORD, PERHAPS?
OH, PLEASE.
I DON'T BELONG HERE! I'M NOT ONE OF THEM!
PRIME, WE CAN MAKE A DEAL!
OPTIMUS, SURELY YOU CAN HELP A SENATOR WHOSE REPUTATION HAD BEEN UNFAIRLY TARNISHED...
RATBAT— WHATEVER YOUR TITLE, YOUR TIME IS LONG GONE. YOU ALL CHOSE THE WRONG SIDE; NOW LIVE WITH THE CONSEQUENCES.
I'M NOT FINISHED, PRIME! DECEPTICONS DEMAND EQUALITY!
IS THIS PLACE SECURE?
WELL, THEY'RE ALL OUTFITTED WITH I/D CHIPS TO, UH, KEEP TRACK OF THEM AND... -SIGH-. HONESTLY, PRIME? I THINK THEY COULD GET OUT IF THEY WANTED TO...
...BUT WHERE WOULD THEY GO?
BUBMLEBEE AND I BOTH KNEW THAT THIS WAS A TEMPORARY SOLUTION. THE DECEPTICONS WERE PRISONERS OF WAR. WHAT WOULD BECOME OF THEM NOW THAT THE WAR WAS OVER?
PERCEPTOR CALLED BEFROE I COULD ASK THE QUESTION. HE'D BEEN STUDYING THE REMAINS OF THE MATRIX. I COULD TELL SOMETHING WAS UP BECAUSE, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE SOUNDED... EXCITED.

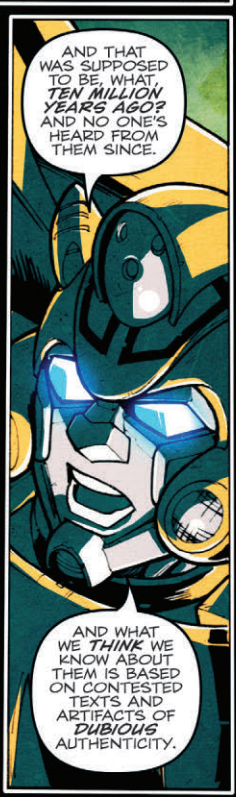

THE WORKSHOP
WHAT DID YOU FIND?
WELL, I PROMISED TO LET REWIND GO FIRST. I CALLED HIM DOWN HERE BECAUSE—
—THERE'S AN INSCRIPTION ON THE INSIDE!
WHAT DOES IT SAY?
"[illegible]."
[illegible]. WHAT IS THAT? OLD CYBERTRONIAN?
OLD OLD CYBERTRONIAN.
PRE-WAR?
PRE-EVERYTHING.
I THINK IT SAYS "MANY FROM ONE." OR THE OTHER WAY 'ROUND: "ONE FROM MANY." NOT SURE OF THE SYNTAX.
THERE'S MORE. LOOK. SOMETHING ABOUT LIGHT. COMPRESSED LIGHT? TRAPPED LIGHT? AND HERE IT TALKS ABOUT A FIST. A FIST OR A HAND.
THE GUIDING HAND.
THE WHAT? I'VE STUDIED CYBERTRONIAN HISTORY ALL MY LIFE AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT.
NOT "IT." THEM.
THANKS TO THE MATRIX I WAS PRIVY TO CERTAIN DETAILS. A RIVAL SET OF FACTS. ALTERNATIVE TRUTHS. NOW I CAN FEEL ALL OF IT SLIPPING AWAY—LOST FOREVER.
MAYBE NOT. YOU SEE, THE WORDS ARE JUST A CAPTION TO A MUCH BIGGER PICTURE.
THE MATRIX IS A PHOTONIC CRYSTAL, COMPOSED OF BILLIONS OF METALLO-DIELECTRIC NANOSTRUCTURES. I ASSUMED THE CRYSTAL WAS NATURALLY OCCURRING, BUT IT'S NOT. IT'S SYNTHETIC. IT CONTAINS DELIBERATE FRACTURE LINES. IT WAS DESIGNED TO SPLIT OPEN.
I HAD NO IDEA WHY THAT MIGHT BE UNTIL I TRAINED A SPOTLIGHT ON IT, AND THIS HAPPENED...
WHAT AM I LOOKING AT?
OPTIMUS, I THINK... I THINK THE MATRIX IS A MAP.

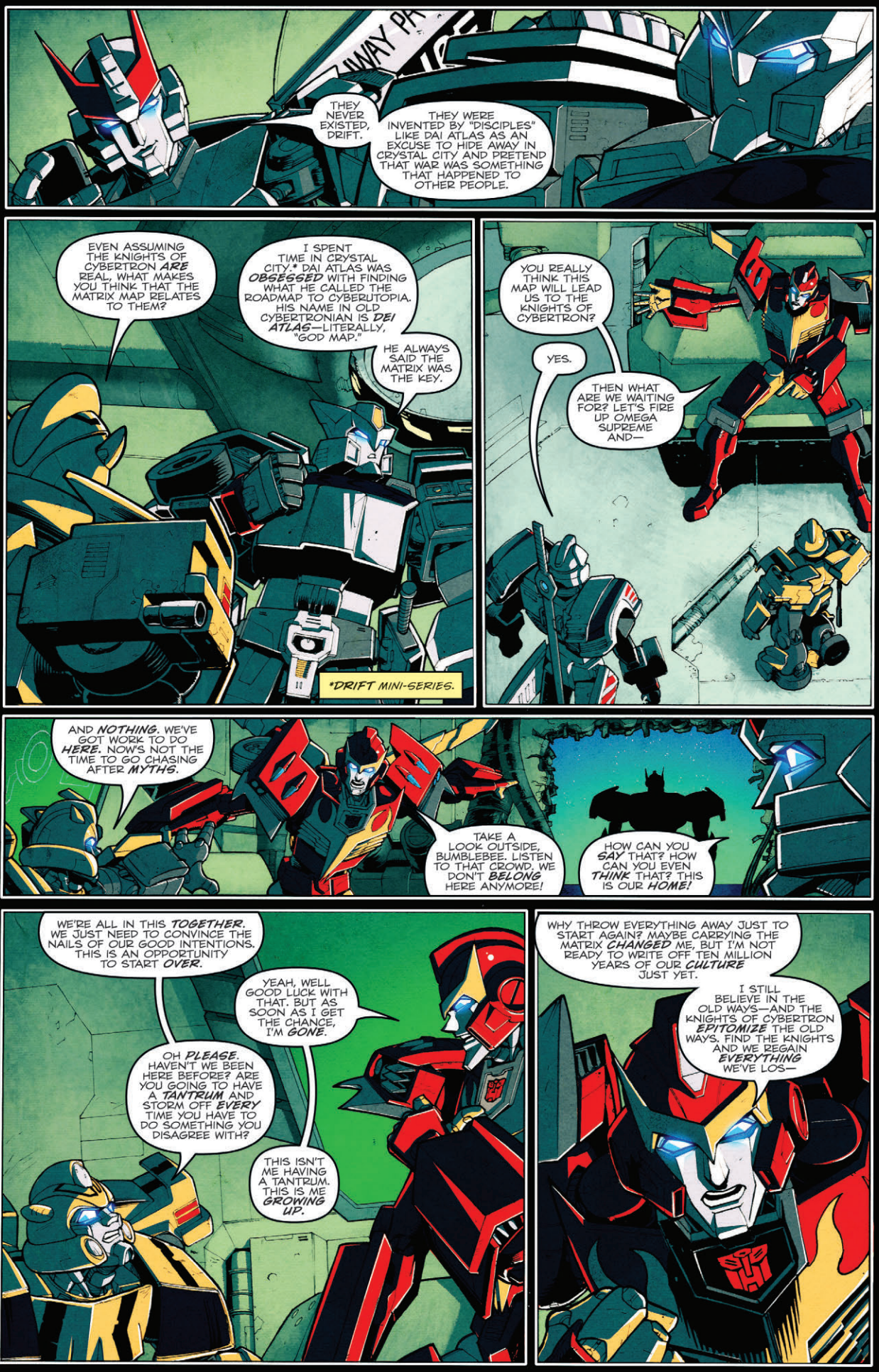

THE SPACEPORT
I DIDN'T QUANTUM JUMP HALFWAY 'CROSS THE GALAXY JUS' TA SERVE SOME GUY WHAT SAYS HE'S A PRIME.
WE'RE NOT SERVING ANYONE, ZETCA. I'M WORKING ON THE SITUATION. THE AUTOBOTS HAVE BEEN FIGHTING A WAR FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS. IMAGINE THEIR POSITION.
WE'LL HAVE OUR FREEDOM. BUT IF WE SEIZE IT, THEY'LL REACT AS THEY DID WITH MEGATRON.
AND WE'RE NOT LIKE DECEPTICONS, ARE WE?
NO, I GUESS NOT. I MEAN, THEY'RE WHY WE LEFT... HEY— WHAT'D YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?
METALHAWK. LOOK, MY FRIEND. I DID EXACTLY AS YOU DID. I FEEL JUST AS YOU FEEL.
NOW, I CAN CHANGE THE AUTOBOTS' MINDS... SHOW THEM WHAT THEIR WAY OF LIFE HAS WROUGHT. BUT, PLEASE...
...GIVE ME SOME TIME.
NICE WORDS, METALHAWK.
THEY'RE MORE THAN "WORDS," BUMBLEBEE. OR HAVE YOU BEEN AT WAR SO LONG YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT TRUTH SOUNDS LIKE?
I CAN'T KEEP THEM WAITING FOREVER. THEY'RE ON THE BRINK OF DOING SOMETHING...
SOMETHING WHAT?
SOMETHING SERIOUS.

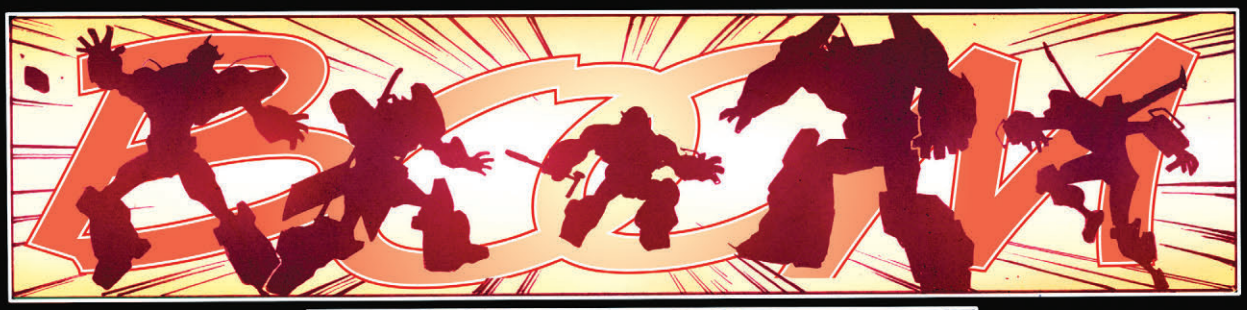
WE DIDN'T SEE IT COMING. OR IF WE DID, WE CHOSE TO *IGNORE* IT.
AUTOBOTS OUT! AUTOBOTS OUT! AUTOBOTS OUT!
UNDER CONDITI
OF PEACE,
THE WAR-LIKE
ATTACK THEMSELV


BUT THE FIRST PROTESTOR BECAME TEN. TEN BECAME A HUNDRED. AND A HUNDRED BECAME A THOUSAND.
AND ALL THE WHILE HIGH COMMAND WAS HOLED UP INSIDE KIMIA, HAPPY TO BE DISTRACTED BY *OTHER MATTERS*...
NO ACTION NO FACTION!
AUTO-BUTT OUT!


THE MAP THAT PERCEPTOR FOUND IN THE MATRIX... IT'S NOT JUST *ANY* MAP. IT'S *THE* MAP. IT SHOWS THE WAY TO *CYBERUTOPIA*—TO THE *KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON* THEMSELVES!
THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON. AS IN THE ENTIRELY *FICTIONAL* KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON?
THE *ORIGINAL* CYBERTRONIANS! THEY TURNED THIS PLANET INTO A *PARADISE* AND THEN LEFT TO SPREAD PEACE AND ENLIGHTENMENT ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.


AND THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE. WHAT, *TEN MILLION YEARS AGO*? AND NO ONE'S HEARD FROM THEM SINCE.
AND WHAT WE *THINK* WE KNOW ABOUT THEM IS BASED ON CONTESTED TEXTS AND ARTIFACTS OF *DUBIOUS* AUTHENTICITY.

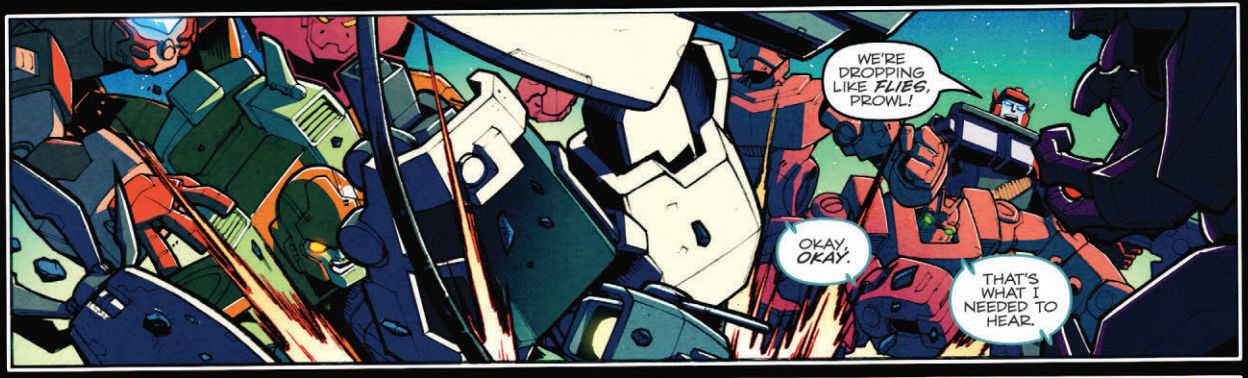

THEY NEVER EXISTED, DRIFT.
THEY WERE INVENTED BY "DISCIPLES" LIKE DAI ATLAS AS AN EXCUSE TO HIDE AWAY IN CRYSTAL CITY AND PRETEND THAT WAR WAS SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO OTHER PEOPLE.
EVEN ASSUMING THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON ARE REAL, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT THE MATRIX MAP RELATES TO THEM?
I SPENT TIME IN CRYSTAL CITY.* DAI ATLAS WAS OBSESSED WITH FINDING WHAT HE CALLED THE ROADMAP TO CYBERUTOPIA. HIS NAME IN OLD CYBERTRONIAN IS DEI ATLAS—LITERALLY, "GOD MAP."
HE ALWAYS SAID THE MATRIX WAS THE KEY.
*DRIFT MINI-SERIES.
YOU REALLY THINK THIS MAP WILL LEAD US TO THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON?
YES.
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S FIRE UP OMEGA SUPREME AND—
AND NOTHING. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO HERE. NOW'S NOT THE TIME TO GO CHASING AFTER MYTHS.
TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE, BUMBLEBEE. LISTEN TO THAT CROWD. WE DON'T BELONG HERE ANYMORE!
HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? HOW CAN YOU EVEN THINK THAT? THIS IS OUR HOME!
WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER. WE JUST NEED TO CONVINCE THE NAILS OF OUR GOOD INTENTIONS. THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO START OVER.
YEAH, WELL GOOD LUCK WITH THAT. BUT AS SOON AS I GET THE CHANCE, I'M GONE.
OH PLEASE. HAVEN'T WE BEEN HERE BEFORE? ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE A TANTRUM AND STORM OFF EVERY TIME YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING YOU DISAGREE WITH?
THIS ISN'T ME HAVING A TANTRUM. THIS IS ME GROWING UP.
WHY THROW EVERYTHING AWAY JUST TO START AGAIN? MAYBE CARRYING THE MATRIX CHANGED ME. BUT I'M NOT READY TO WRITE OFF TEN MILLION YEARS OF OUR CULTURE JUST YET.
I STILL BELIEVE IN THE OLD WAYS—AND THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON EPITOMIZE THE OLD WAYS. FIND THE KNIGHTS AND WE REGAIN EVERYTHING WE'VE LOS—


ROAR

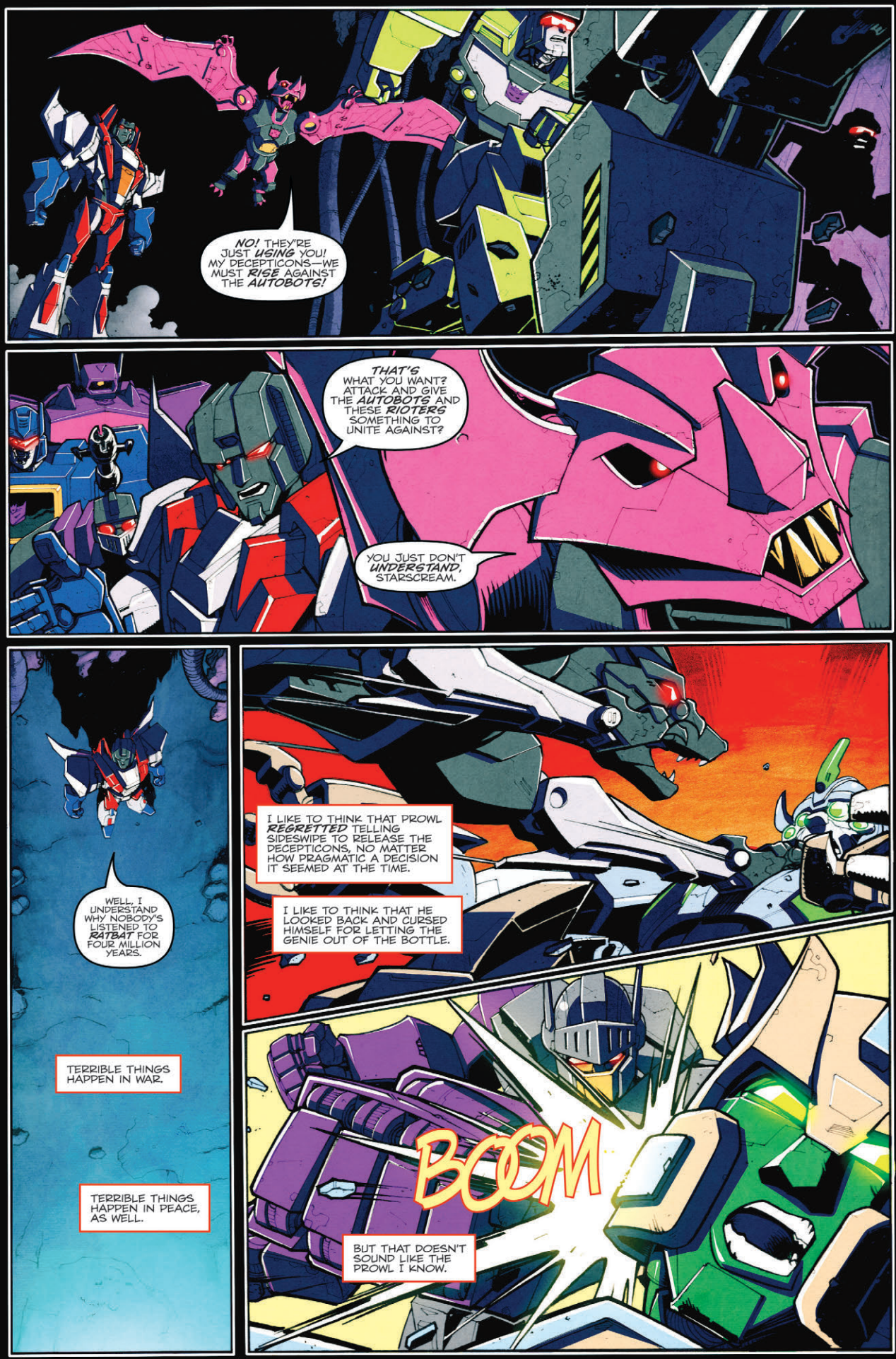
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
PROWL? THIS IS SIDESWIPE. DO YOU COPY?

ONE OF THE NAILS JUST LOBBED A POWER CELL AT YOU. THEY TOOK IT FROM ONE OF THEIR SHIPS.
IT'S ESCALATING OUT HERE, AND WE'RE SERIOUSLY OUTNUMBERED. THERE'S 50 OF US AND 1,000 OF THEM! 1,000 AND COUNTING! CAN YOU SEND OMEGA?

NEGATIVE. HE'S STILL RECHARGING.
WELL, YOU'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING, PROWL! THEY'RE GONNA STORM THE BUILDING!
AND LIVES ARE AT RISK? THIS IS IMPORTANT, SIDESWIPE. ARE AUTOBOTS' LIVES AT RISK?

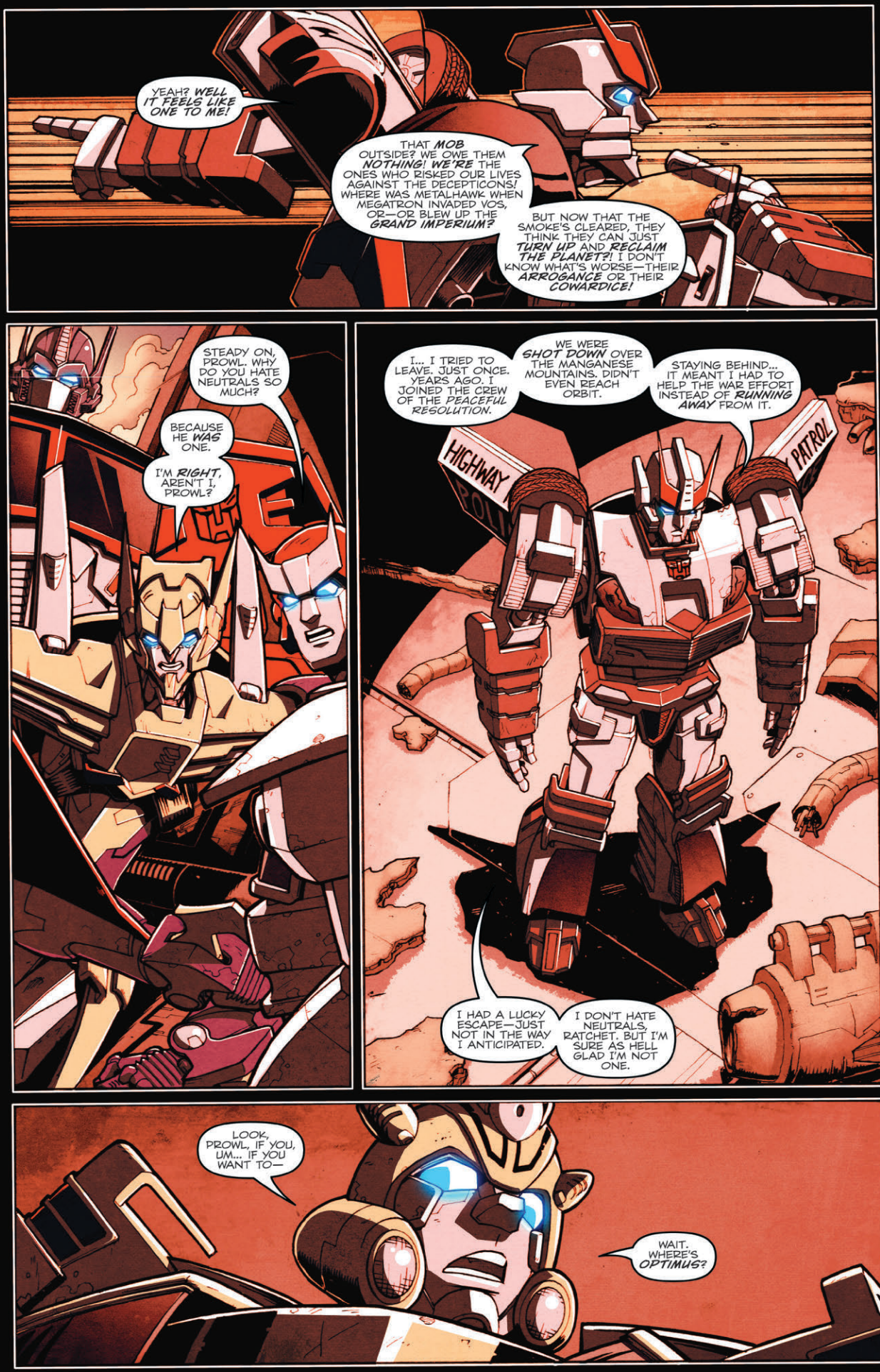

WE'RE DROPPING LIKE FLIES, PROWL!
OKAY, OKAY.
THAT'S WHAT I NEEDED TO HEAR.

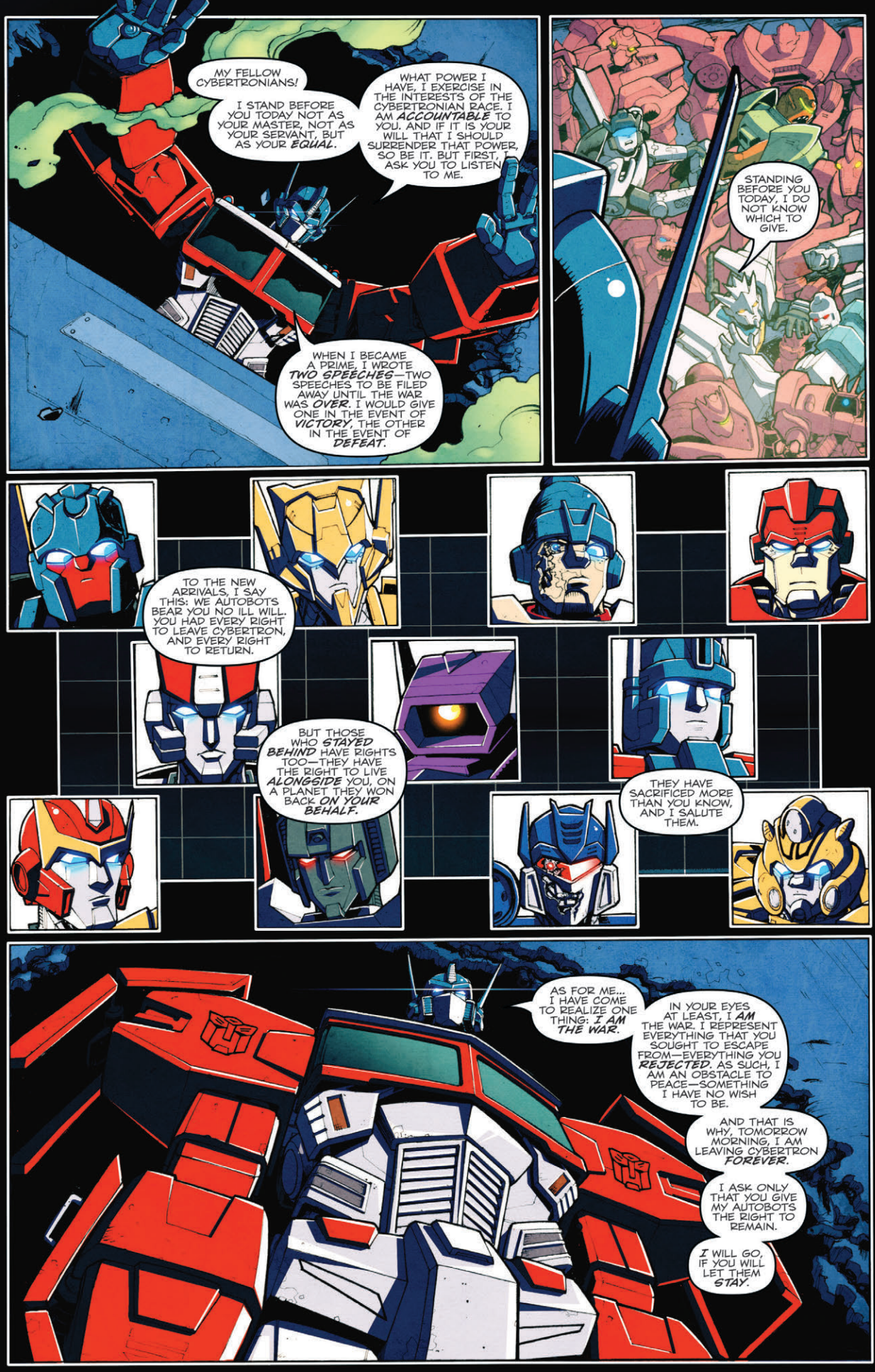
I'M GOING TO ASK YOU TO DO SOMETHING, AND YOU'RE GOING TO PROTEST, AND I'M GOING TO INSIST...
...AND WE'RE ALL GOING TO HAVE TO LIVE WITH THE CONSEQUENCES.

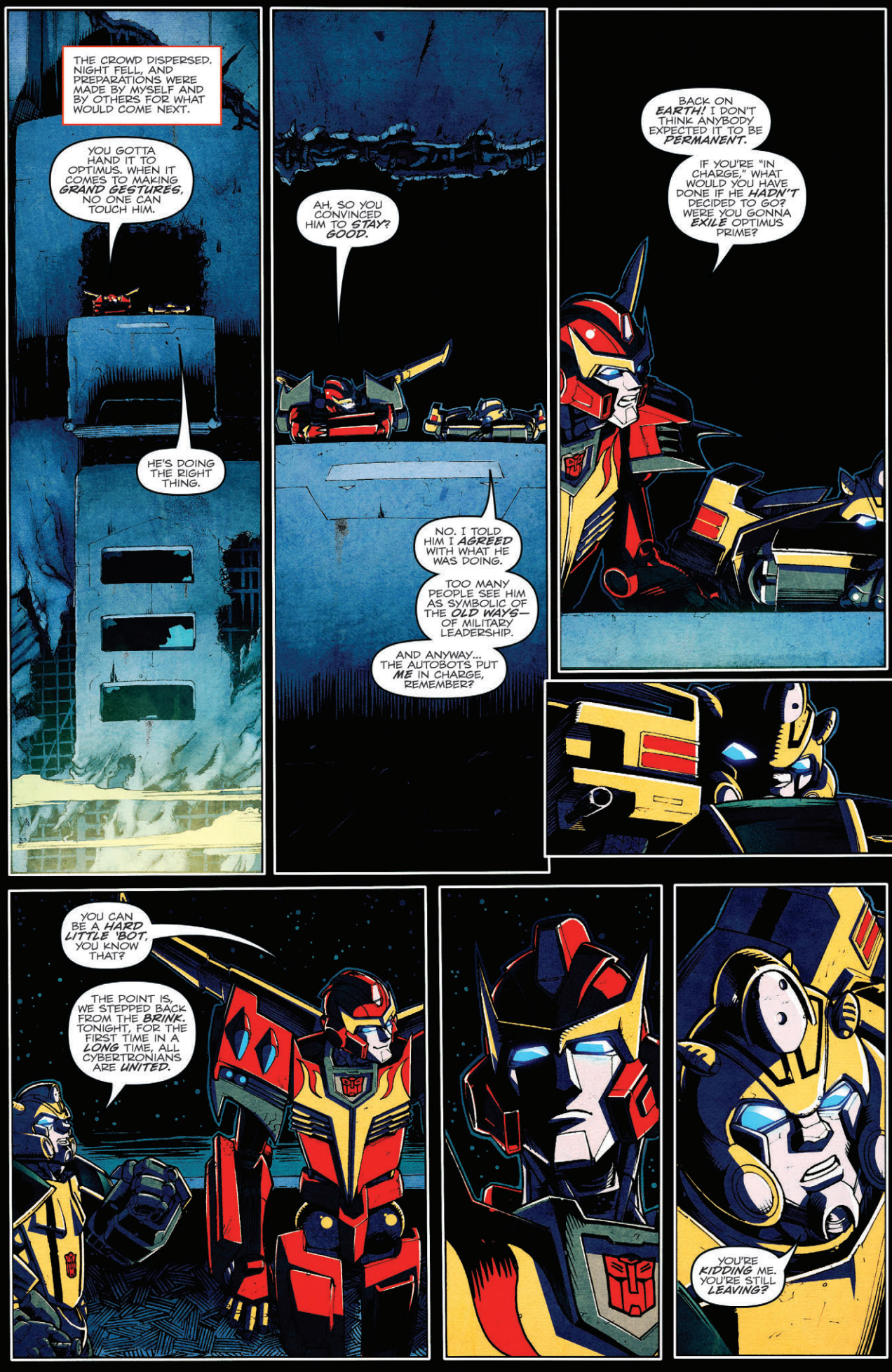

NO! THEY'RE JUST USING YOU! MY DECEPTICONS—WE MUST RISE AGAINST THE AUTOBOTS!
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT? ATTACK AND GIVE THE AUTOBOTS AND THESE RIOTERS SOMETHING TO UNITE AGAINST?
YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND, STARSCREAM.
WELL, I UNDERSTAND WHY NOBODY'S LISTENED TO RATBAT FOR FOUR MILLION YEARS.
TERRIBLE THINGS HAPPEN IN WAR.
TERRIBLE THINGS HAPPEN IN PEACE, AS WELL.
I LIKE TO THINK THAT PROWL REGRETTED TELLING SIDESWIPE TO RELEASE THE DECEPTICONS, NO MATTER HOW PRAGMATIC A DECISION IT SEEMED AT THE TIME.
I LIKE TO THINK THAT HE LOOKED BACK AND CURSED HIMSELF FOR LETTING THE GENIE OUT OF THE BOTTLE.
BOOM
BUT THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE PROWL I KNOW.

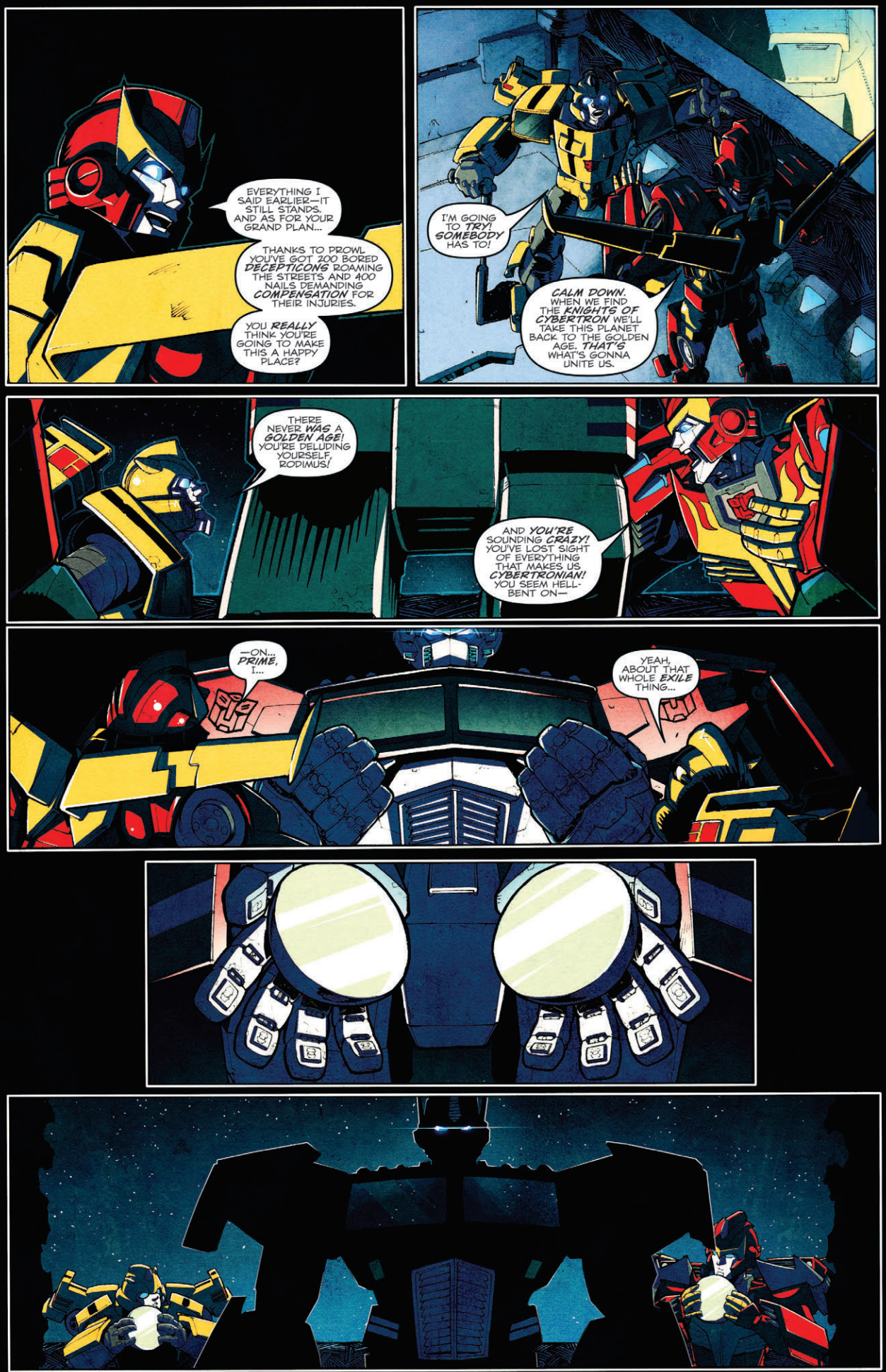
FOR THEIR PART, THE DECEPTICONS KNEW A GOOD DEAL WHEN THEY HEARD ONE: FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT IN EXCHANGE FOR HELPING OUT WITH *CROWD CONTROL*.
BUMBLEBEE TOLD ME THE *I/D CHIPS* HE AND PROWL HAD IMPLANTED WEREN'T FOR IDENTIFICATION—THEY WERE *INHIBITOR/DETERRENCE CHIPS*.
THE INHIBITOR PORTION STOPPED THE DECEPTICONS FROM USING ALT-MODES AND BUILT-IN WEAPONRY... AND IF THEY FAILED TO EXERCISE RESTRAINT, THE DETERRENCE HALF COULD BE DETONATED.
MY DEFINITION OF "RESTRAINT" CLEARLY DIFFERED FROM PROWL AND BUMBLEBEE'S.
METALHAWK TRIED TO CALM THINGS DOWN, BUT IN DOING SO MADE HIMSELF A TARGET.

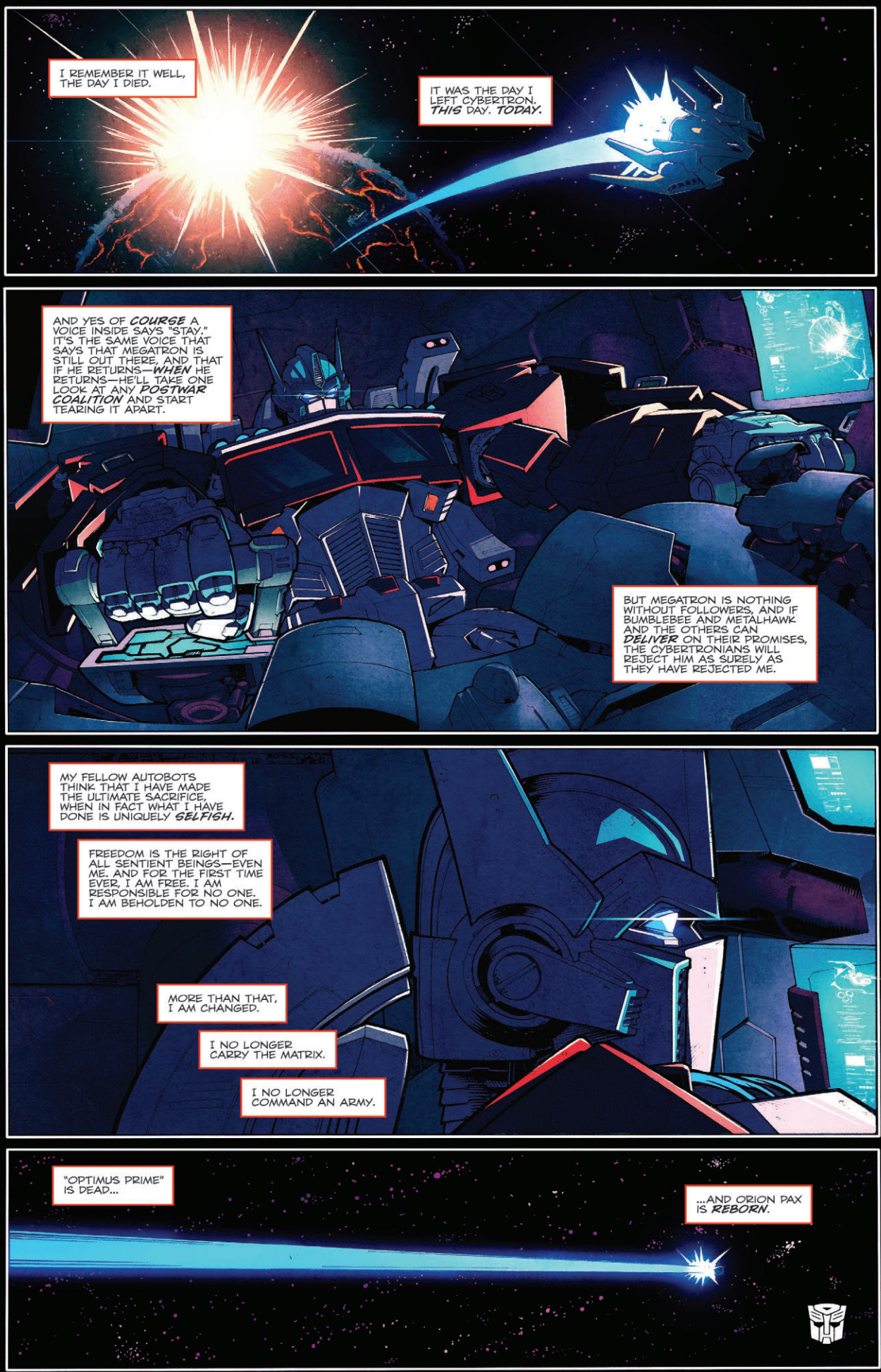
AND WHILE THE AUTOBOTS OUTSIDE WERE BUSY FIGHTING THE VERY 'BOTS THEY'D ONCE SWORN TO PROTECT...
SIDESWIPE! METALHAWK'S DOWN! BRING HIM INSIDE!
...HIGH COMMAND WERE STILL BUSY FIGHTING EACH OTHER.
FOR THE FINAL TIME, RODIMUS, YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! I CAN TURN THIS AROUND—I CAN GET THE NAILS ON OUR SIDE—BUT I NEED YOUR HELP!
BUT YOU'RE ASKING ME TO HELP YOU START AGAIN. WHAT IF I DON'T WANT TO START AGAIN? WHAT IF, INSTEAD OF RESETTING THE CLOCK, I WANT TO TURN IT BACK?
THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON CAN HELP US REDISCOVER OUR HERITAGE.
I'M WARNING YOU: IF YOU AND DRIFT TAKE OFF, THAT'S IT! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!
TWO OUTCASTS! TWO ROBOTS GOING IT ALONE!
I'LL GO WITH YOU.
WHAT?!
WE'RE NOT WANTED HERE. BESIDES, IF THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON ARE AS SMART AS DRIFT SAYS, MAYBE THEY CAN HELP US ALL OUT. MAYBE THEY CAN FIX THE PLANET AND TEACH US TO LIVE ALONGSIDE THE NAILS.
WHY ARE WE EVEN HAVING THIS DISCUSSION? NO ONE IS GOING ANYWHERE! IF YOU LEAVE, RODIMUS—OR YOU, MAGNUS—IT MEANS THE NAILS HAVE WON!
WON WHAT, PROWL? THIS ISN'T A WAR.


YEAH? WELL IT FEELS LIKE ONE TO ME!
THAT MOB OUTSIDE? WE OWE THEM NOTHING! WE'RE THE ONES WHO RISKED OUR LIVES AGAINST THE DECEPTICONS! WHERE WAS METALHAWK WHEN MEGATRON INVADED VOS, OR—OR BLEW UP THE GRAND IMPERIUM?
BUT NOW THAT THE SMOKE'S CLEARED, THEY THINK THEY CAN JUST TURN UP AND RECLAIM THE PLANET?! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WORSE—THEIR ARROGANCE OR THEIR COWARDICE!
STEADY ON, PROWL. WHY DO YOU HATE NEUTRALS SO MUCH?
BECAUSE HE WAS ONE.
I'M RIGHT, AREN'T I, PROWL?
I... I TRIED TO LEAVE. JUST ONCE. YEARS AGO. I JOINED THE CREW OF THE PEACEFUL RESOLUTION.
WE WERE SHOT DOWN OVER THE MANGANESE MOUNTAINS. DIDN'T EVEN REACH ORBIT.
STAYING BEHIND... IT MEANT I HAD TO HELP THE WAR EFFORT INSTEAD OF RUNNING AWAY FROM IT.
HIGHWAY
PATROL
I HAD A LUCKY ESCAPE—JUST NOT IN THE WAY I ANTICIPATED.
I DON'T HATE NEUTRALS, RATCHET. BUT I'M SURE AS HELL GLAD I'M NOT ONE.
LOOK, PROWL, IF YOU, UM... IF YOU WANT TO—
WAIT. WHERE'S OPTIMUS?


MY FELLOW CYBERTRONIANS!
I STAND BEFORE YOU TODAY NOT AS YOUR MASTER, NOT AS YOUR SERVANT, BUT AS YOUR EQUAL.
WHAT POWER I HAVE, I EXERCISE IN THE INTERESTS OF THE CYBERTRONIAN RACE. I AM ACCOUNTABLE TO YOU. AND IF IT IS YOUR WILL THAT I SHOULD SURRENDER THAT POWER, SO BE IT. BUT FIRST, I ASK YOU TO LISTEN TO ME.
WHEN I BECAME A PRIME, I WROTE TWO SPEECHES—TWO SPEECHES TO BE FILED AWAY UNTIL THE WAR WAS OVER. I WOULD GIVE ONE IN THE EVENT OF VICTORY, THE OTHER IN THE EVENT OF DEFEAT.
STANDING BEFORE YOU TODAY, I DO NOT KNOW WHICH TO GIVE.
TO THE NEW ARRIVALS, I SAY THIS: WE AUTOBOTS BEAR YOU NO ILL WILL. YOU HAD EVERY RIGHT TO LEAVE CYBERTRON, AND EVERY RIGHT TO RETURN.
BUT THOSE WHO STAYED BEHIND HAVE RIGHTS TOO—THEY HAVE THE RIGHT TO LIVE ALONGSIDE YOU, ON A PLANET THEY WON BACK ON YOUR BEHALF.
THEY HAVE SACRIFICED MORE THAN YOU KNOW, AND I SALUTE THEM.
AS FOR ME... I HAVE COME TO REALIZE ONE THING: I AM THE WAR.
IN YOUR EYES AT LEAST, I AM THE WAR. I REPRESENT EVERYTHING THAT YOU SOUGHT TO ESCAPE FROM—EVERYTHING YOU REJECTED. AS SUCH, I AM AN OBSTACLE TO PEACE—SOMETHING I HAVE NO WISH TO BE.
AND THAT IS WHY, TOMORROW MORNING, I AM LEAVING CYBERTRON FOREVER.
I ASK ONLY THAT YOU GIVE MY AUTOBOTS THE RIGHT TO REMAIN.
I WILL GO, IF YOU WILL LET THEM STAY.


THE CROWD DISPERSED. NIGHT FELL, AND PREPARATIONS WERE MADE BY MYSELF AND BY OTHERS FOR WHAT WOULD COME NEXT.
YOU GOTTA HAND IT TO OPTIMUS. WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING GRAND GESTURES, NO ONE CAN TOUCH HIM.
HE'S DOING THE RIGHT THING.
AH, SO YOU CONVINCED HIM TO STAY? GOOD.
NO. I TOLD HIM I AGREED WITH WHAT HE WAS DOING.
TOO MANY PEOPLE SEE HIM AS SYMBOLIC OF THE OLD WAYS— OF MILITARY LEADERSHIP.
AND ANYWAY... THE AUTOBOTS PUT ME IN CHARGE, REMEMBER?
BACK ON EARTH! I DON'T THINK ANYBODY EXPECTED IT TO BE PERMANENT.
IF YOU'RE "IN CHARGE," WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF HE HADN'T DECIDED TO GO? WERE YOU GONNA EXILE OPTIMUS PRIME?
YOU CAN BE A HARD LITTLE 'BOT, YOU KNOW THAT?
THE POINT IS, WE STEPPED BACK FROM THE BRINK. TONIGHT, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, ALL CYBERTRONIANS ARE UNITED.
YOU'RE KIDDING ME. YOU'RE STILL LEAVING?


EVERYTHING I SAID EARLIER—IT STILL STANDS. AND AS FOR YOUR GRAND PLAN...
THANKS TO PROWL YOU'VE GOT 200 BORED DECEPTICONS ROAMING THE STREETS AND 400 NAILS DEMANDING COMPENSATION FOR THEIR INJURIES.
YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE THIS A HAPPY PLACE?
I'M GOING TO TRY! SOMEBODY HAS TO!
CALM DOWN. WHEN WE FIND THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON WE'LL TAKE THIS PLANET BACK TO THE GOLDEN AGE. THAT'S WHAT'S GONNA UNITE US.
THERE NEVER WAS A GOLDEN AGE! YOU'RE DELUDING YOURSELF, RODIMUS!
AND YOU'RE SOUNDING CRAZY! YOU'VE LOST SIGHT OF EVERYTHING THAT MAKES US CYBERTRONIAN! YOU SEEM HELL-BENT ON—
—ON... PRIME, I...
YEAH, ABOUT THAT WHOLE EXILE THING...


I REMEMBER IT WELL, THE DAY I DIED.
IT WAS THE DAY I LEFT CYBERTRON. *THIS* DAY. *TODAY.*
AND YES OF *COURSE* A VOICE INSIDE SAYS "STAY." IT'S THE SAME VOICE THAT SAYS THAT MEGATRON IS STILL OUT THERE, AND THAT IF HE RETURNS—*WHEN* HE RETURNS—HE'LL TAKE ONE LOOK AT ANY *POSTWAR COALITION* AND START TEARING IT APART.
BUT MEGATRON IS NOTHING WITHOUT FOLLOWERS, AND IF BUMBLEBEE AND METALHAWK AND THE OTHERS CAN *DELIVER* ON THEIR PROMISES, THE CYBERTRONIANS WILL REJECT HIM AS SURELY AS THEY HAVE REJECTED ME.
MY FELLOW AUTOBOTS THINK THAT I HAVE MADE THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE, WHEN IN FACT WHAT I HAVE DONE IS UNIQUELY *SELFISH.*
FREEDOM IS THE RIGHT OF ALL SENTIENT BEINGS—EVEN ME. AND FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, I AM FREE. I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR NO ONE. I AM BEHOLDEN TO NO ONE.
MORE THAN THAT, I AM CHANGED.
I NO LONGER CARRY THE MATRIX.
I NO LONGER COMMAND AN ARMY.
"OPTIMUS PRIME" IS DEAD...
...AND ORION PAX IS *REBORN.*

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
BRAINSTORM
HAS A SUITCASE

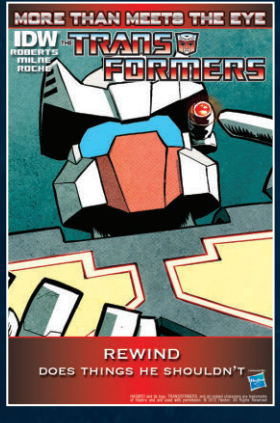
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
CHROMEDOME
IS BEING USED

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
CYCLONUS
IS KEY

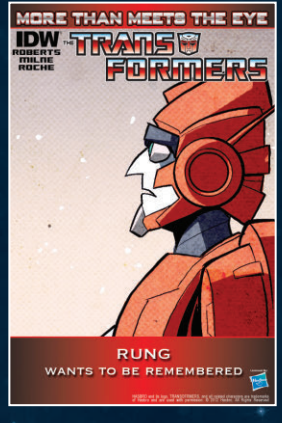
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
DRIFT
IS TRYING TOO HARD

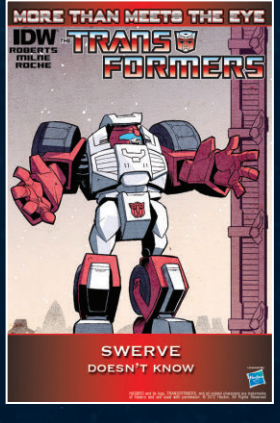
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
RATCHET
KNOWS HIS TIME IS UP

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
RED ALERT
IS HEARING THINGS


MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
REWIND
DOES THINGS HE SHOULDN'T

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
RODIMUS
BELIEVES HIS HYPE


MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
RUNG
WANTS TO BE REMEMBERED


MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
SWERVE
DOESN'T KNOW

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
ULTRA MAGNUS
WON'T MAKE IT

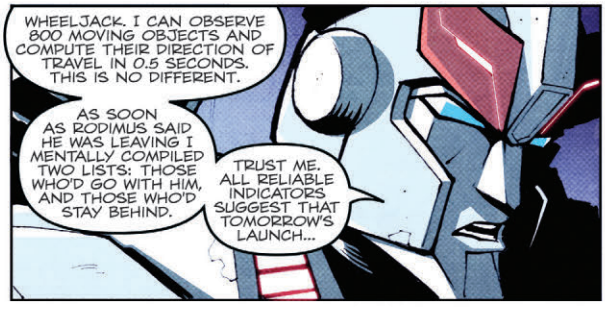
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
ROBERTS
MILNE
ROCHE
THE TRANSFORMERS
WHIRL
HATES EVERYONE

☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #1 COVER E
BY **NICK ROCHE** AFTER KEVIN MAGUIRE, COLORS BY **JOSH BURCHAM**

CYBERTRON. YESTERDAY.
THEY SAY THAT 12 MILLION YEARS AGO, ON THIS VERY SPOT, THE FIRST CYBERTRONIAN REALIZED HE COULD CHANGE SHAPE.
SIX MILLION YEARS AGO, RIGHT HERE, NOVA PRIME TOLD THE WORLD THAT HE'D BUILT AN ARK.
AND FOUR MILLION YEARS AGO TO THE DAY, OPTIMUS PRIME STOOD WHERE I NOW STAND AND TURNED DOWN MEGATRON'S FIRST AND ONLY INVITATION TO SURRENDER.
WHAT HAPPENS HERE TOMORROW WILL RANK ALONGSIDE THOSE MOMENTS. TOMORROW, THIS PATCH OF LAND BECOMES A LAUNCH PAD. TOMORROW, I WILL BOARD THE LOST LIGHT AND SET OFF IN SEARCH OF OUR ANCESTORS.
THEY WERE KNOWN AS THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON.
THEY'RE REAL.
I'M GOING TO FIND THEM.
AND I WANT ALL OF YOU TO COME WITH ME.

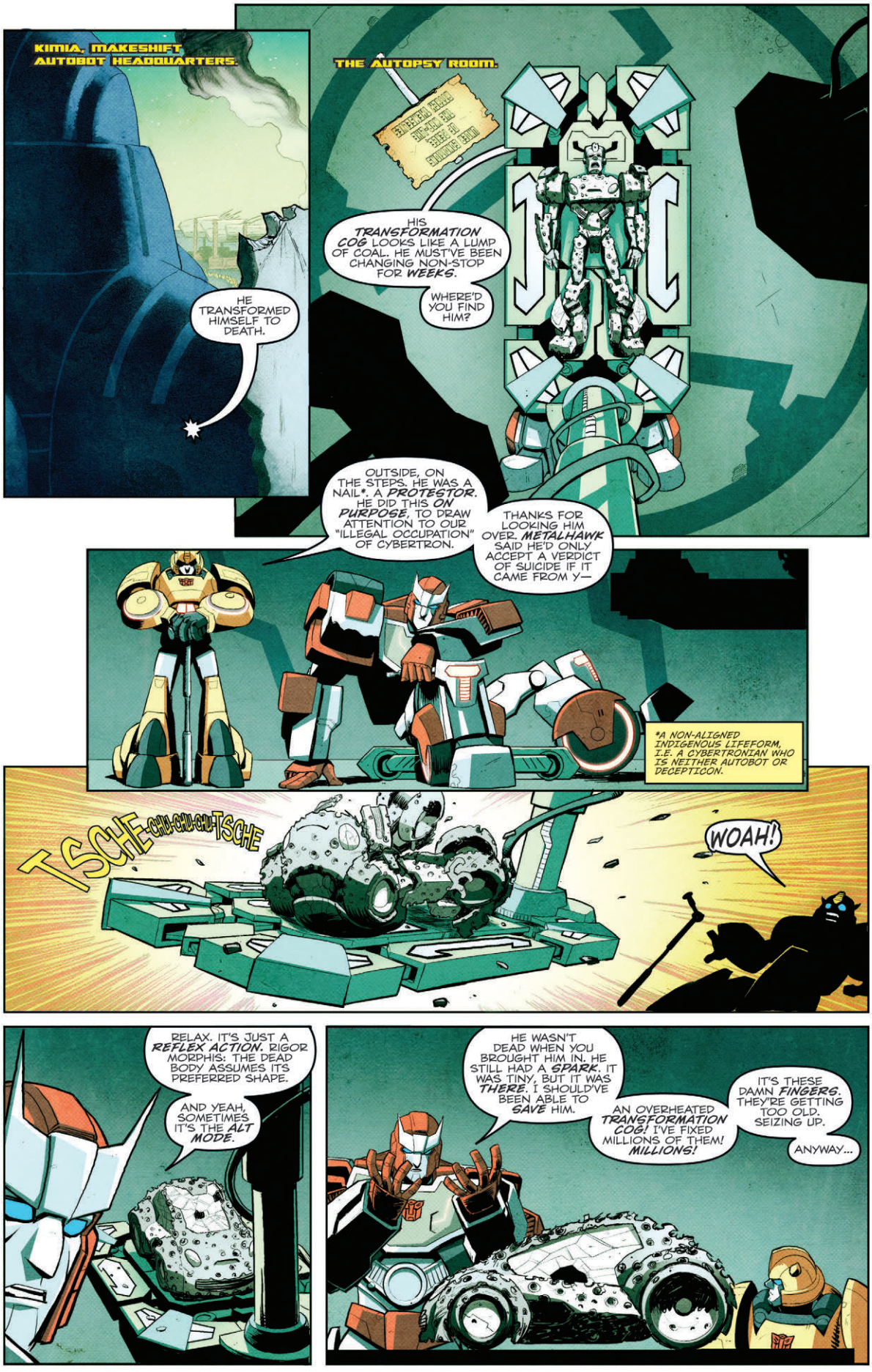
BUMBLEBEE SAYS IT'S YOUR DUTY TO STAY HERE, ON A PLANET YOU NO LONGER RECOGNIZE, AMONG PEOPLE WHO RESENT YOU FOR THE SACRIFICES YOU'VE MADE IN THEIR NAME.
I SAY: YOU'VE DONE YOUR DUTY. THE WAR IS OVER. THAT DAY YOU NEVER THOUGHT WOULD COME? THAT'S TODAY.

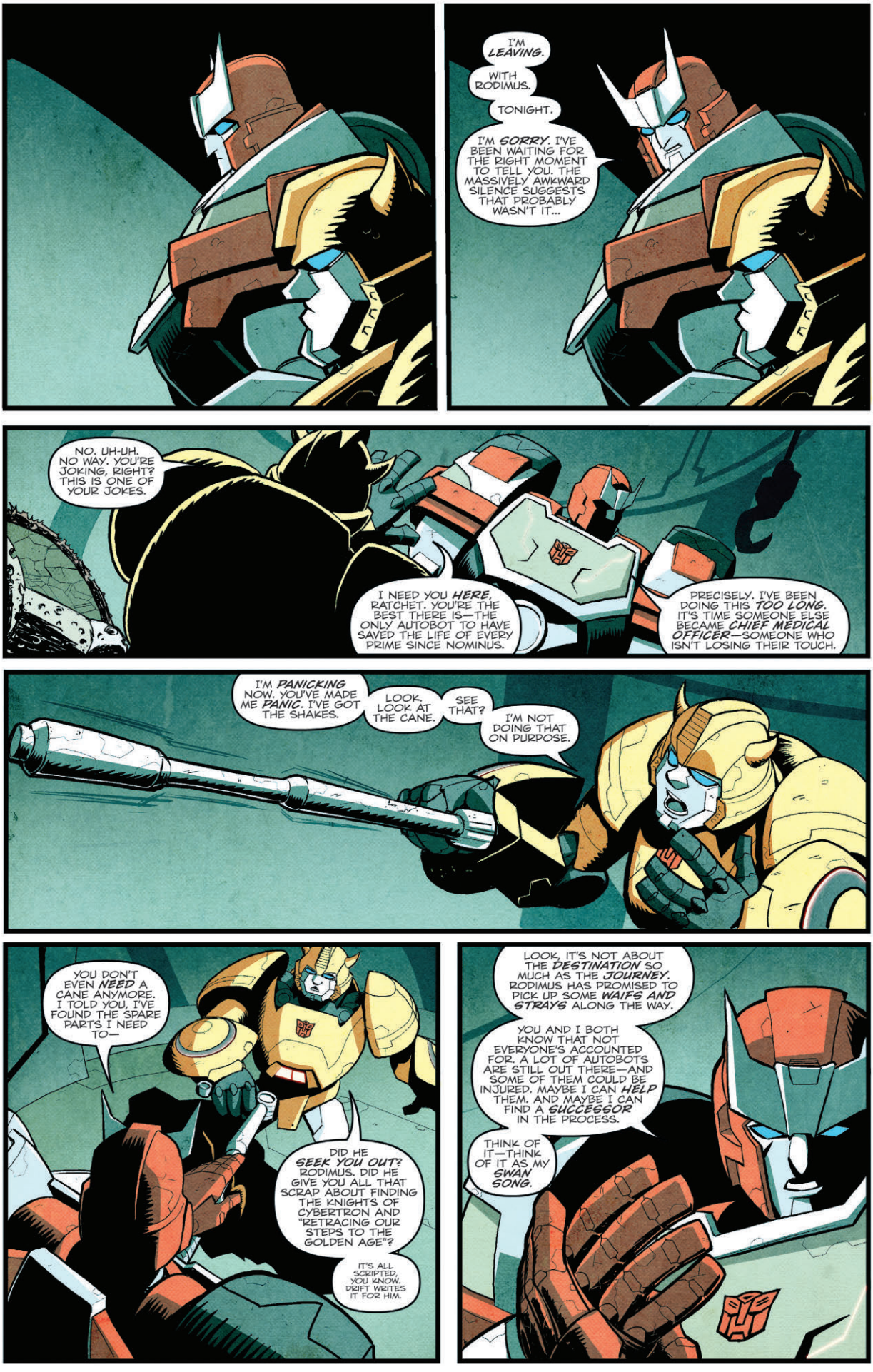
YOU'VE EARNED THE RIGHT TO SEE THE UNIVERSE WITHOUT A GUN IN YOUR HAND.
KID KNOWS HOW TO WORK A CROWD. WE COULD BE WITNESSING A MASS EXODUS AT THIS RATE.
PFFFT.
ARE YOU DISAGREEING, OR ARE YOUR PISTONS PLAYING UP?

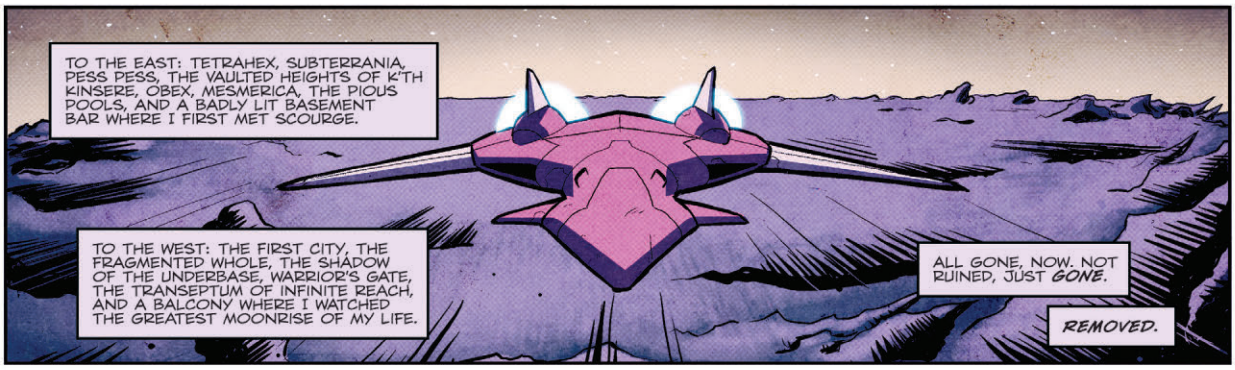

WHEELJACK. I CAN OBSERVE 800 MOVING OBJECTS AND COMPUTE THEIR DIRECTION OF TRAVEL IN 0.5 SECONDS. THIS IS NO DIFFERENT.
AS SOON AS RODIMUS SAID HE WAS LEAVING I MENTALLY COMPILED TWO LISTS: THOSE WHO'D GO WITH HIM, AND THOSE WHO'D STAY BEHIND.
TRUST ME. ALL RELIABLE INDICATORS SUGGEST THAT TOMORROW'S LAUNCH...

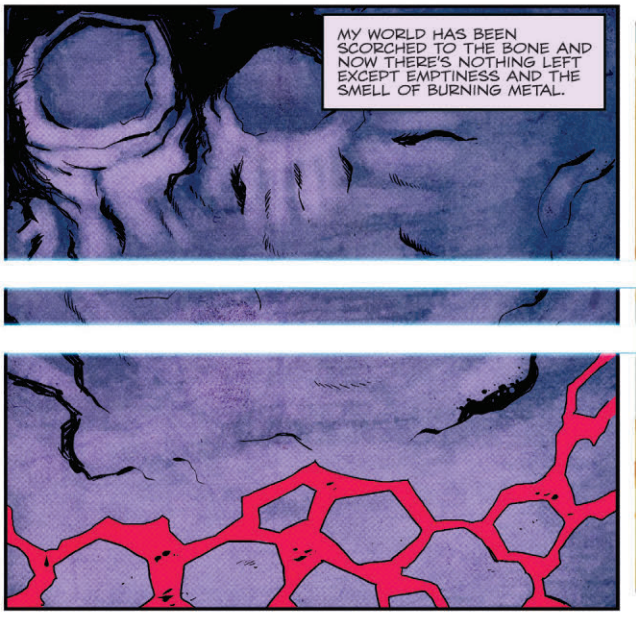
LIARS, A TO D

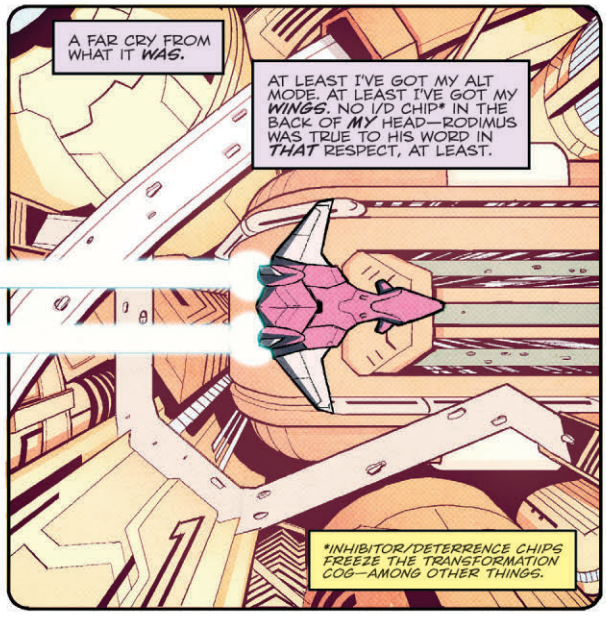
PART 1: HOW TO SAY GOODBYE AND MEAN IT

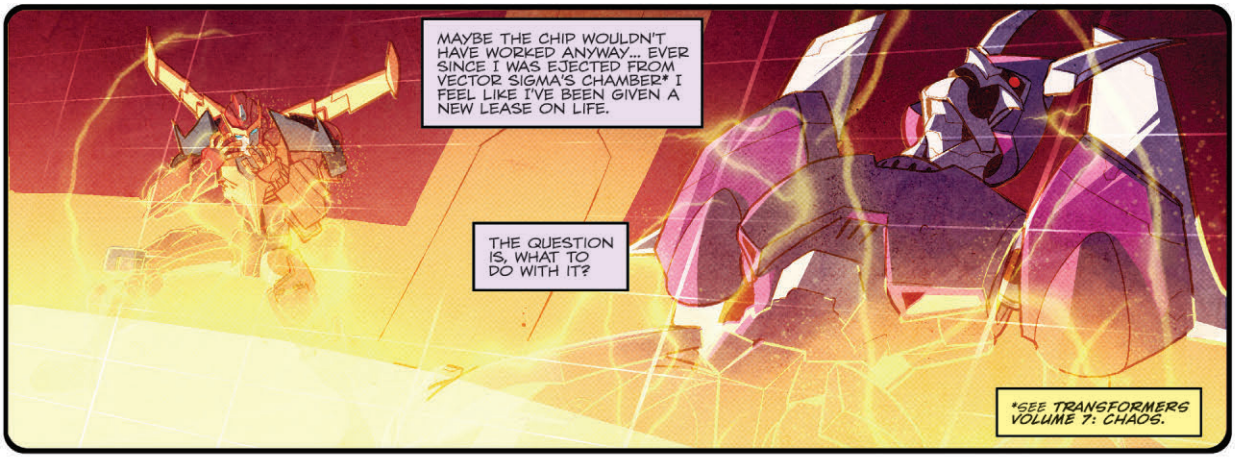

KIMIA, MAKESHIFT AUTOBOT HEADQUARTERS.
HE TRANSFORMED HIMSELF TO DEATH.
THE AUTOPSY ROOM.
HIS TRANSFORMATION COG LOOKS LIKE A LUMP OF COAL. HE MUST'VE BEEN CHANGING NON-STOP FOR WEEKS.
WHERE'D YOU FIND HIM?
OUTSIDE, ON THE STEPS. HE WAS A NAIL*. A PROTESTOR. HE DID THIS ON PURPOSE, TO DRAW ATTENTION TO OUR "ILLEGAL OCCUPATION" OF CYBERTRON.
THANKS FOR LOOKING HIM OVER. METALHAWK SAID HE'D ONLY ACCEPT A VERDICT OF SUICIDE IF IT CAME FROM Y—
*A NON-ALIGNED INDIGENOUS LIFEFORM, I.E. A CYBERTRONIAN WHO IS NEITHER AUTOBOT OR DECEPTICON.
TSCHE-CHU-CHU-CHU-TSCHE
WOAH!
RELAX. IT'S JUST A REFLEX ACTION. RIGOR MORPHIS: THE DEAD BODY ASSUMES ITS PREFERRED SHAPE.
AND YEAH, SOMETIMES IT'S THE ALT MODE.
HE WASN'T DEAD WHEN YOU BROUGHT HIM IN. HE STILL HAD A SPARK. IT WAS TINY, BUT IT WAS THERE. I SHOULD'VE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE HIM.
AN OVERHEATED TRANSFORMATION COG! I'VE FIXED MILLIONS OF THEM! MILLIONS!
IT'S THESE DAMN FINGERS. THEY'RE GETTING TOO OLD. SEIZING UP.
ANYWAY...

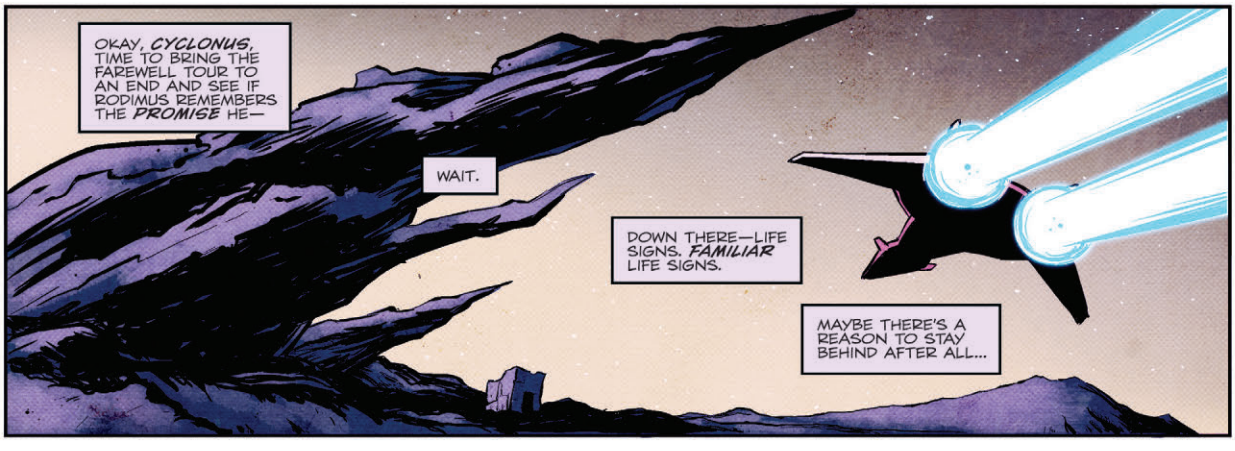

I'M LEAVING.
WITH RODIMUS.
TONIGHT.
I'M SORRY. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO TELL YOU. THE MASSIVELY AWKWARD SILENCE SUGGESTS THAT PROBABLY WASN'T IT...
NO. UH-UH. NO WAY. YOU'RE JOKING, RIGHT? THIS IS ONE OF YOUR JOKES.
I NEED YOU HERE, RATCHET. YOU'RE THE BEST THERE IS—THE ONLY AUTOBOT TO HAVE SAVED THE LIFE OF EVERY PRIME SINCE NOMINUS.
PRECISELY. I'VE BEEN DOING THIS TOO LONG. IT'S TIME SOMEONE ELSE BECAME CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER—SOMEONE WHO ISN'T LOSING THEIR TOUCH.
I'M PANICKING NOW. YOU'VE MADE ME PANIC. I'VE GOT THE SHAKES.
LOOK. LOOK AT THE CANE.
SEE THAT?
I'M NOT DOING THAT ON PURPOSE.
YOU DON'T EVEN NEED A CANE ANYMORE. I TOLD YOU, I'VE FOUND THE SPARE PARTS I NEED TO—
DID HE SEEK YOU OUT? RODIMUS. DID HE GIVE YOU ALL THAT SCRAP ABOUT FINDING THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON AND "RETRACING OUR STEPS TO THE GOLDEN AGE"?
IT'S ALL SCRIPTED, YOU KNOW. DRIFT WRITES IT FOR HIM.
LOOK, IT'S NOT ABOUT THE DESTINATION SO MUCH AS THE JOURNEY. RODIMUS HAS PROMISED TO PICK UP SOME WAIFS AND STRAYS ALONG THE WAY.
YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THAT NOT EVERYONE'S ACCOUNTED FOR. A LOT OF AUTOBOTS ARE STILL OUT THERE—AND SOME OF THEM COULD BE INJURED. MAYBE I CAN HELP THEM. AND MAYBE I CAN FIND A SUCCESSOR IN THE PROCESS.
THINK OF IT—THINK OF IT AS MY SWAN SONG.

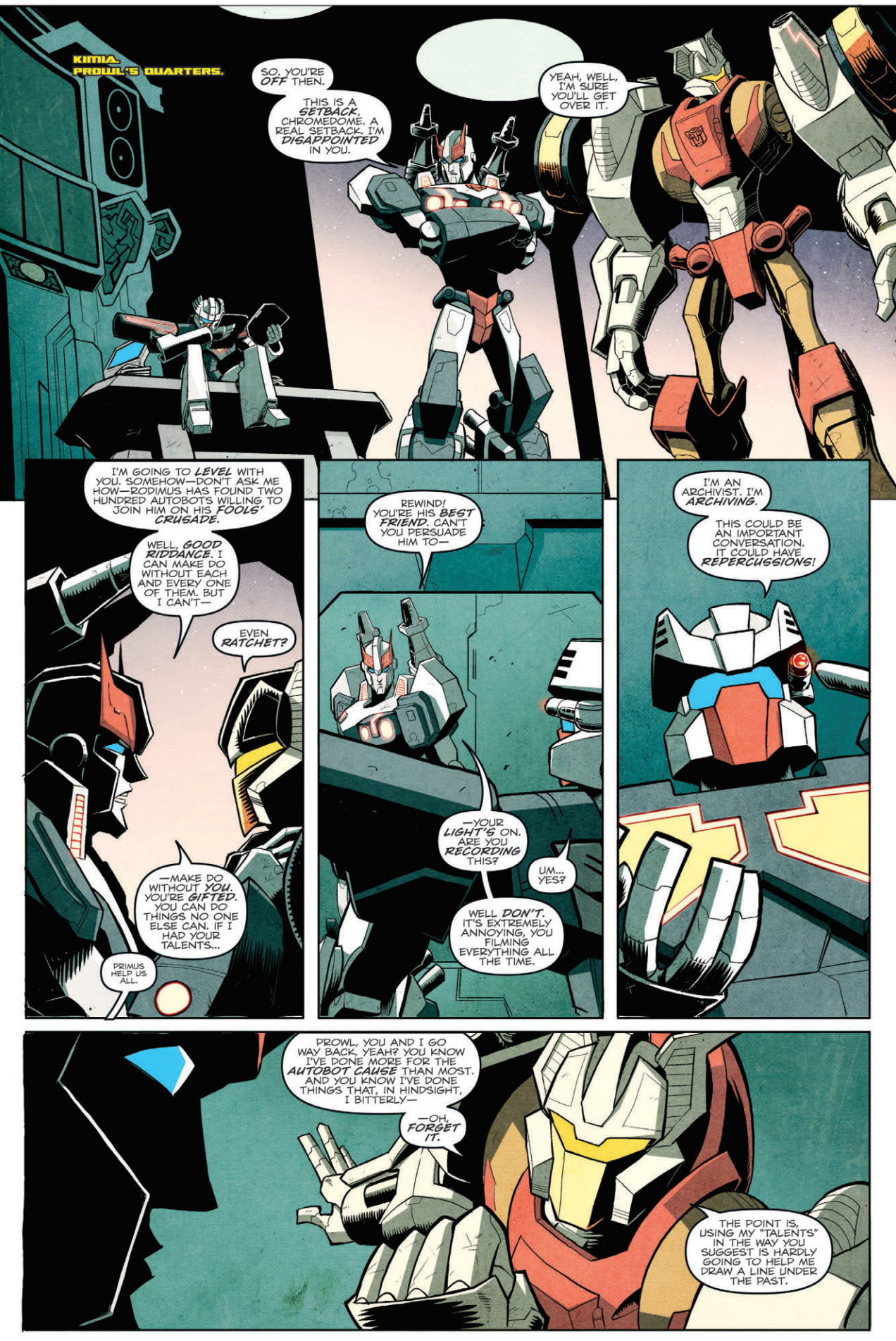

TO THE EAST: TETRAHEX, SUBTERRANIA, PESS PESS, THE VAULTED HEIGHTS OF K'TH KINSERE, OBEX, MESMERICA, THE PIOUS POOLS, AND A BADLY LIT BASEMENT BAR WHERE I FIRST MET SCOURGE.
TO THE WEST: THE FIRST CITY, THE FRAGMENTED WHOLE, THE SHADOW OF THE UNDERBASE, WARRIOR'S GATE, THE TRANSEPTUM OF INFINITE REACH, AND A BALCONY WHERE I WATCHED THE GREATEST MOONRISE OF MY LIFE.
ALL GONE, NOW. NOT RUINED, JUST *GONE*.
REMOVED.


MY WORLD HAS BEEN SCORCHED TO THE BONE AND NOW THERE'S NOTHING LEFT EXCEPT EMPTINESS AND THE SMELL OF BURNING METAL.

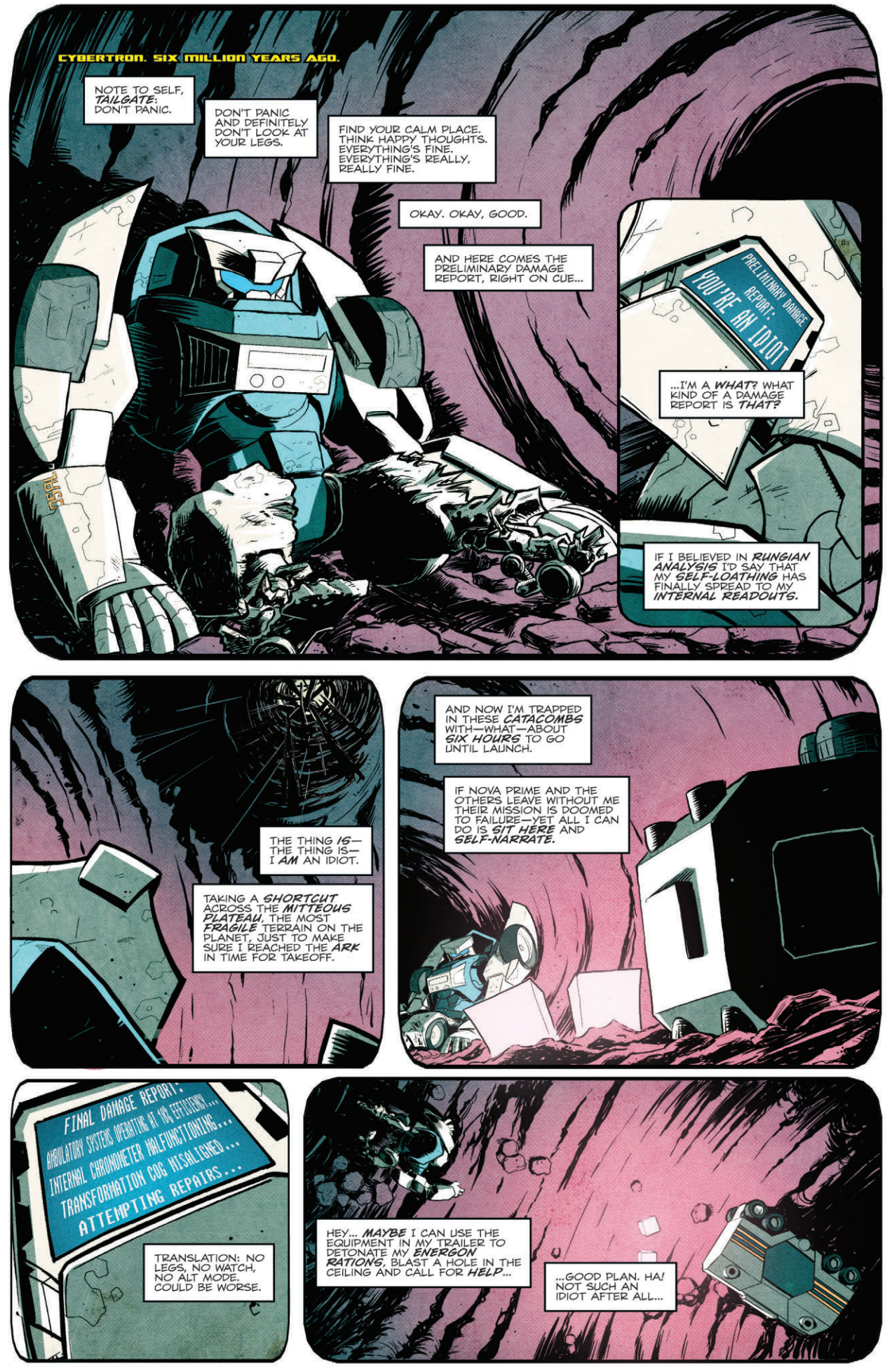

A FAR CRY FROM WHAT IT *WAS*.
AT LEAST I'VE GOT MY ALT MODE. AT LEAST I'VE GOT MY *WINGS*. NO I/D CHIP* IN THE BACK OF *MY* HEAD—RODIMUS WAS TRUE TO HIS WORD IN *THAT* RESPECT, AT LEAST.
*INHIBITOR/DETERRENCE CHIPS FREEZE THE TRANSFORMATION COG—AMONG OTHER THINGS.

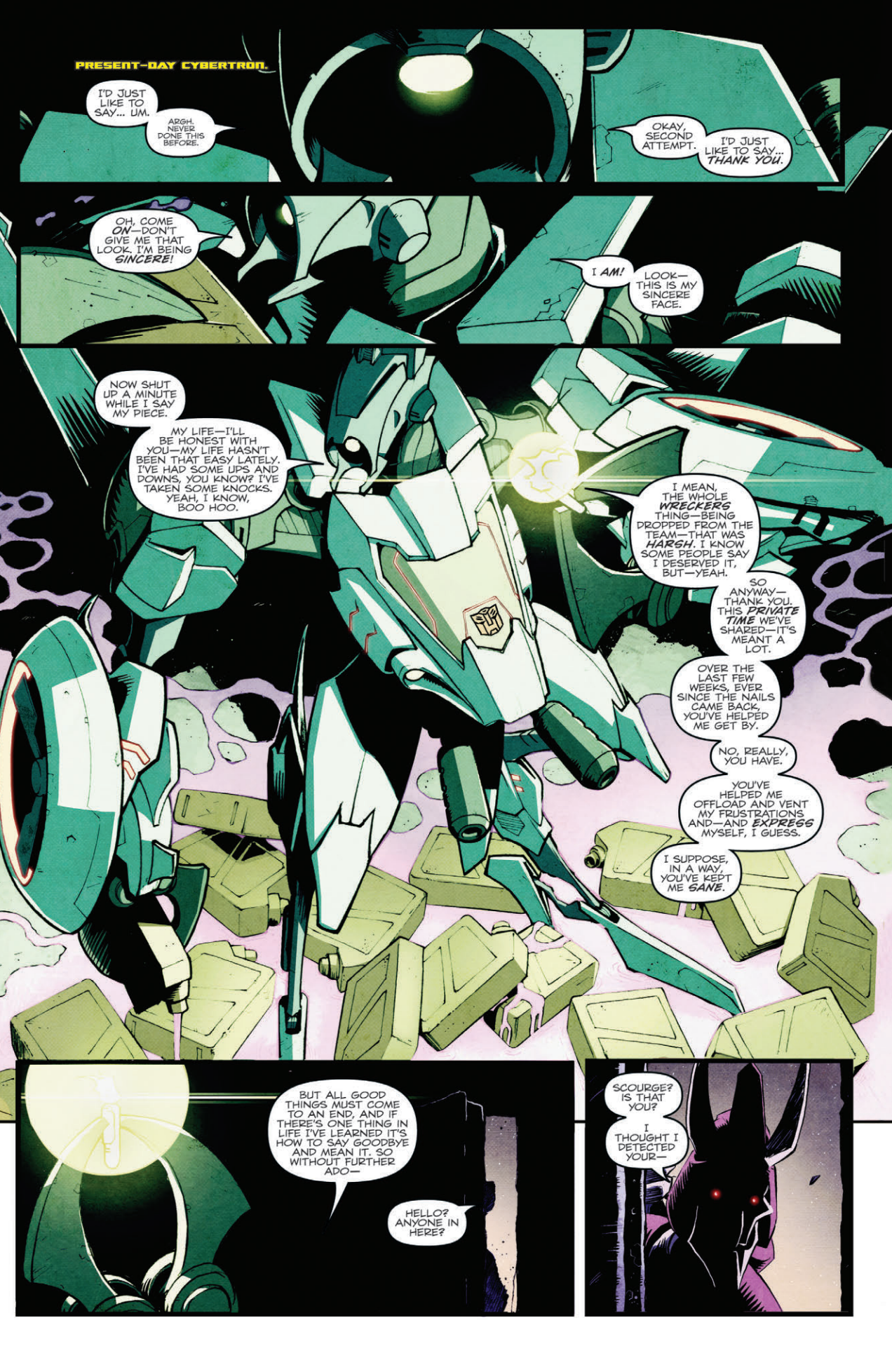

MAYBE THE CHIP WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED ANYWAY... EVER SINCE I WAS EJECTED FROM VECTOR SIGMA'S CHAMBER* I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN GIVEN A NEW LEASE ON LIFE.
THE QUESTION IS, WHAT TO DO WITH IT?
*SEE *TRANSFORMERS VOLUME 7: CHAOS*.


OKAY, *CYCLONUS*, TIME TO BRING THE FAREWELL TOUR TO AN END AND SEE IF RODIMUS REMEMBERS THE *PROMISE* HE—
WAIT.
DOWN THERE—LIFE SIGNS. *FAMILIAR* LIFE SIGNS.
MAYBE THERE'S A REASON TO STAY BEHIND AFTER ALL...

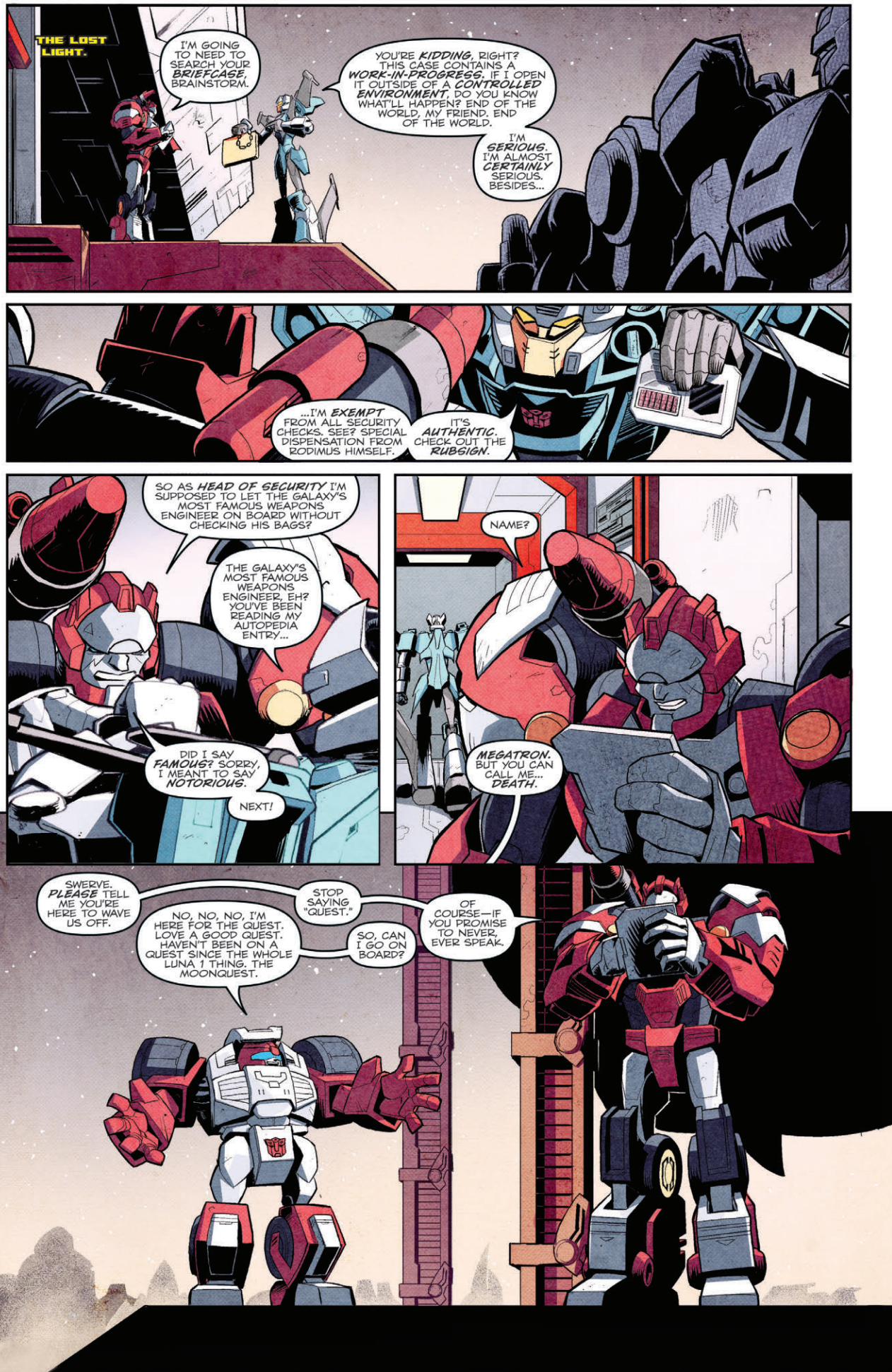

KIMIA.
PROWL'S QUARTERS.
SO. YOU'RE OFF THEN.
THIS IS A SETBACK, CHROMEDOME. A REAL SETBACK. I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU.
YEAH, WELL, I'M SURE YOU'LL GET OVER IT.
I'M GOING TO LEVEL WITH YOU. SOMEHOW—DON'T ASK ME HOW—RODIMUS HAS FOUND TWO HUNDRED AUTOBOTS WILLING TO JOIN HIM ON HIS FOOLS' CRUSADE.
WELL, GOOD RIDDANCE. I CAN MAKE DO WITHOUT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM. BUT I CAN'T—
EVEN RATCHET?
—MAKE DO WITHOUT YOU. YOU'RE GIFTED. YOU CAN DO THINGS NO ONE ELSE CAN. IF I HAD YOUR TALENTS...
PRIMUS HELP US ALL.
REWIND! YOU'RE HIS BEST FRIEND. CAN'T YOU PERSUADE HIM TO—
—YOUR LIGHT'S ON. ARE YOU RECORDING THIS?
UM... YES?
WELL DON'T. IT'S EXTREMELY ANNOYING, YOU FILMING EVERYTHING ALL THE TIME.
I'M AN ARCHIVIST. I'M ARCHIVING.
THIS COULD BE AN IMPORTANT CONVERSATION. IT COULD HAVE REPERCUSSIONS!
PROWL, YOU AND I GO WAY BACK, YEAH? YOU KNOW I'VE DONE MORE FOR THE AUTOBOT CAUSE THAN MOST. AND YOU KNOW I'VE DONE THINGS THAT, IN HINDSIGHT, I BITTERLY—
—OH, FORGET IT.
THE POINT IS, USING MY "TALENTS" IN THE WAY YOU SUGGEST IS HARDLY GOING TO HELP ME DRAW A LINE UNDER THE PAST.

C'MON.
YOU'VE SAID WHAT YOU WANTED TO SAY.
YOU KNOW WHAT *YOUR* PROBLEM IS, CHROMEDOME?
YOU THINK THAT JUST BECAUSE THE WAR IS *OVER* WE CAN AFFORD TO STOP *FIGHTING!*
IT'S ME, *PROWL*.
I COULDN'T CHANGE HIS MIND.
NO. THIS WAS ALWAYS A POSSIBILITY. I'VE ALREADY MADE THE NECESSARY *MODIFICATIONS*. ALL YOU TWO NEED TO DO IS LOAD THE *CARGO*.
WHAT? YES, OF *COURSE* I'M SERIOUS.
I'M *ALWAYS* SERIOUS.


CYBERTRON. SIX MILLION YEARS AGO.
NOTE TO SELF, TAILGATE: DON'T PANIC.
DON'T PANIC AND DEFINITELY DON'T LOOK AT YOUR LEGS.
FIND YOUR CALM PLACE. THINK HAPPY THOUGHTS. EVERYTHING'S FINE. EVERYTHING'S REALLY, REALLY FINE.
OKAY. OKAY, GOOD.
AND HERE COMES THE PRELIMINARY DAMAGE REPORT, RIGHT ON CUE...
PRELIMINARY DAMAGE REPORT: YOU'RE AN IDIOT
...I'M A WHAT? WHAT KIND OF A DAMAGE REPORT IS THAT?
IF I BELIEVED IN RUNGIAN ANALYSIS I'D SAY THAT MY SELF-LOATHING HAS FINALLY SPREAD TO MY INTERNAL READOUTS.
THE THING IS— THE THING IS— I AM AN IDIOT.
TAKING A SHORTCUT ACROSS THE MITTEOUS PLATEAU, THE MOST FRAGILE TERRAIN ON THE PLANET, JUST TO MAKE SURE I REACHED THE ARK IN TIME FOR TAKEOFF.
AND NOW I'M TRAPPED IN THESE CATACOMBS WITH—WHAT—ABOUT SIX HOURS TO GO UNTIL LAUNCH.
IF NOVA PRIME AND THE OTHERS LEAVE WITHOUT ME THEIR MISSION IS DOOMED TO FAILURE—YET ALL I CAN DO IS SIT HERE AND SELF-NARRATE.
FINAL DAMAGE REPORT: AMBULATORY SYSTEMS OPERATING AT 10% EFFICIENCY... INTERNAL CHRONOMETER MALFUNCTIONING... TRANSFORMATION COG MISALIGNED... ATTEMPTING REPAIRS...
TRANSLATION: NO LEGS, NO WATCH, NO ALT MODE. COULD BE WORSE.
HEY... MAYBE I CAN USE THE EQUIPMENT IN MY TRAILER TO DETONATE MY ENERGON RATIONS, BLAST A HOLE IN THE CEILING AND CALL FOR HELP...
...GOOD PLAN, HA! NOT SUCH AN IDIOT AFTER ALL...

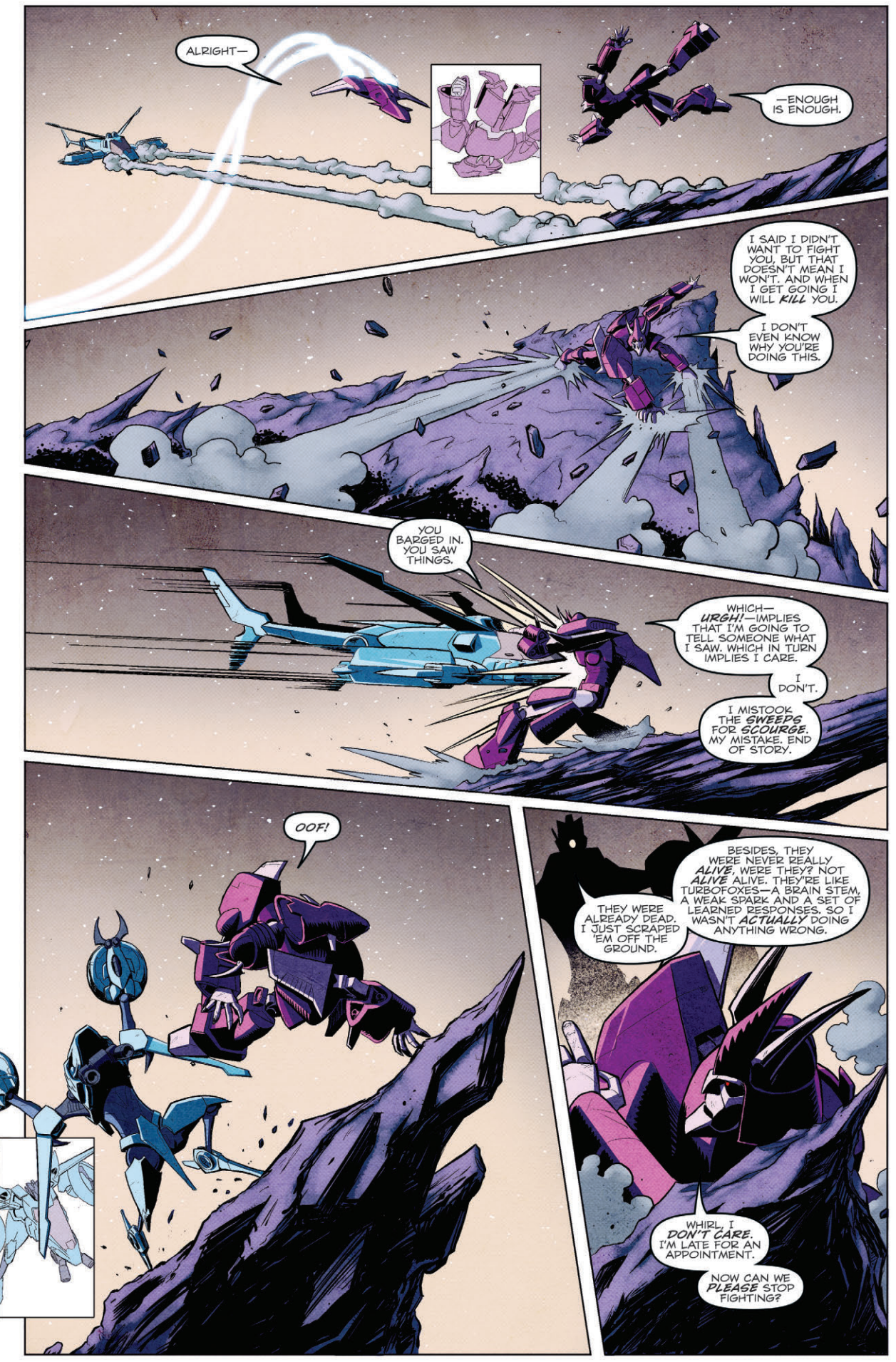

PRESENT-DAY CYBERTRON.
I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY... UM.
ARGH. NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE.
OKAY, SECOND ATTEMPT.
I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY... THANK YOU.
OH, COME ON—DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK. I'M BEING SINCERE!
I AM!
LOOK—THIS IS MY SINCERE FACE.
NOW SHUT UP A MINUTE WHILE I SAY MY PIECE.
MY LIFE—I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU—MY LIFE HASN'T BEEN THAT EASY LATELY. I'VE HAD SOME UPS AND DOWNS, YOU KNOW? I'VE TAKEN SOME KNOCKS. YEAH, I KNOW, BOO HOO.
I MEAN, THE WHOLE WRECKERS THING—BEING DROPPED FROM THE TEAM—THAT WAS HARSH. I KNOW SOME PEOPLE SAY I DESERVED IT, BUT—YEAH.
SO ANYWAY—THANK YOU. THIS PRIVATE TIME WE'VE SHARED—IT'S MEANT A LOT.
OVER THE LAST FEW WEEKS, EVER SINCE THE NAILS CAME BACK, YOU'VE HELPED ME GET BY.
NO, REALLY, YOU HAVE.
YOU'VE HELPED ME OFFLOAD AND VENT MY FRUSTRATIONS AND—AND EXPRESS MYSELF, I GUESS.
I SUPPOSE, IN A WAY, YOU'VE KEPT ME SANE.
BUT ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END, AND IF THERE'S ONE THING IN LIFE I'VE LEARNED IT'S HOW TO SAY GOODBYE AND MEAN IT. SO WITHOUT FURTHER ADO—
HELLO? ANYONE IN HERE?
SCOURGE? IS THAT YOU?
I THOUGHT I DETECTED YOUR—

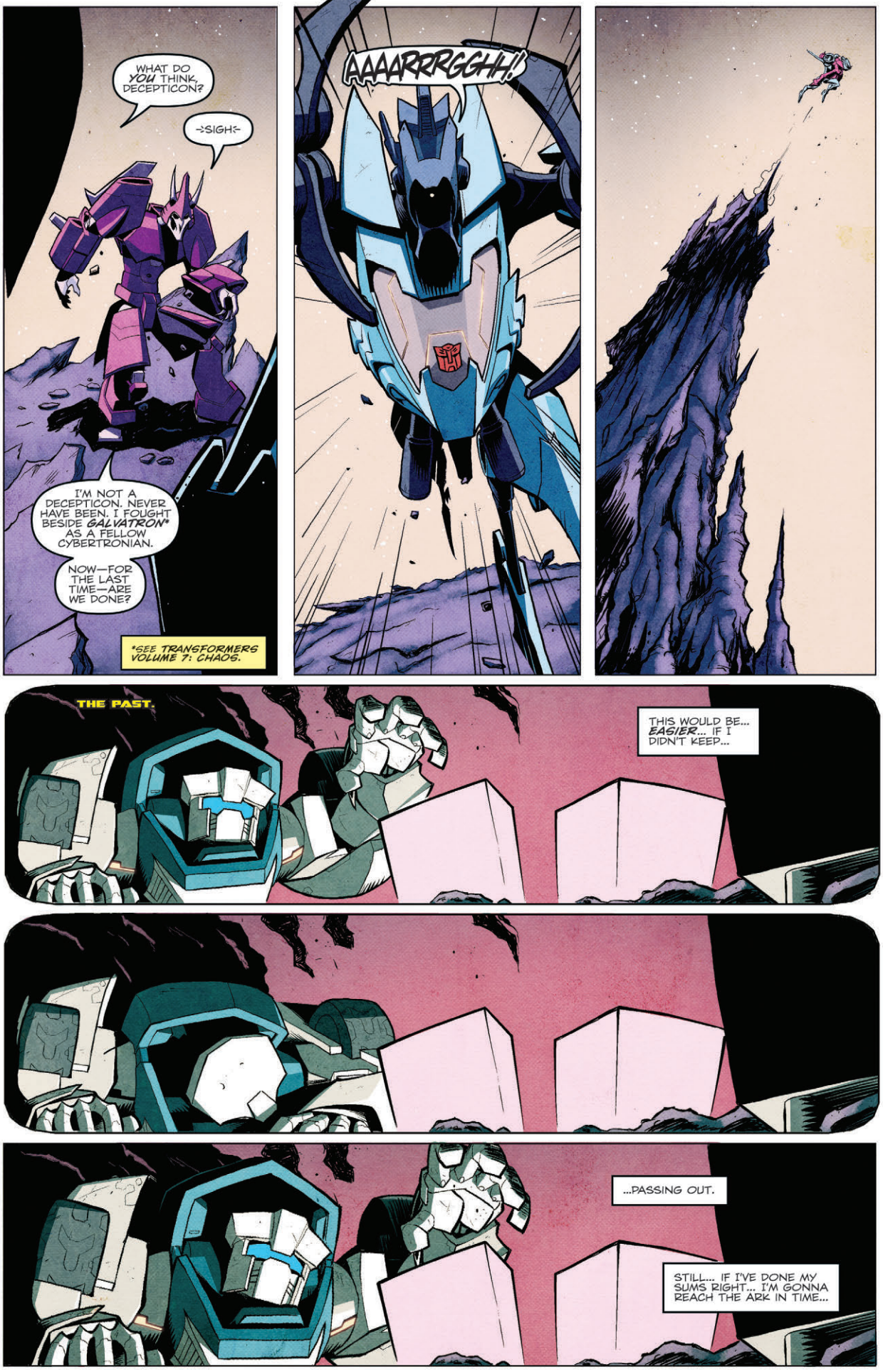
HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF KNOCKING?!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
OOF!
OH, SO I'M THE ONE IN THE WRONG...?
LISTEN, WHIRL—IT'S WHIRL, RIGHT? I'M NOT INTERESTED IN FIGHTING.
TOUGH...
"...BECAUSE I AM!"

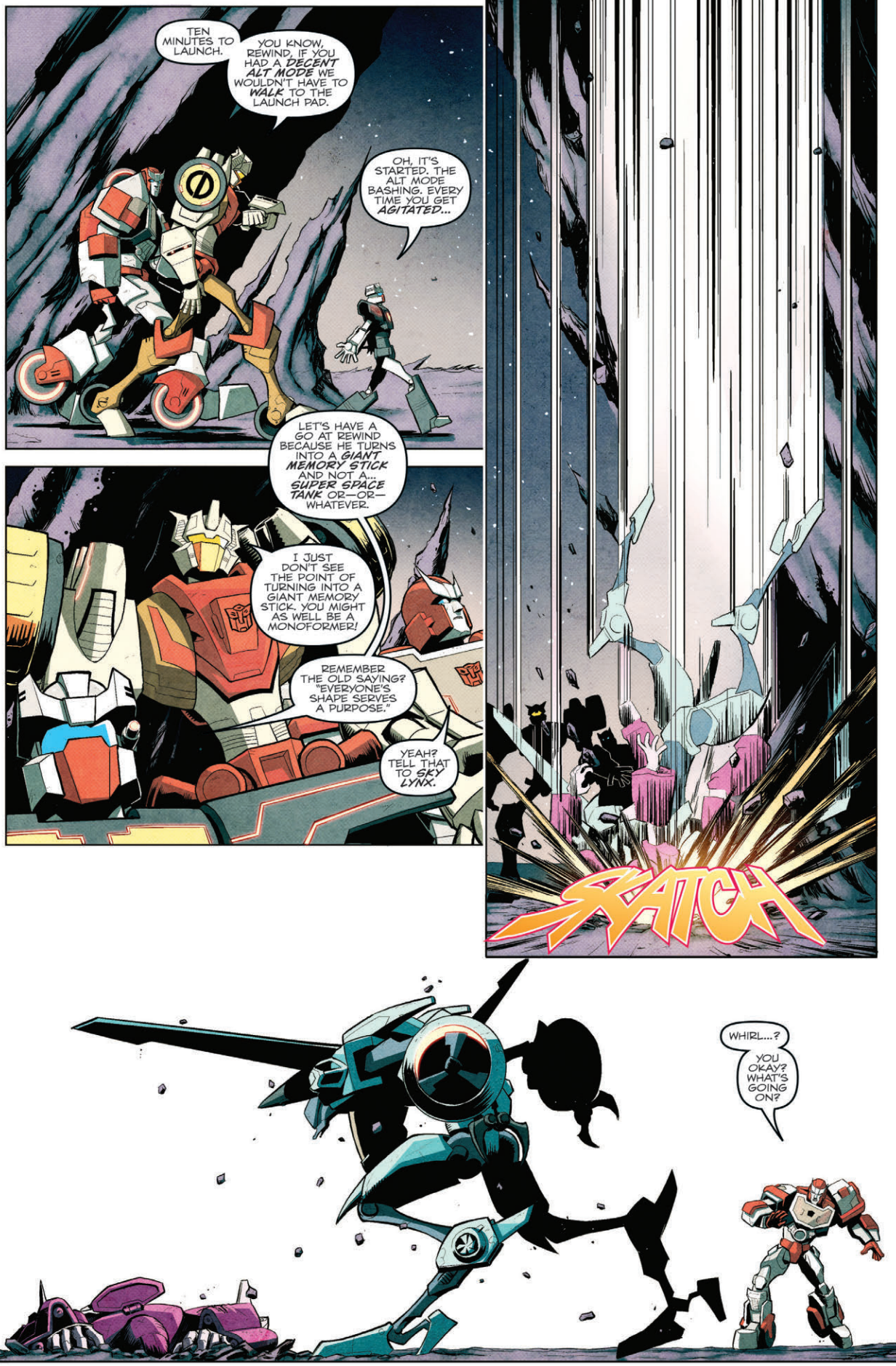

THE LOST LIGHT.
I'M GOING TO NEED TO SEARCH YOUR BRIEFCASE, BRAINSTORM.
YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? THIS CASE CONTAINS A WORK-IN-PROGRESS. IF I OPEN IT OUTSIDE OF A CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENT, DO YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN? END OF THE WORLD, MY FRIEND. END OF THE WORLD.
I'M SERIOUS. I'M ALMOST CERTAINLY SERIOUS. BESIDES...
...I'M EXEMPT FROM ALL SECURITY CHECKS. SEE? SPECIAL DISPENSATION FROM RODIMUS HIMSELF.
IT'S AUTHENTIC. CHECK OUT THE RUBSIGN.
SO AS HEAD OF SECURITY I'M SUPPOSED TO LET THE GALAXY'S MOST FAMOUS WEAPONS ENGINEER ON BOARD WITHOUT CHECKING HIS BAGS?
THE GALAXY'S MOST FAMOUS WEAPONS ENGINEER, EH? YOU'VE BEEN READING MY AUTOPEDIA ENTRY...
DID I SAY FAMOUS? SORRY, I MEANT TO SAY NOTORIOUS.
NEXT!
NAME?
MEGATRON. BUT YOU CAN CALL ME... DEATH.
SWERVE. PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE HERE TO WAVE US OFF.
NO, NO, NO, I'M HERE FOR THE QUEST. LOVE A GOOD QUEST. HAVEN'T BEEN ON A QUEST SINCE THE WHOLE LUNA 1 THING. THE MOONQUEST.
STOP SAYING "QUEST."
SO, CAN I GO ON BOARD?
OF COURSE—IF YOU PROMISE TO NEVER, EVER SPEAK.

"NEXT!"
ONE HUNDRED MILLION! THAT'S AN IMPRESSIVE SERIAL CODE, ER...
IT'S RUNG. YOU KNOW ME, RED ALERT.
RUNG! OF COURSE! SORRY! I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU...
I WAS YOUR PSYCHIATRIST. FOR SIX CENTURIES.
NEVER MIND THAT, WHAT'S IN THE CRATE?
NOTHING. JUST TRINKETS. I COLLECT MODEL SPACECRAFT. ARKS, MAINLY.
WE WERE AT WAR FOR FOUR MILLION YEARS. HOW HAVE YOU MANAGED TO HOLD ONTO THIS STUFF?
I GUESS I HAVE A KNACK FOR KEEPING OUT OF HARM'S—
KUNK

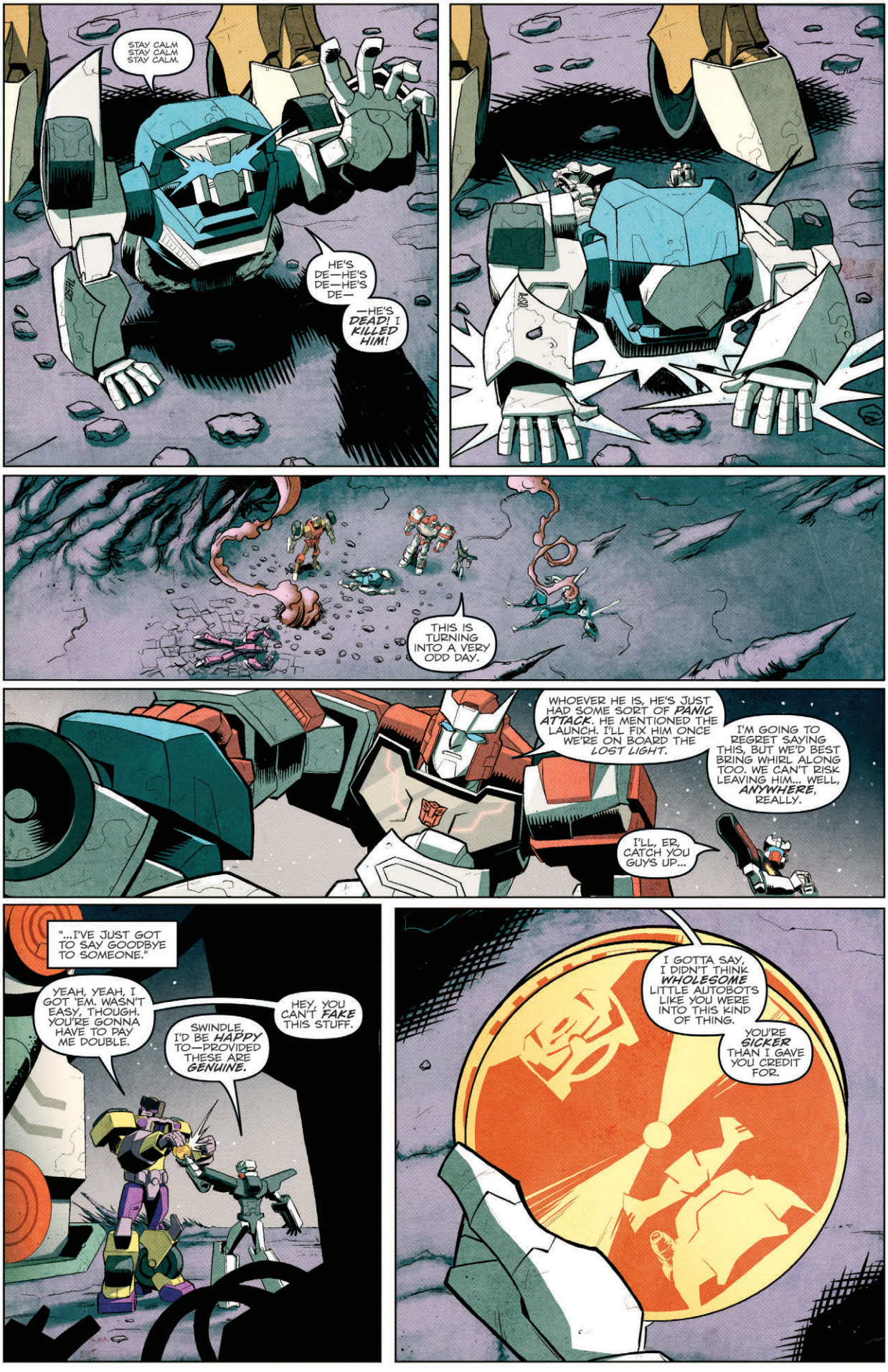
THE BRIDGE OF THE LOST LIGHT.
AND THE TOTAL SO FAR IS... TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHT.
OH YES. STICK THAT UP YOUR EXHAUST, BUMBLEBEE. YOU KNOW, WHEN I GAVE THAT "GUN IN YOUR HAND" SPEECH I—
GREAT SPEECH.
THANKS.
—I NEVER IMAGINED SO MANY WOULD SIGN UP. TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHT? THAT'S AMAZING. THAT'S GOTTA BE SOME SORT OF RECORD.
YOUR NEW CREW MATES, ULTRA MAGNUS.
WHY ARE YOU FROWNING? I MEAN, WHY ARE YOU FROWNING EVEN MORE THAN NORMAL?
HE'S DANGEROUS... HE'S DELUSIONAL... HE'S A LIAR... HE'S MAD (I MEAN LITERALLY MAD)...
HE WAS DEMOTED AFTER THAT INCIDENT WITH THE TURBOFOX... I ARRESTED HIM FOR IMPERSONATING A SENIOR OFFICER... HE OWES ME MONEY...
I DON'T TRUST HIM OR HIM, ESPECIALLY NOT IN THEIR COMBINED FORM... AND IF HE'S WHO I THINK HE IS, NEVER, EVER LET HIM NEAR A CROSSBOW.
AND THOSE ARE JUST THE A'S.
YOU SHOULD'VE PUT ME ON THE DOOR. I'D HAVE TURNED AWAY ANY WAYWARD CHARACTERS.
MAGNUS, YOUR DEFINITION OF A WAYWARD CHARACTER IS AN AUTOBOT WHO WEARS THEIR BADGE AT AN ANGLE.
YES, IN DIRECT CONTRAVENTION OF THE MILITARY REGALIA ACT!
SOMETIMES I WONDER HOW YOU SEE THE WORLD, MY FRIEND.
RODIMUS
DREAMS OF BEING HEROIC AND IMPORTANT. TENDS NOT TO FOLLOW RULES TOO CLOSELY. MEANS WELL BUT HIS IMPULSIVE ACTIONS OFTEN GET HIM INTO TROUBLE. CAN BE HOTHEADED.
RISK OF FUTURE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY: VARIABLE.
DRIFT: EX-DECEPTICON
RESIST URGE TO ARREST ON SIGHT
USED TO FIGHT FOR MEGATRON. ONE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE WARRIORS EVER TO STALK THE FACE OF CYBERTRON. GRANTED AMNESTY UNDER THE REINTEGRATION ACT.
RISK OF FUTURE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY: OFF THE SCALE.

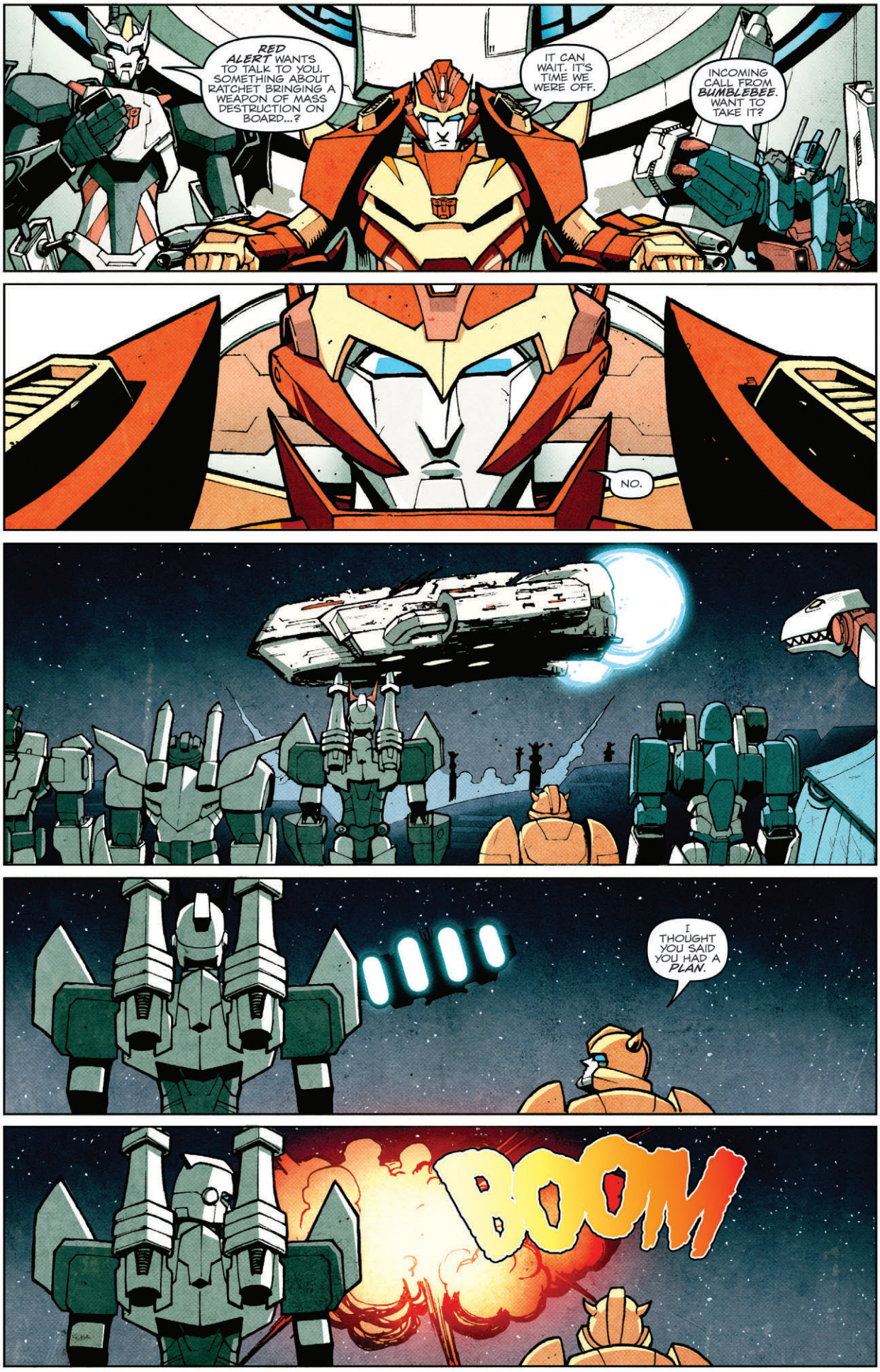

ALRIGHT—
—ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.
I SAID I DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WON'T. AND WHEN I GET GOING I WILL KILL YOU.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY YOU'RE DOING THIS.
YOU BARGED IN. YOU SAW THINGS.
WHICH—URGH!—IMPLIES THAT I'M GOING TO TELL SOMEONE WHAT I SAW. WHICH IN TURN IMPLIES I CARE.
I DON'T.
I MISTOOK THE SWEEPS FOR SCOURGE. MY MISTAKE. END OF STORY.
OOF!
BESIDES, THEY WERE NEVER REALLY ALIVE, WERE THEY? NOT ALIVE ALIVE. THEY'RE LIKE TURBOFOXES—A BRAIN STEM, A WEAK SPARK AND A SET OF LEARNED RESPONSES. SO I WASN'T ACTUALLY DOING ANYTHING WRONG.
THEY WERE ALREADY DEAD. I JUST SCRAPED 'EM OFF THE GROUND.
WHIRL, I DON'T CARE. I'M LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT.
NOW CAN WE PLEASE STOP FIGHTING?

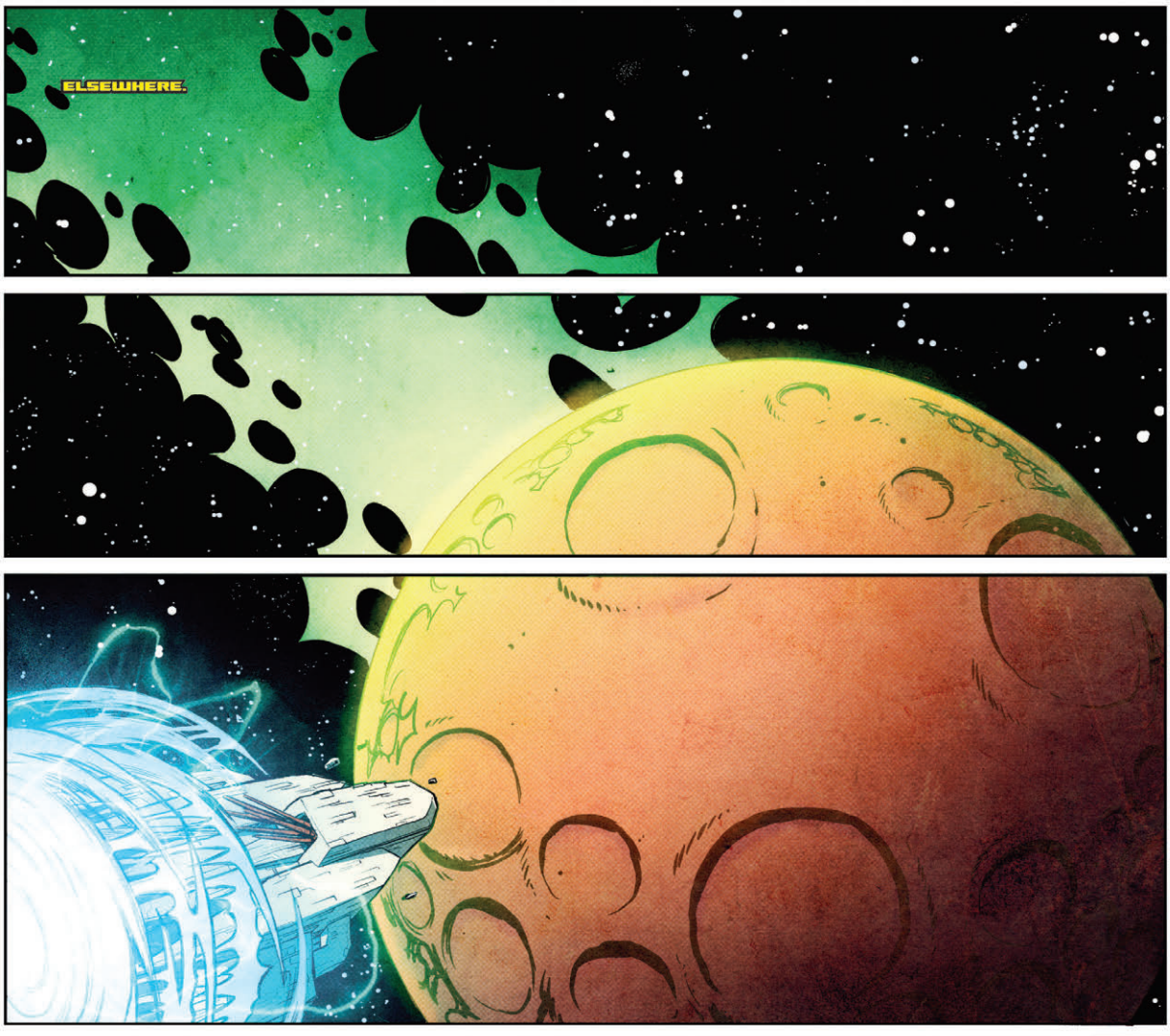

WHAT DO YOU THINK, DECEPTICON?
-:SIGH:-
I'M NOT A DECEPTICON. NEVER HAVE BEEN. I FOUGHT BESIDE GALVATRON* AS A FELLOW CYBERTRONIAN.
NOW—FOR THE LAST TIME—ARE WE DONE?
*SEE TRANSFORMERS VOLUME 7: CHAOS.
AAAARRRGGH!
THE PAST.
THIS WOULD BE... EASIER... IF I DIDN'T KEEP...
...PASSING OUT.
STILL... IF I'VE DONE MY SUMS RIGHT... I'M GONNA REACH THE ARK IN TIME...

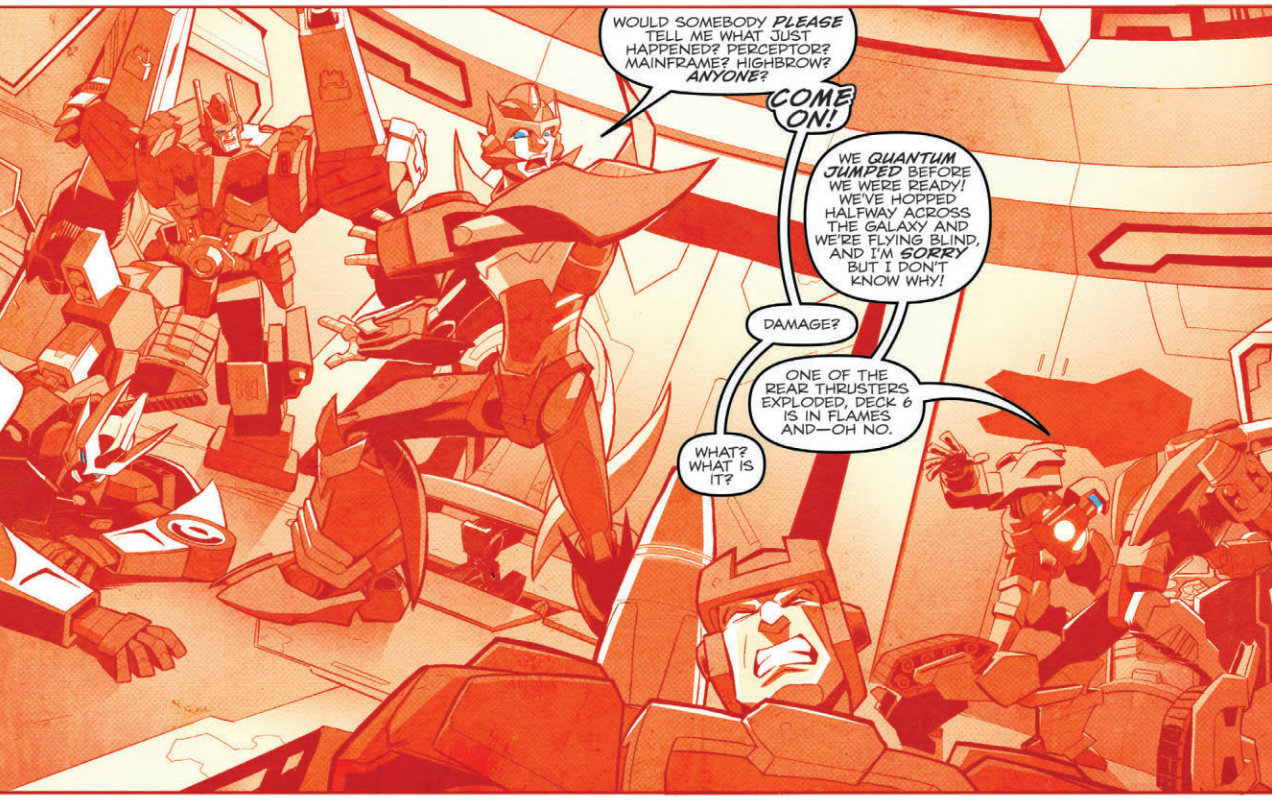

TEN MINUTES TO LAUNCH.
YOU KNOW, REWIND, IF YOU HAD A DECENT ALT MODE WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO WALK TO THE LAUNCH PAD.
OH, IT'S STARTED. THE ALT MODE BASHING. EVERY TIME YOU GET AGITATED...
LET'S HAVE A GO AT REWIND BECAUSE HE TURNS INTO A GIANT MEMORY STICK AND NOT A... SUPER SPACE TANK OR—OR—WHATEVER.
I JUST DON'T SEE THE POINT OF TURNING INTO A GIANT MEMORY STICK. YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE A MONOFORMER!
REMEMBER THE OLD SAYING? "EVERYONE'S SHAPE SERVES A PURPOSE."
YEAH? TELL THAT TO SKY LYNX.
SKATCH
WHIRL...?
YOU OKAY? WHAT'S GOING ON?

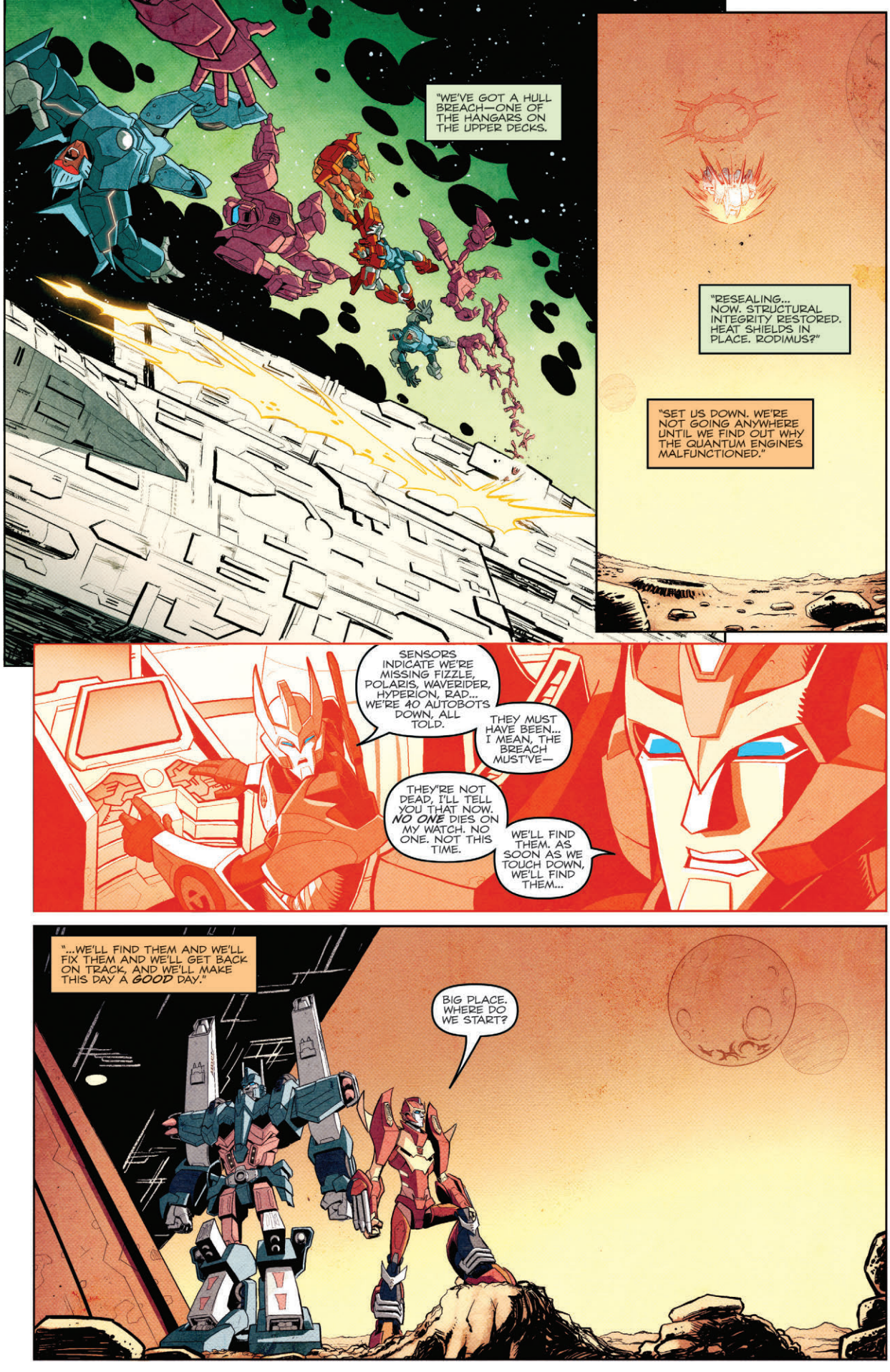
HE ATTACKED ME AFTER I CAUGHT HIM *DESECRATING* CORPSES.
I SUGGEST YOU *LOOK AWAY NOW* IF YOU HAVE AN AVERSION TO *EXPLODING HEADS.*
HE'S OFFLINE, WHIRL. WHATEVER HE'S DONE, HE'S NOT A THREAT. BEST LOWER THE GUN, EH?
YOU *TALKING ME DOWN*, DOC? IS THIS YOU TALKING ME DOWN? LIKE I'M SOME KIND OF *MANIAC* THAT NEEDS—THAT NEEDS TALKING DOWN?
I'M JUST SAYING—
NO, *I'M* JUST SAYING. HE STARTED IT, I'M FINISHING IT. AND A NICE, CLEAN HEADSHOT IS *ALWAYS* THE BEST WAY TO FINISH IT.
FROOM
ARRGH!
ANY CHANCE OF A HAND?
C'MERE, PAL. I DON'T BELIEVE WE'VE MET.
HAVE—*URGH!*—HAVE I MISSED THE *LAUNCH*?
BY THE *SHADOW* OF THE *UNDERBASE!* DID *I* DO THAT?!

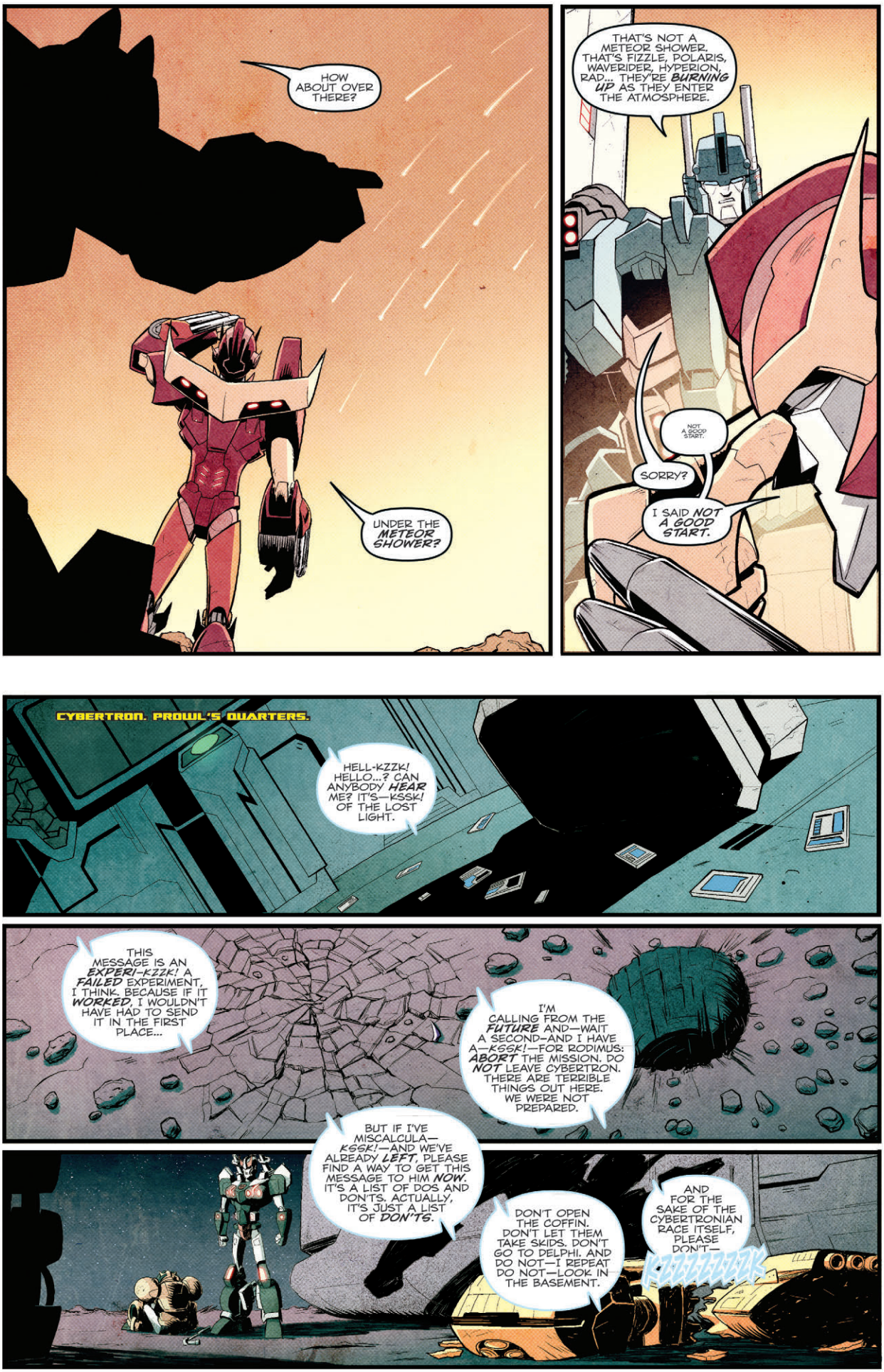

STAY CALM STAY CALM STAY CALM.
HE'S DE—HE'S DE—HE'S DE—
—HE'S *DEAD!* I *KILLED HIM!*
THIS IS TURNING INTO A VERY ODD DAY.
WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S JUST HAD SOME SORT OF *PANIC ATTACK*. HE MENTIONED THE LAUNCH. I'LL FIX HIM ONCE WE'RE ON BOARD THE *LOST LIGHT*.
I'M GOING TO REGRET SAYING THIS, BUT WE'D BEST BRING WHIRL ALONG TOO. WE CAN'T RISK LEAVING HIM... WELL, *ANYWHERE*, REALLY.
I'LL, ER, CATCH YOU GUYS UP...
"...I'VE JUST GOT TO SAY GOODBYE TO SOMEONE."
YEAH, YEAH, I GOT 'EM. WASN'T EASY, THOUGH. YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO PAY ME DOUBLE.
SWINDLE, I'D BE *HAPPY* TO—PROVIDED THESE ARE *GENUINE*.
HEY, YOU CAN'T *FAKE* THIS STUFF.
I GOTTA SAY, I DIDN'T THINK *WHOLESOME* LITTLE AUTOBOTS LIKE YOU WERE INTO THIS KIND OF THING.
YOU'RE *SICKER* THAN I GAVE YOU CREDIT FOR.


RED ALERT WANTS TO TALK TO YOU. SOMETHING ABOUT RATCHET BRINGING A WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION ON BOARD...?
IT CAN WAIT. IT'S TIME WE WERE OFF.
INCOMING CALL FROM BUMBLEBEE. WANT TO TAKE IT?
NO.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD A PLAN.
BOOM


ELSEWHERE.


WOULD SOMEBODY *PLEASE* TELL ME WHAT JUST HAPPENED? PERCEPTOR? MAINFRAME? HIGHBROW? *ANYONE?*
COME ON!
WE *QUANTUM JUMPED* BEFORE WE WERE READY! WE'VE HOPPED HALFWAY ACROSS THE GALAXY AND WE'RE FLYING BLIND, AND I'M *SORRY* BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY!
DAMAGE?
ONE OF THE REAR THRUSTERS EXPLODED, DECK 6 IS IN FLAMES AND—OH NO.
WHAT? WHAT IS IT?

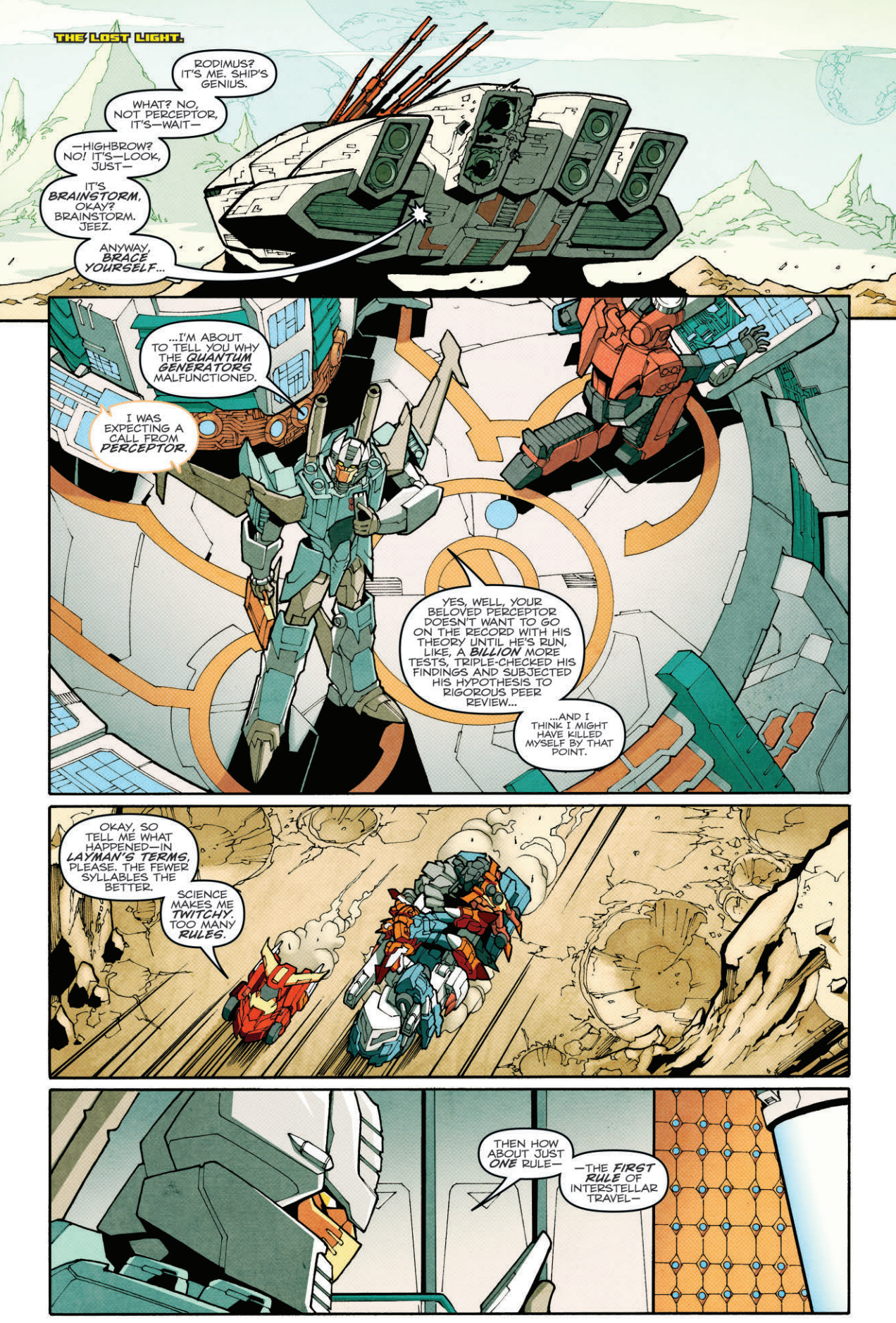

"WE'VE GOT A HULL BREACH—ONE OF THE HANGARS ON THE UPPER DECKS.
"RESEALING... NOW. STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY RESTORED. HEAT SHIELDS IN PLACE. RODIMUS?"
"SET US DOWN. WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHY THE QUANTUM ENGINES MALFUNCTIONED."
SENSORS INDICATE WE'RE MISSING FIZZLE, POLARIS, WAVERIDER, HYPERION, RAD... WE'RE 40 AUTOBOTS DOWN, ALL TOLD.
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN... I MEAN, THE BREACH MUST'VE—
THEY'RE NOT DEAD, I'LL TELL YOU THAT NOW. NO ONE DIES ON MY WATCH. NO ONE. NOT THIS TIME.
WE'LL FIND THEM. AS SOON AS WE TOUCH DOWN, WE'LL FIND THEM...
"...WE'LL FIND THEM AND WE'LL FIX THEM AND WE'LL GET BACK ON TRACK, AND WE'LL MAKE THIS DAY A GOOD DAY."
BIG PLACE. WHERE DO WE START?

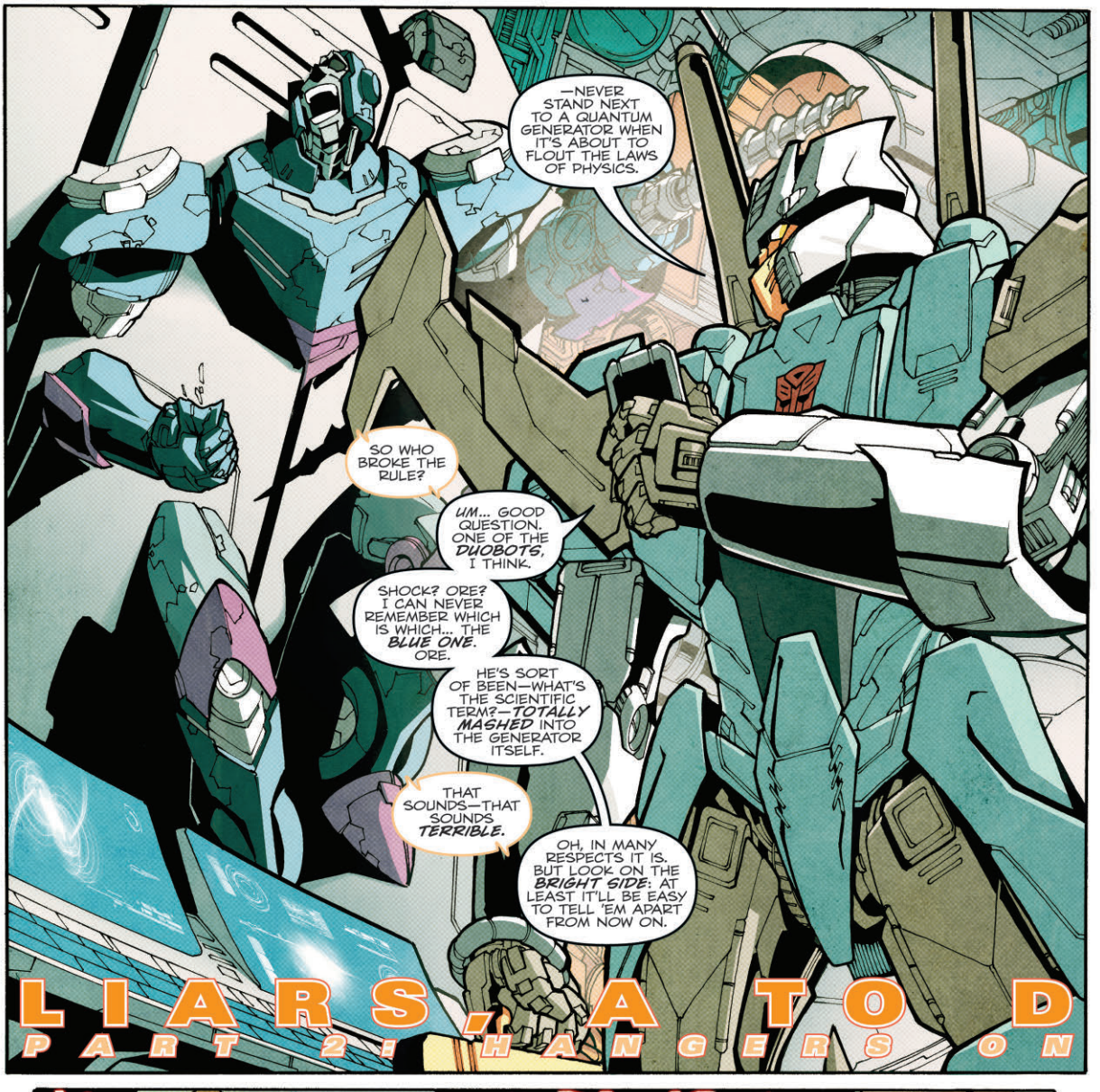

HOW ABOUT OVER THERE?
UNDER THE METEOR SHOWER?
THAT'S NOT A METEOR SHOWER. THAT'S FIZZLE, POLARIS, WAVERIDER, HYPERION, RAD... THEY'RE BURNING UP AS THEY ENTER THE ATMOSPHERE.
NOT A GOOD START.
SORRY?
I SAID NOT A GOOD START.
CYBERTRON. PROWL'S QUARTERS.
HELL-KZZK! HELLO...? CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME? IT'S—KSSK! OF THE LOST LIGHT.
THIS MESSAGE IS AN EXPERI-KZZK! A FAILED EXPERIMENT, I THINK. BECAUSE IF IT WORKED, I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO SEND IT IN THE FIRST PLACE...
I'M CALLING FROM THE FUTURE AND—WAIT A SECOND—AND I HAVE A—KSSK!—FOR RODIMUS: ABORT THE MISSION. DO NOT LEAVE CYBERTRON. THERE ARE TERRIBLE THINGS OUT HERE. WE WERE NOT PREPARED.
BUT IF I'VE MISCALCULA—KSSK!—AND WE'VE ALREADY LEFT, PLEASE FIND A WAY TO GET THIS MESSAGE TO HIM NOW. IT'S A LIST OF DOS AND DON'TS. ACTUALLY, IT'S JUST A LIST OF DON'TS.
DON'T OPEN THE COFFIN. DON'T LET THEM TAKE SKIDS. DON'T GO TO DELPHI. AND DO NOT—I REPEAT DO NOT—LOOK IN THE BASEMENT.
AND FOR THE SAKE OF THE CYBERTRONIAN RACE ITSELF, PLEASE DON'T—
KZZZZZZZZAK

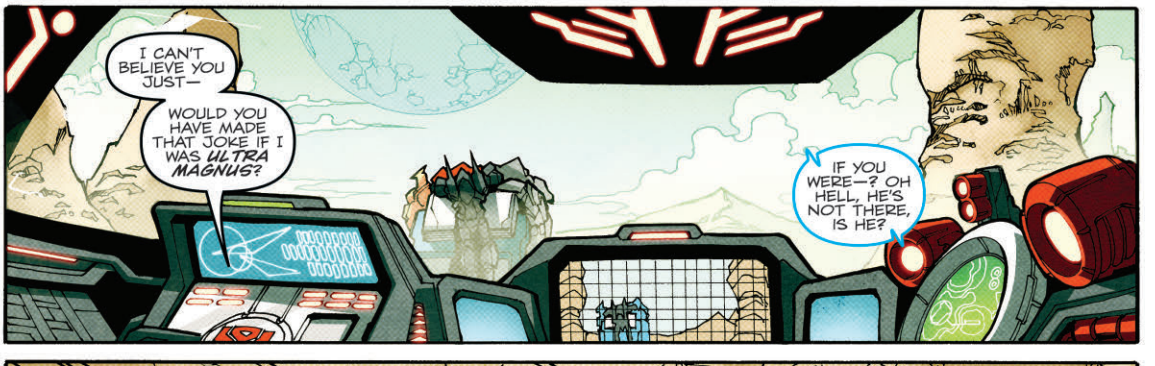
□ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #2 COVER A
BY **ALEX MILNE** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

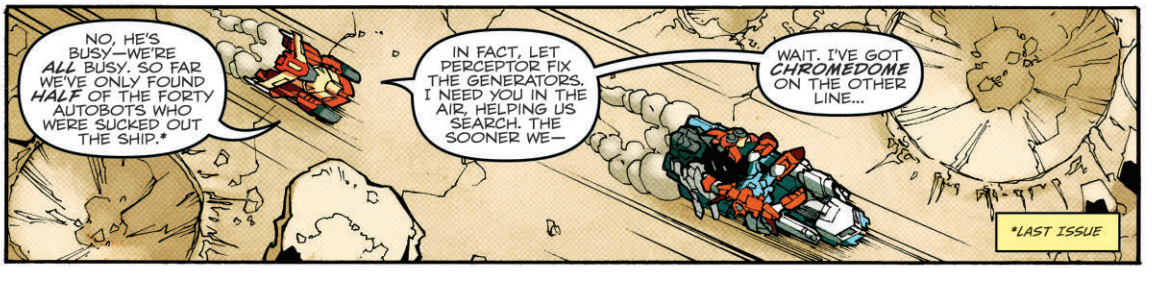
☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #2 COVER RI

BY **ALEX MILNE**

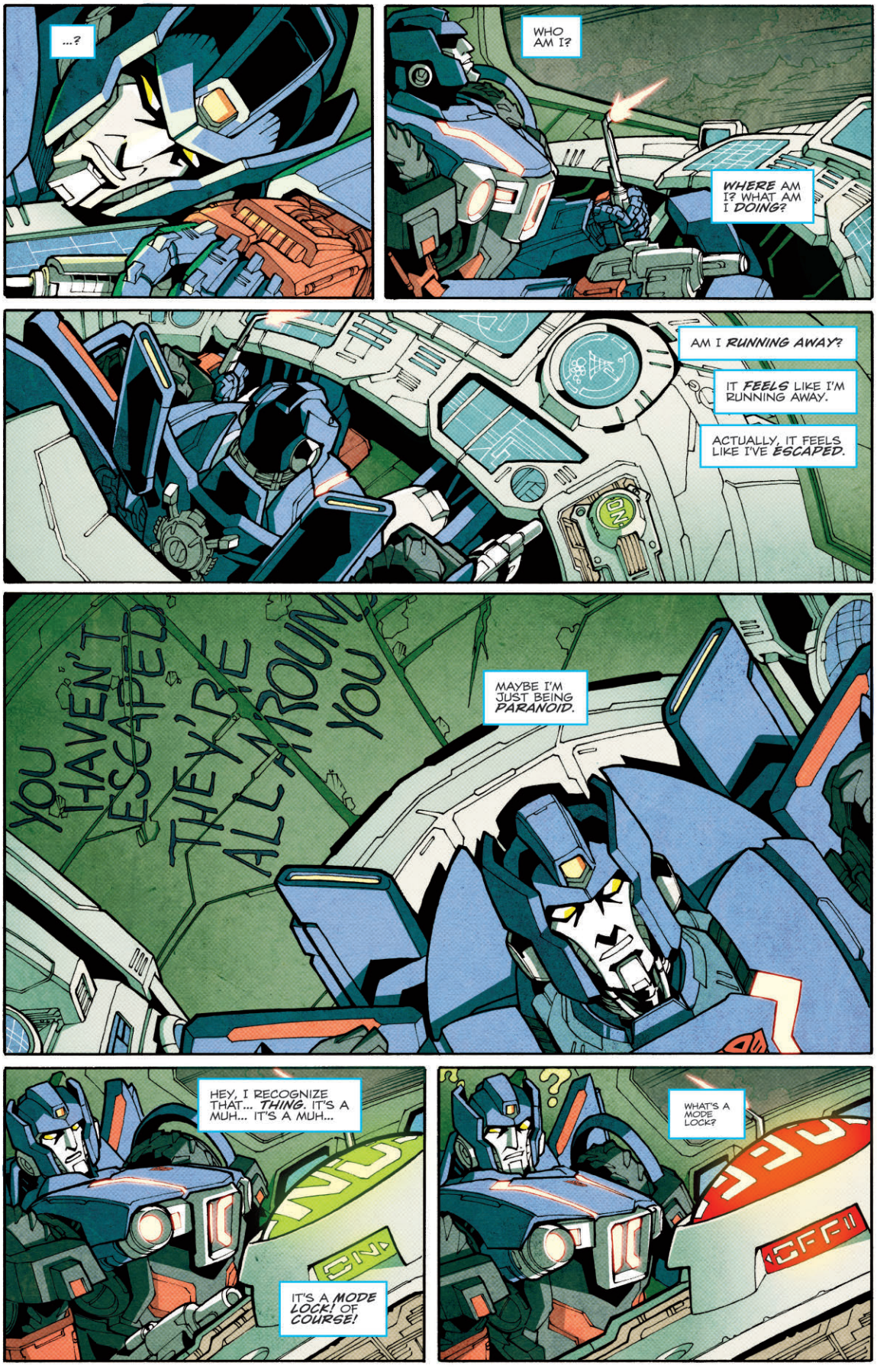

RODIMUS? IT'S ME. SHIP'S GENIUS.
WHAT? NO, NOT PERCEPTOR, IT'S—WAIT—
—HIGHBROW? NO! IT'S—LOOK, JUST—
IT'S BRAINSTORM, OKAY? BRAINSTORM. JEEZ.
ANYWAY, BRACE YOURSELF...
...I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU WHY THE QUANTUM GENERATORS MALFUNCTIONED.
I WAS EXPECTING A CALL FROM PERCEPTOR.
YES, WELL, YOUR BELOVED PERCEPTOR DOESN'T WANT TO GO ON THE RECORD WITH HIS THEORY UNTIL HE'S RUN, LIKE, A BILLION MORE TESTS, TRIPLE-CHECKED HIS FINDINGS AND SUBJECTED HIS HYPOTHESIS TO RIGOROUS PEER REVIEW...
...AND I THINK I MIGHT HAVE KILLED MYSELF BY THAT POINT.
OKAY, SO TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED—IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, PLEASE. THE FEWER SYLLABLES THE BETTER.
SCIENCE MAKES ME TWITCHY. TOO MANY RULES.
THEN HOW ABOUT JUST ONE RULE—
—THE FIRST RULE OF INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL—

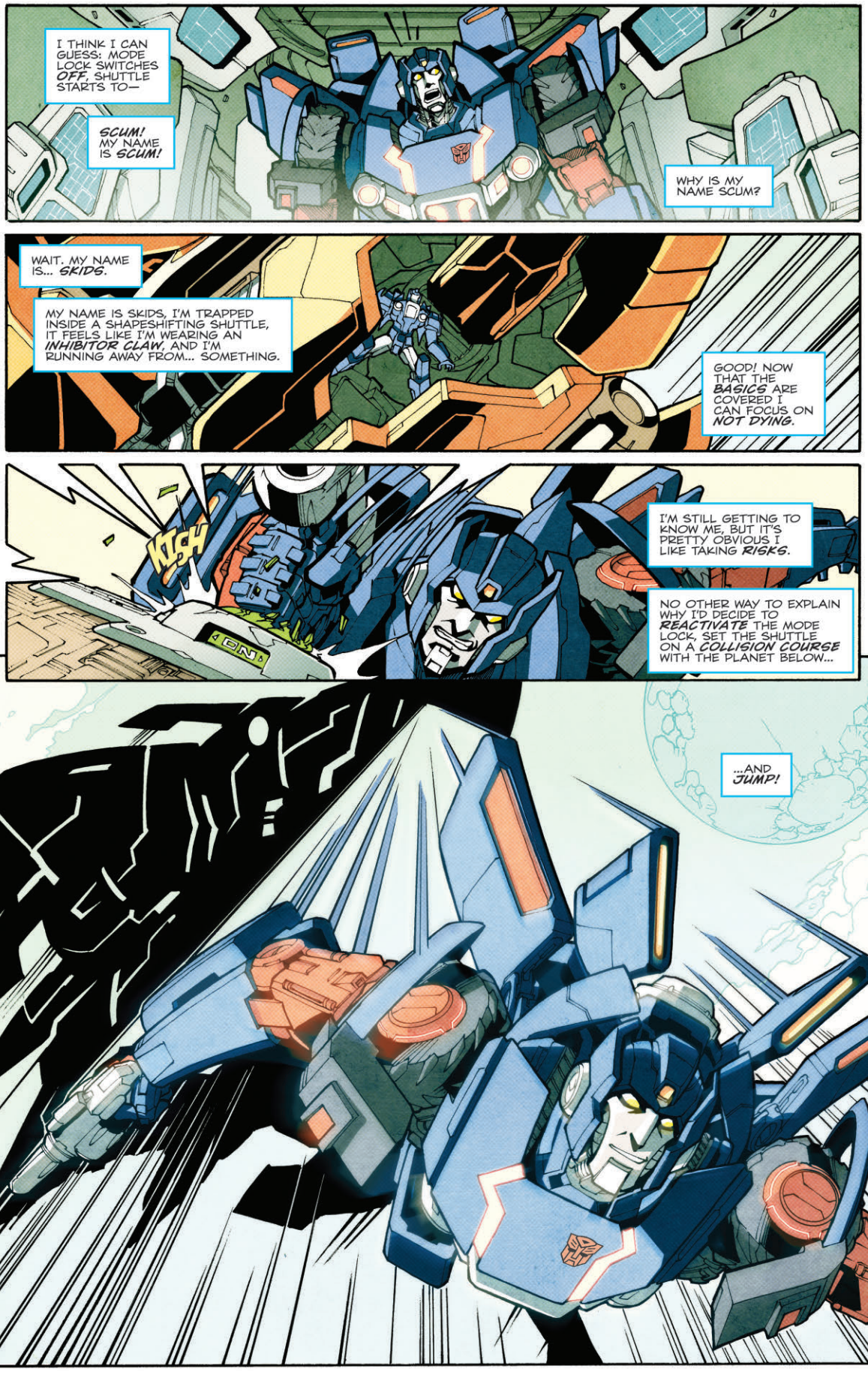

—NEVER STAND NEXT TO A QUANTUM GENERATOR WHEN IT'S ABOUT TO FLOUT THE LAWS OF PHYSICS.
SO WHO BROKE THE RULE?
UM... GOOD QUESTION. ONE OF THE DUOBOTS, I THINK.
SHOCK? ORE? I CAN NEVER REMEMBER WHICH IS WHICH... THE BLUE ONE. ORE.
HE'S SORT OF BEEN—WHAT'S THE SCIENTIFIC TERM?—TOTALLY MASHED INTO THE GENERATOR ITSELF.
THAT SOUNDS—THAT SOUNDS TERRIBLE.
OH, IN MANY RESPECTS IT IS. BUT LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE: AT LEAST IT'LL BE EASY TO TELL 'EM APART FROM NOW ON.
LIARS, ATOD
PART 2: HANGERSON


I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU JUST—
WOULD YOU HAVE MADE THAT JOKE IF I WAS ULTRA MAGNUS?
IF YOU WERE—? OH HELL, HE'S NOT THERE, IS HE?

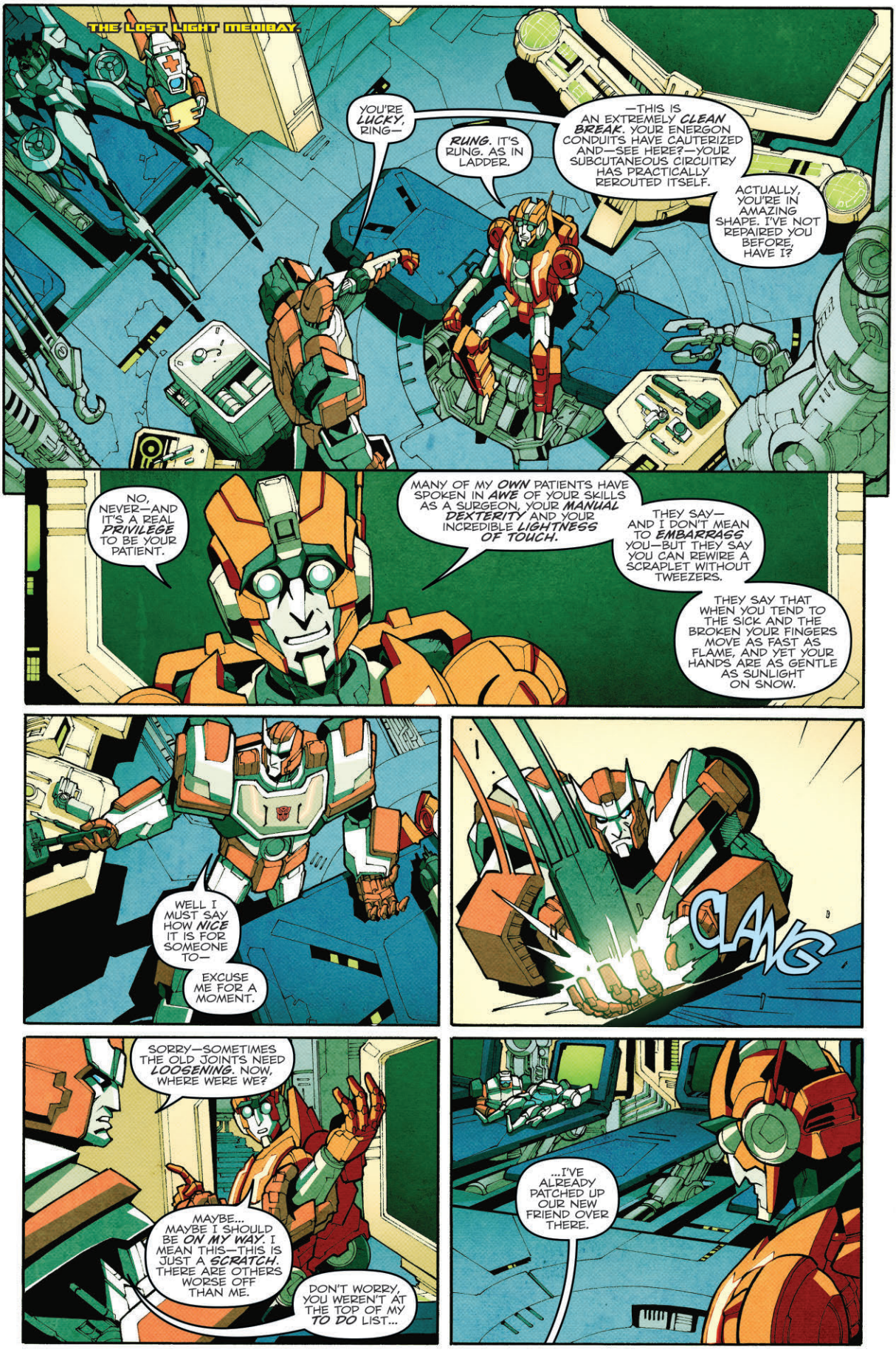

NO, HE'S BUSY—WE'RE ALL BUSY. SO FAR WE'VE ONLY FOUND HALF OF THE FORTY AUTOBOTS WHO WERE SUCKED OUT THE SHIP.*
IN FACT, LET PERCEPTOR FIX THE GENERATORS. I NEED YOU IN THE AIR, HELPING US SEARCH. THE SOONER WE—
WAIT. I'VE GOT CHROMEDOME ON THE OTHER LINE...
*LAST ISSUE

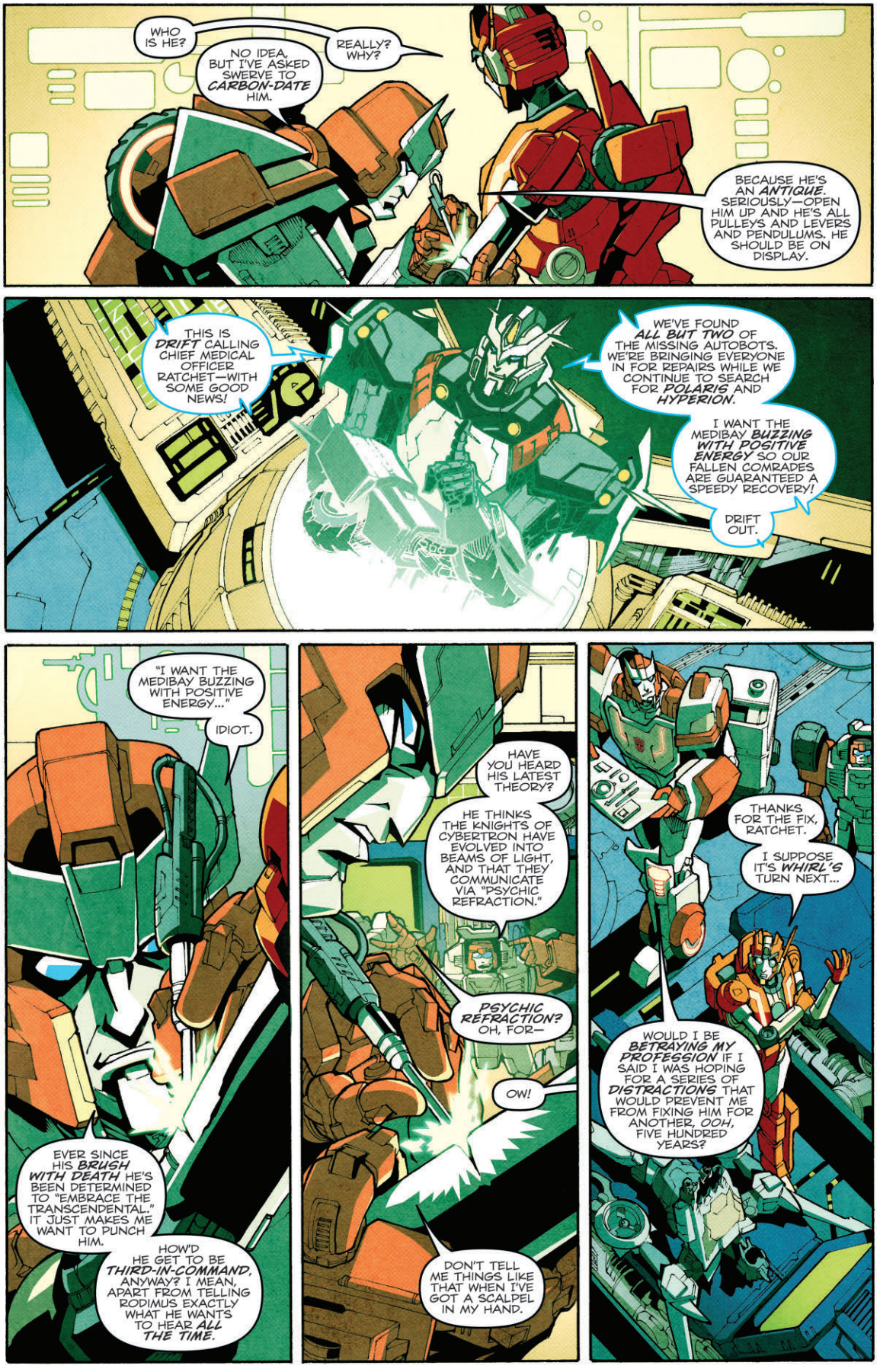
"...HE SAYS THEY'RE PULLING A BODY FROM A LAKE."
CHOOM

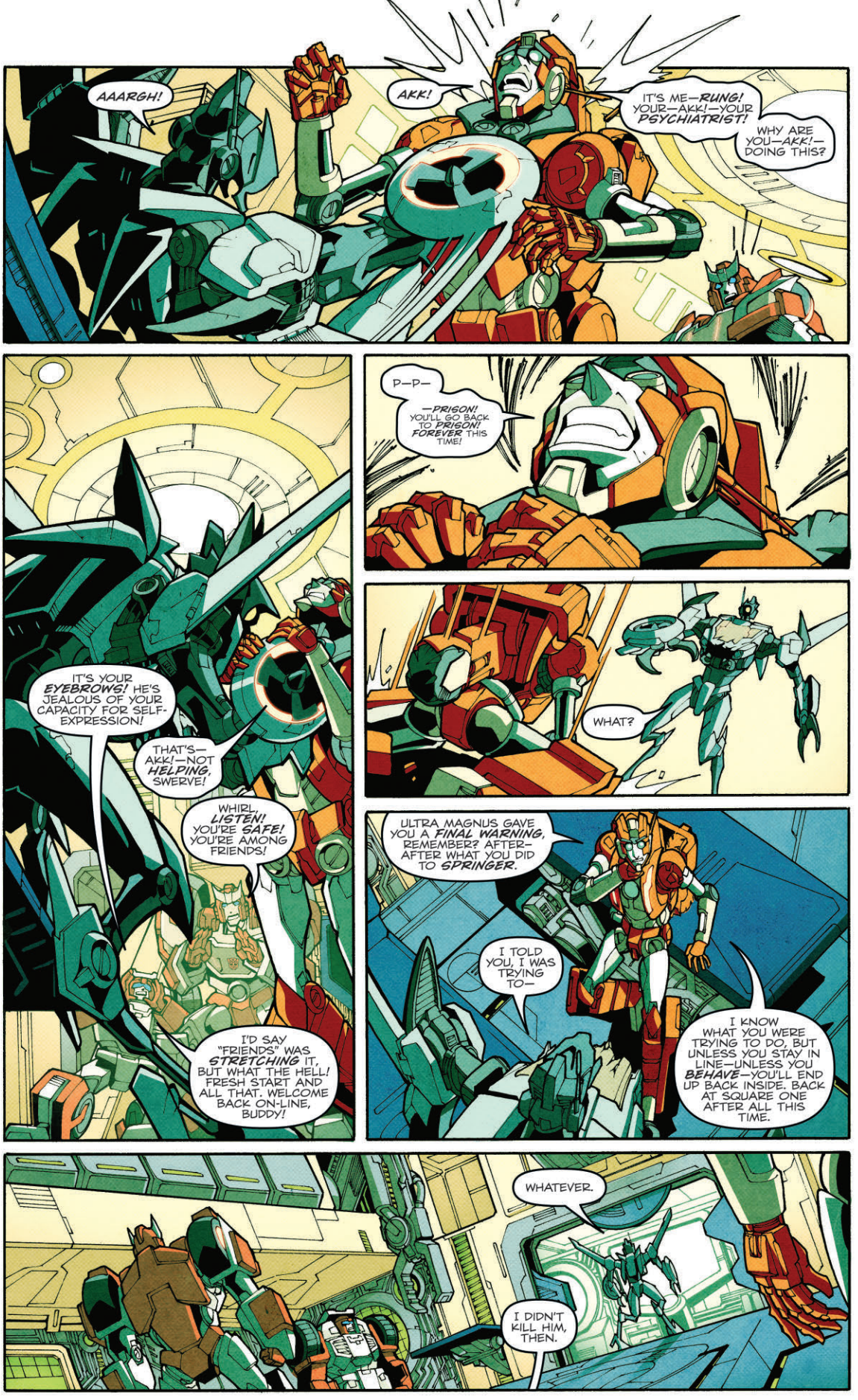

...?
WHO AM I?
WHERE AM I? WHAT AM I DOING?
AM I RUNNING AWAY?
IT FEELS LIKE I'M RUNNING AWAY.
ACTUALLY, IT FEELS LIKE I'VE ESCAPED.
ON
YOU HAVEN'T ESCAPED. THEY'RE ALL AROUND YOU.
MAYBE I'M JUST BEING PARANOID.
HEY, I RECOGNIZE THAT... THING. IT'S A MUH... IT'S A MUH...
ON
IT'S A MODE LOCK! OF COURSE!
WHAT'S A MODE LOCK?
OFF

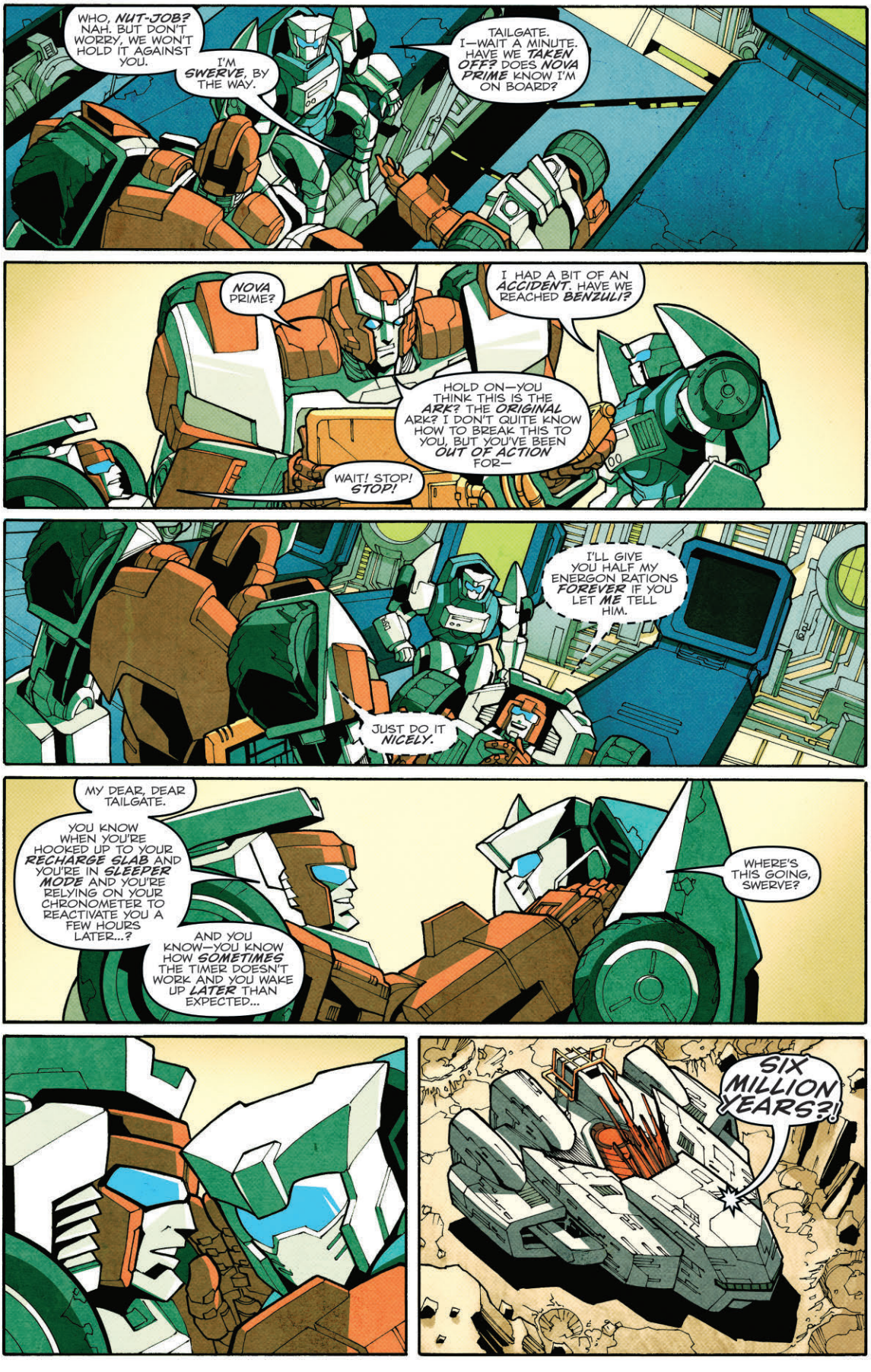

I THINK I CAN GUESS: MODE LOCK SWITCHES OFF, SHUTTLE STARTS TO—
SCUM! MY NAME IS SCUM!
WHY IS MY NAME SCUM?
WAIT. MY NAME IS... SKIDS.
MY NAME IS SKIDS, I'M TRAPPED INSIDE A SHAPESHIFTING SHUTTLE, IT FEELS LIKE I'M WEARING AN INHIBITOR CLAW, AND I'M RUNNING AWAY FROM... SOMETHING.
GOOD! NOW THAT THE BASICS ARE COVERED I CAN FOCUS ON NOT DYING.
KISH
I'M STILL GETTING TO KNOW ME, BUT IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS I LIKE TAKING RISKS.
NO OTHER WAY TO EXPLAIN WHY I'D DECIDE TO REACTIVATE THE MODE LOCK, SET THE SHUTTLE ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH THE PLANET BELOW...
...AND JUMP!

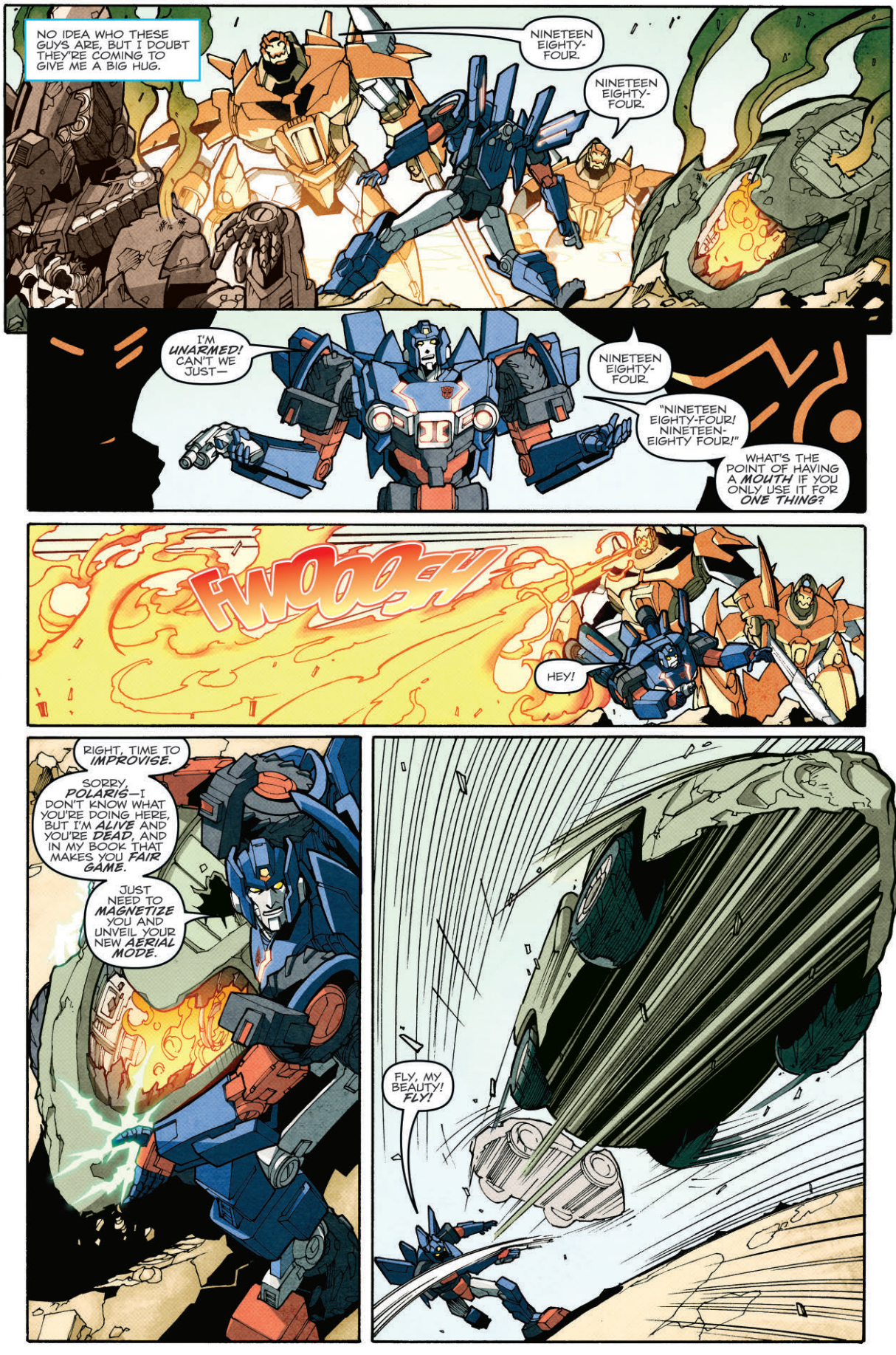
HFF!
MAYBE I WAS *OVERREACTING*. MAYBE I DO THAT. MAYBE THAT'S THE KIND OF CRAZY-BUT-LOVABLE PERSON I AM.
MAYBE THE SHUTTLE WAS TURNING INTO SOMETHING REALLY *USEFUL*, LIKE A *REPAIR BAY* OR AN *ENERGON REFINERY*...
OR *MASSIVE 'BOTS WITH SWORDS*...
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR.
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR.

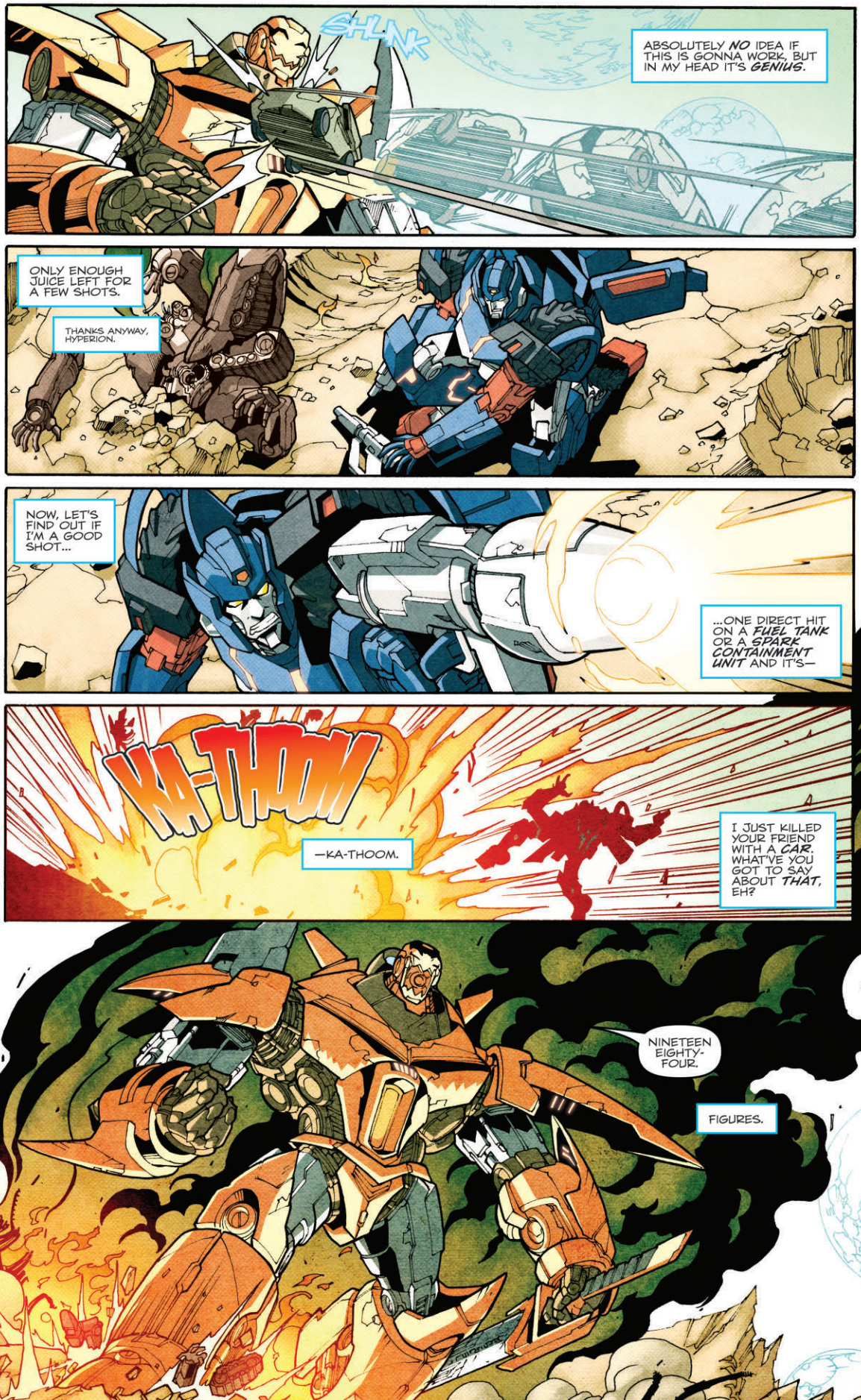

THE LOST LIGHT MEDIBAY
YOU'RE LUCKY, RING—
RUNG. IT'S RUNG. AS IN LADDER.
—THIS IS AN EXTREMELY CLEAN BREAK. YOUR ENERGON CONDUITS HAVE CAUTERIZED AND—SEE HERE?—YOUR SUBCUTANEOUS CIRCUITRY HAS PRACTICALLY REROUTED ITSELF.
ACTUALLY, YOU'RE IN AMAZING SHAPE. I'VE NOT REPAIRED YOU BEFORE, HAVE I?
NO, NEVER—AND IT'S A REAL PRIVILEGE TO BE YOUR PATIENT.
MANY OF MY OWN PATIENTS HAVE SPOKEN IN AWE OF YOUR SKILLS AS A SURGEON, YOUR MANUAL DEXTERITY AND YOUR INCREDIBLE LIGHTNESS OF TOUCH.
THEY SAY—AND I DON'T MEAN TO EMBARRASS YOU—BUT THEY SAY YOU CAN REWIRE A SCRAPLET WITHOUT TWEEZERS.
THEY SAY THAT WHEN YOU TEND TO THE SICK AND THE BROKEN YOUR FINGERS MOVE AS FAST AS FLAME, AND YET YOUR HANDS ARE AS GENTLE AS SUNLIGHT ON SNOW.
WELL I MUST SAY HOW NICE IT IS FOR SOMEONE TO—
EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT.
CLANG
SORRY—SOMETIMES THE OLD JOINTS NEED LOOSENING. NOW, WHERE WERE WE?
MAYBE... MAYBE I SHOULD BE ON MY WAY. I MEAN THIS—THIS IS JUST A SCRATCH. THERE ARE OTHERS WORSE OFF THAN ME.
DON'T WORRY, YOU WEREN'T AT THE TOP OF MY TO DO LIST...
...I'VE ALREADY PATCHED UP OUR NEW FRIEND OVER THERE.

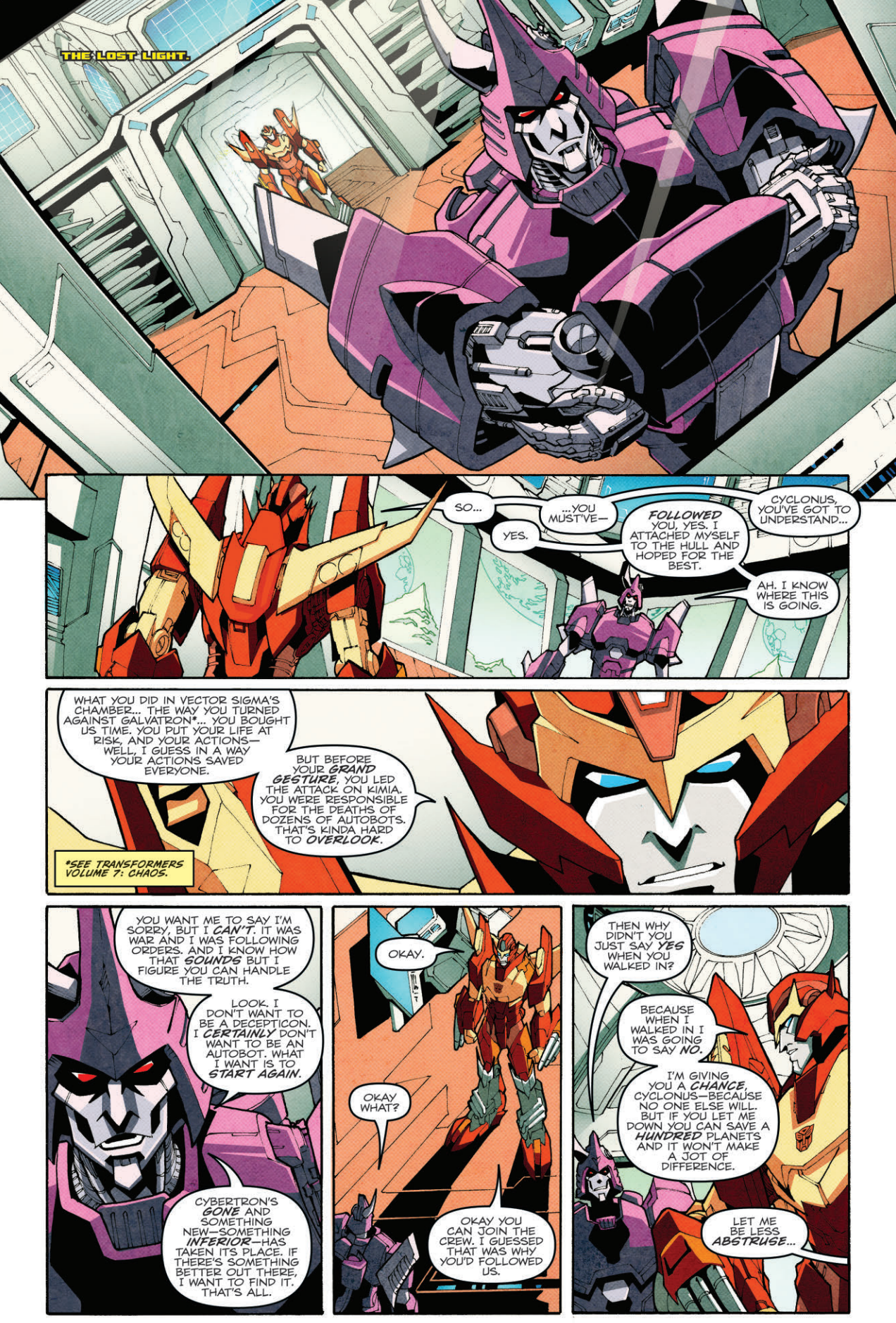

WHO IS HE?
NO IDEA, BUT I'VE ASKED SWERVE TO CARBON-DATE HIM.
REALLY? WHY?
BECAUSE HE'S AN ANTIQUE. SERIOUSLY—OPEN HIM UP AND HE'S ALL PULLEYS AND LEVERS AND PENDULUMS. HE SHOULD BE ON DISPLAY.
THIS IS DRIFT CALLING CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER RATCHET—WITH SOME GOOD NEWS!
WE'VE FOUND ALL BUT TWO OF THE MISSING AUTOBOTS. WE'RE BRINGING EVERYONE IN FOR REPAIRS WHILE WE CONTINUE TO SEARCH FOR POLARIS AND HYPERION.
I WANT THE MEDIBAY BUZZING WITH POSITIVE ENERGY SO OUR FALLEN COMRADES ARE GUARANTEED A SPEEDY RECOVERY!
DRIFT OUT.
"I WANT THE MEDIBAY BUZZING WITH POSITIVE ENERGY..."
IDIOT.
EVER SINCE HIS BRUSH WITH DEATH HE'S BEEN DETERMINED TO "EMBRACE THE TRANSCENDENTAL." IT JUST MAKES ME WANT TO PUNCH HIM.
HOW'D HE GET TO BE THIRD-IN-COMMAND, ANYWAY? I MEAN, APART FROM TELLING RODIMUS EXACTLY WHAT HE WANTS TO HEAR ALL THE TIME.
HAVE YOU HEARD HIS LATEST THEORY?
HE THINKS THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON HAVE EVOLVED INTO BEAMS OF LIGHT, AND THAT THEY COMMUNICATE VIA "PSYCHIC REFRACTION."
PSYCHIC REFRACTION? OH, FOR—
OW!
DON'T TELL ME THINGS LIKE THAT WHEN I'VE GOT A SCALPEL IN MY HAND.
THANKS FOR THE FIX, RATCHET.
I SUPPOSE IT'S WHIRL'S TURN NEXT...
WOULD I BE BETRAYING MY PROFESSION IF I SAID I WAS HOPING FOR A SERIES OF DISTRACTIONS THAT WOULD PREVENT ME FROM FIXING HIM FOR ANOTHER, OOH, FIVE HUNDRED YEARS?

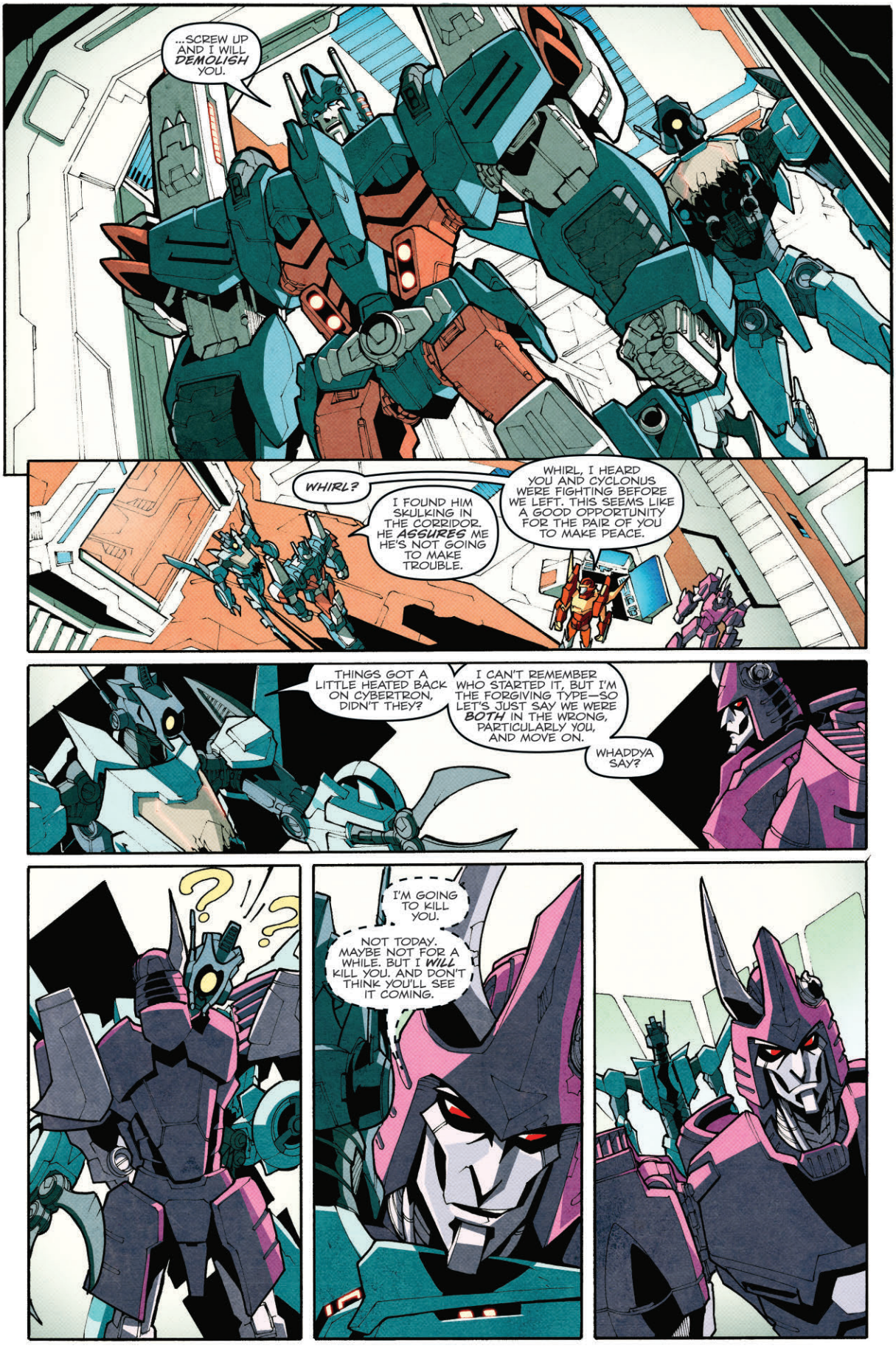

AAARGH!
AKK!
IT'S ME—RUNG! YOUR—AKK!—YOUR PSYCHIATRIST!
WHY ARE YOU—AKK!—DOING THIS?
P—P—
—PRISON! YOU'LL GO BACK TO PRISON! FOREVER THIS TIME!
WHAT?
IT'S YOUR EYEBROWS! HE'S JEALOUS OF YOUR CAPACITY FOR SELF-EXPRESSION!
THAT'S—AKK!—NOT HELPING, SWERVE!
WHIRL, LISTEN! YOU'RE SAFE! YOU'RE AMONG FRIENDS!
I'D SAY "FRIENDS" WAS STRETCHING IT, BUT WHAT THE HELL! FRESH START AND ALL THAT. WELCOME BACK ON-LINE, BUDDY!
ULTRA MAGNUS GAVE YOU A FINAL WARNING, REMEMBER? AFTER—AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO SPRINGER.
I TOLD YOU, I WAS TRYING TO—
I KNOW WHAT YOU WERE TRYING TO DO, BUT UNLESS YOU STAY IN LINE—UNLESS YOU BEHAVE—YOU'LL END UP BACK INSIDE. BACK AT SQUARE ONE AFTER ALL THIS TIME.
WHATEVER.
I DIDN'T KILL HIM, THEN.

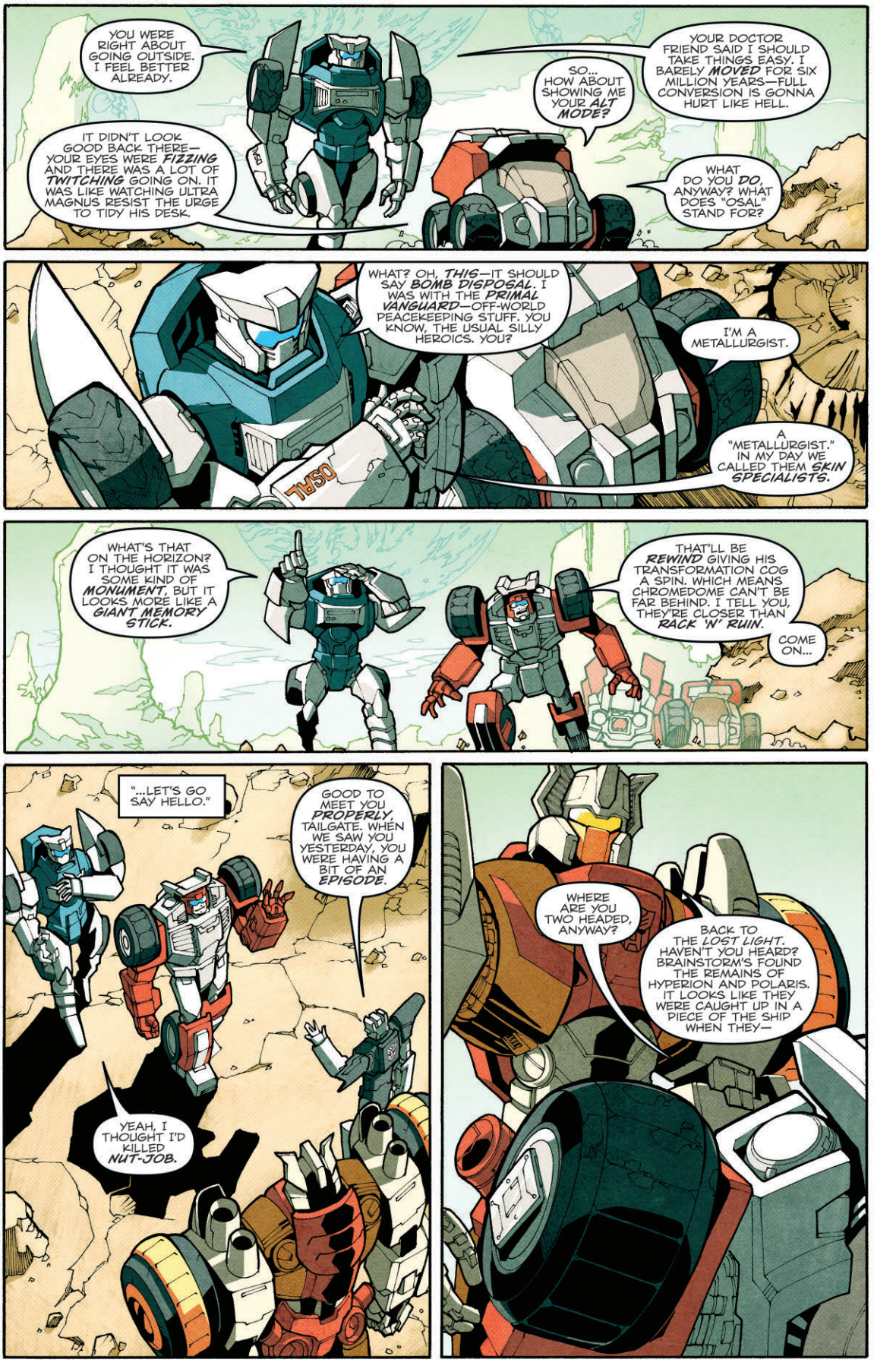

WHO, NUT-JOB? NAH. BUT DON'T WORRY, WE WON'T HOLD IT AGAINST YOU.
I'M SWERVE, BY THE WAY.
TAILGATE. I—WAIT A MINUTE. HAVE WE TAKEN OFF? DOES NOVA PRIME KNOW I'M ON BOARD?
NOVA PRIME?
I HAD A BIT OF AN ACCIDENT. HAVE WE REACHED BENZULI?
HOLD ON—YOU THINK THIS IS THE ARK? THE ORIGINAL ARK? I DON'T QUITE KNOW HOW TO BREAK THIS TO YOU, BUT YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF ACTION FOR—
WAIT! STOP! STOP!
I'LL GIVE YOU HALF MY ENERGON RATIONS FOREVER IF YOU LET ME TELL HIM.
JUST DO IT NICELY.
MY DEAR, DEAR TAILGATE.
YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE HOOKED UP TO YOUR RECHARGE SLAB AND YOU'RE IN SLEEPER MODE AND YOU'RE RELYING ON YOUR CHRONOMETER TO REACTIVATE YOU A FEW HOURS LATER...?
AND YOU KNOW—YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES THE TIMER DOESN'T WORK AND YOU WAKE UP LATER THAN EXPECTED...
WHERE'S THIS GOING, SWERVE?
SIX MILLION YEARS?!


NO IDEA WHO THESE GUYS ARE, BUT I DOUBT THEY'RE COMING TO GIVE ME A BIG HUG.
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR.
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR.
I'M UNARMED! CAN'T WE JUST—
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR.
"NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR! NINETEEN-EIGHTY FOUR!"
WHAT'S THE POINT OF HAVING A MOUTH IF YOU ONLY USE IT FOR ONE THING?
FWOOSH
HEY!
RIGHT, TIME TO IMPROVISE.
SORRY, POLARIS—I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE, BUT I'M ALIVE AND YOU'RE DEAD, AND IN MY BOOK THAT MAKES YOU FAIR GAME.
JUST NEED TO MAGNETIZE YOU AND UNVEIL YOUR NEW AERIAL MODE.
FLY, MY BEAUTY! FLY!

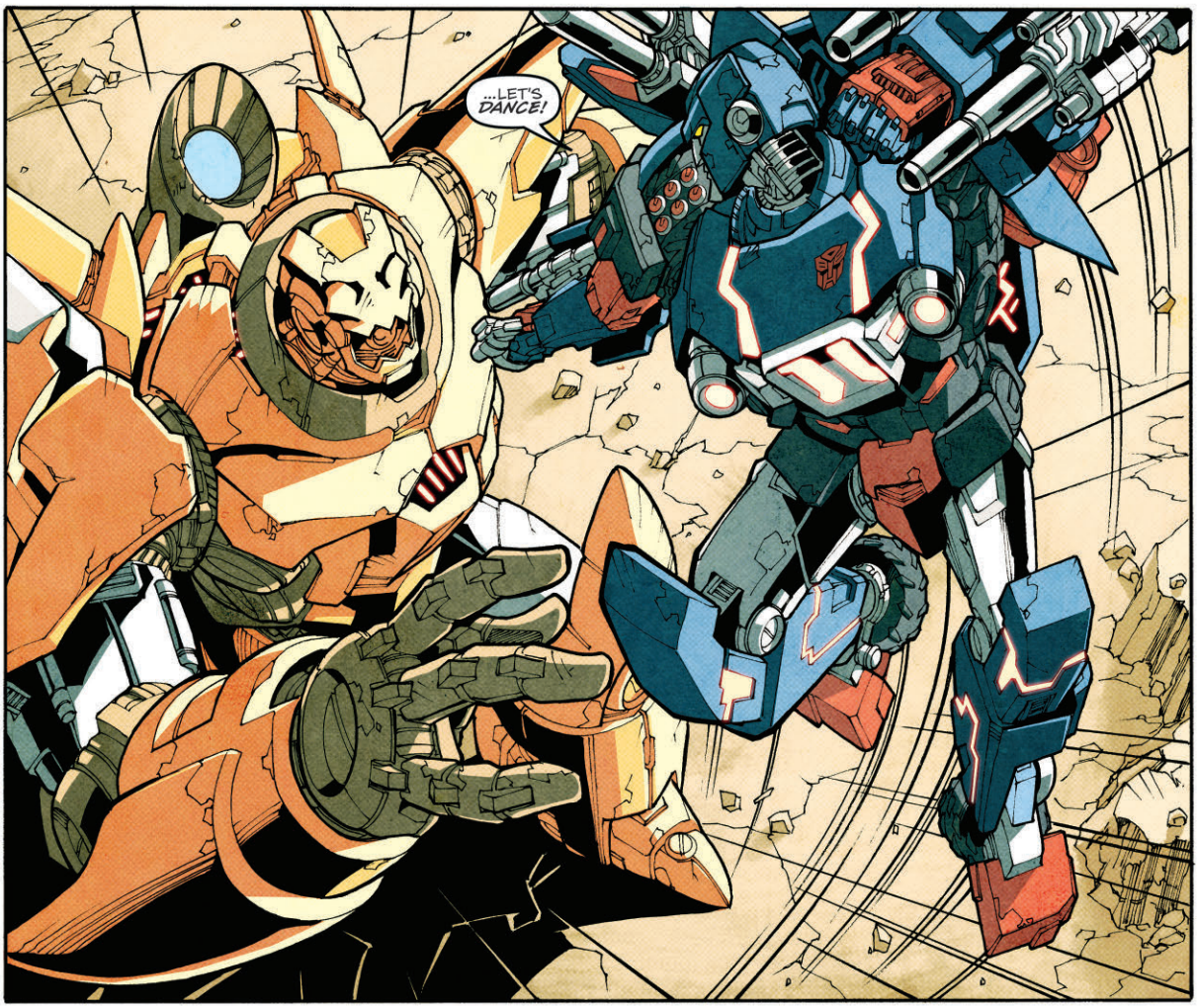

SHUNK
ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA IF THIS IS GONNA WORK, BUT IN MY HEAD IT'S GENIUS.
ONLY ENOUGH JUICE LEFT FOR A FEW SHOTS.
THANKS ANYWAY, HYPERION.
NOW, LET'S FIND OUT IF I'M A GOOD SHOT...
...ONE DIRECT HIT ON A FUEL TANK OR A SPARK CONTAINMENT UNIT AND IT'S—
KA-THOOM
—KA-THOOM.
I JUST KILLED YOUR FRIEND WITH A CAR. WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT THAT, EH?
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR.
FIGURES.


THE LOST LIGHT.
SO...
...YOU MUST'VE—
YES.
FOLLOWED YOU, YES. I ATTACHED MYSELF TO THE HULL AND HOPED FOR THE BEST.
CYCLONUS, YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND...
AH. I KNOW WHERE THIS IS GOING.
WHAT YOU DID IN VECTOR SIGMA'S CHAMBER... THE WAY YOU TURNED AGAINST GALVATRON*... YOU BOUGHT US TIME. YOU PUT YOUR LIFE AT RISK, AND YOUR ACTIONS—WELL, I GUESS IN A WAY YOUR ACTIONS SAVED EVERYONE.
BUT BEFORE YOUR GRAND GESTURE, YOU LED THE ATTACK ON KIMIA. YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF DOZENS OF AUTOBOTS. THAT'S KINDA HARD TO OVERLOOK.
*SEE TRANSFORMERS VOLUME 7: CHAOS.
YOU WANT ME TO SAY I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T. IT WAS WAR AND I WAS FOLLOWING ORDERS. AND I KNOW HOW THAT SOUNDS BUT I FIGURE YOU CAN HANDLE THE TRUTH.
LOOK. I DON'T WANT TO BE A DECEPTICON. I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO BE AN AUTOBOT. WHAT I WANT IS TO START AGAIN.
CYBERTRON'S GONE AND SOMETHING NEW—SOMETHING INFERIOR—HAS TAKEN ITS PLACE. IF THERE'S SOMETHING BETTER OUT THERE, I WANT TO FIND IT. THAT'S ALL.
OKAY.
OKAY WHAT?
OKAY YOU CAN JOIN THE CREW. I GUESSED THAT WAS WHY YOU'D FOLLOWED US.
THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY YES WHEN YOU WALKED IN?
BECAUSE WHEN I WALKED IN I WAS GOING TO SAY NO.
I'M GIVING YOU A CHANCE, CYCLONUS—BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE WILL. BUT IF YOU LET ME DOWN YOU CAN SAVE A HUNDRED PLANETS AND IT WON'T MAKE A JOT OF DIFFERENCE.
LET ME BE LESS ABSTRUSE...


...SCREW UP AND I WILL DEMOLISH YOU.
WHIRL?
I FOUND HIM SKULKING IN THE CORRIDOR. HE ASSURES ME HE'S NOT GOING TO MAKE TROUBLE.
WHIRL, I HEARD YOU AND CYCLONUS WERE FIGHTING BEFORE WE LEFT. THIS SEEMS LIKE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR THE PAIR OF YOU TO MAKE PEACE.
THINGS GOT A LITTLE HEATED BACK ON CYBERTRON, DIDN'T THEY?
I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO STARTED IT, BUT I'M THE FORGIVING TYPE—SO LET'S JUST SAY WE WERE BOTH IN THE WRONG, PARTICULARLY YOU, AND MOVE ON.
WHADDYA SAY?
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.
NOT TODAY. MAYBE NOT FOR A WHILE. BUT I WILL KILL YOU. AND DON'T THINK YOU'LL SEE IT COMING.

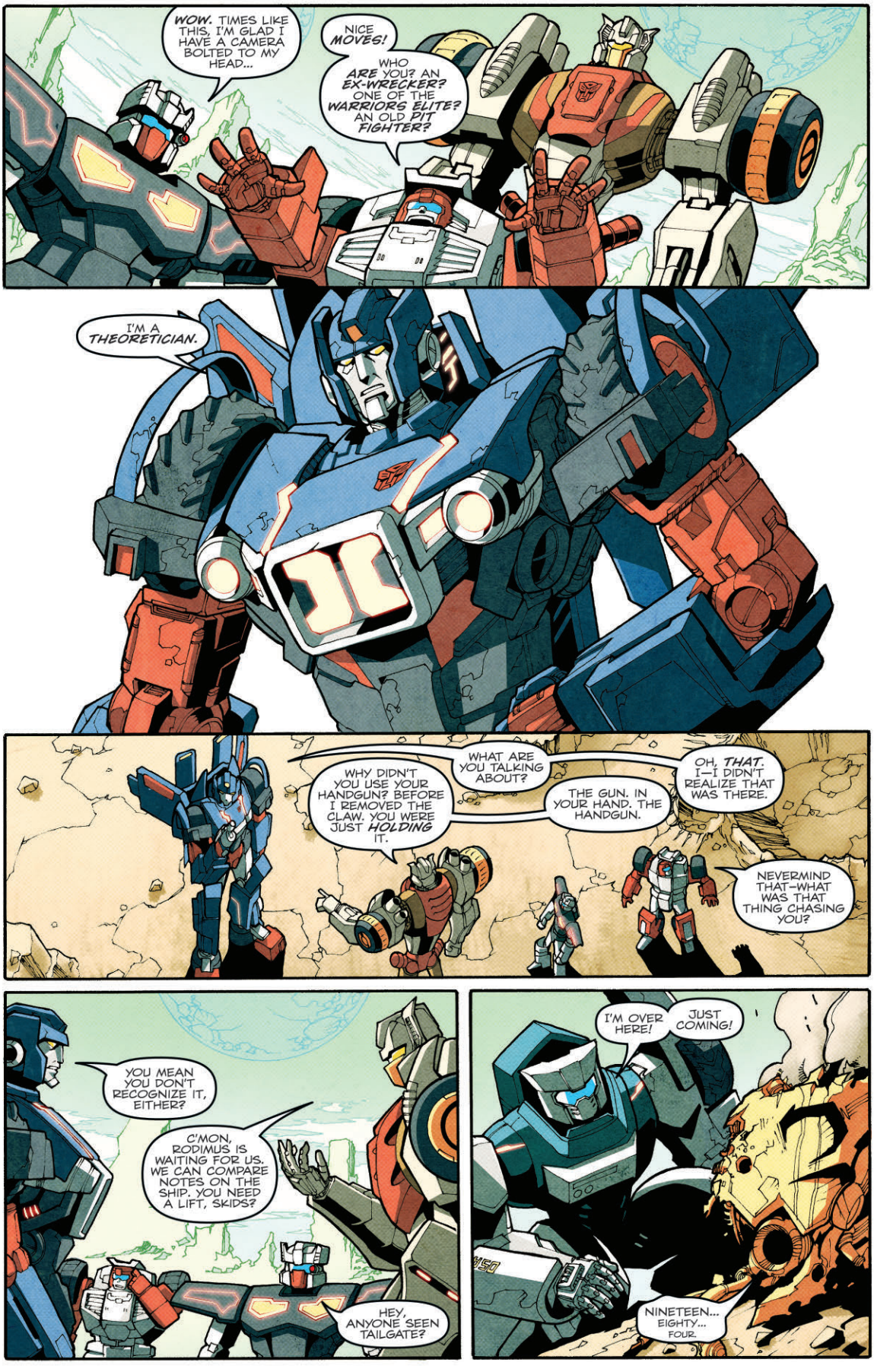

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT GOING OUTSIDE. I FEEL BETTER ALREADY.
IT DIDN'T LOOK GOOD BACK THERE—YOUR EYES WERE FIZZING AND THERE WAS A LOT OF TWITCHING GOING ON. IT WAS LIKE WATCHING ULTRA MAGNUS RESIST THE URGE TO TIDY HIS DESK.
SO... HOW ABOUT SHOWING ME YOUR ALT MODE?
YOUR DOCTOR FRIEND SAID I SHOULD TAKE THINGS EASY. I BARELY MOVED FOR SIX MILLION YEARS—FULL CONVERSION IS GONNA HURT LIKE HELL.
WHAT DO YOU DO, ANYWAY? WHAT DOES "OSAL" STAND FOR?
WHAT? OH, THIS—IT SHOULD SAY BOMB DISPOSAL. I WAS WITH THE PRIMAL VANGUARD—OFF-WORLD PEACEKEEPING STUFF. YOU KNOW, THE USUAL SILLY HEROICS. YOU?
OSAL
I'M A METALLURGIST.
A "METALLURGIST." IN MY DAY WE CALLED THEM SKIN SPECIALISTS.
WHAT'S THAT ON THE HORIZON? I THOUGHT IT WAS SOME KIND OF MONUMENT, BUT IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A GIANT MEMORY STICK.
THAT'LL BE REWIND GIVING HIS TRANSFORMATION COG A SPIN. WHICH MEANS CHROMEDOME CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND. I TELL YOU, THEY'RE CLOSER THAN RACK 'N' RUIN.
COME ON...
"...LET'S GO SAY HELLO."
GOOD TO MEET YOU PROPERLY, TAILGATE. WHEN WE SAW YOU YESTERDAY, YOU WERE HAVING A BIT OF AN EPISODE.
YEAH, I THOUGHT I'D KILLED NUT-JOB.
WHERE ARE YOU TWO HEADED, ANYWAY?
BACK TO THE LOST LIGHT. HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? BRAINSTORM'S FOUND THE REMAINS OF HYPERION AND POLARIS. IT LOOKS LIKE THEY WERE CAUGHT UP IN A PIECE OF THE SHIP WHEN THEY—

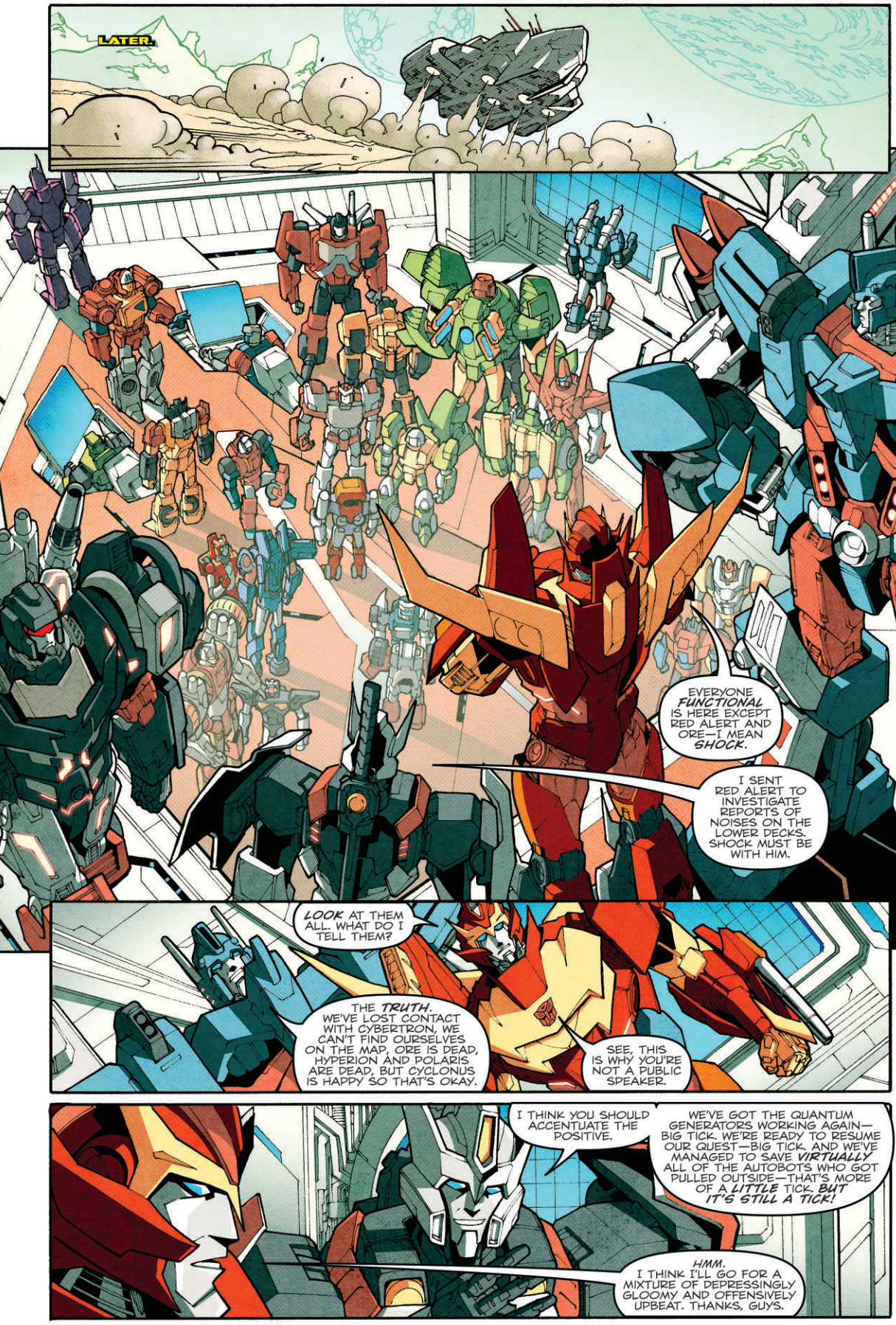
—CRASHED.
OOF!
SKUTCH
THIS AGAIN?
I KNOW. WHAT ARE THE CHANCES?
CLAW.
IT'S SKIDS, RIGHT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WE ALL THOUGHT YOU WERE DE—
JUST TAKE OFF THE DAMN CLAW!
OKAY, OKAY...!
SO FIDDLY...
WHRR CH-CHK
FINALLY!
ALRIGHT THEN, MR. PERSISTENT...


...LET'S *DANCE!*

WITH EVERY PUNCH, EVERY BLAST OF LASER, I FEEL MORE OF MY ***MEMORIES*** RETURNING.
THE RECENT PAST REMAINS ***BLANK***, BUT I CAN REMEMBER THE ***ESSENTIALS***: BATCH NUMBER, TECHNICAL SPECIFICATIONS, FUNCTION.

AND IT APPEARS I EVEN HAVE A ***MOTTO***.
ALTHOUGH NOT A VERY GOOD ONE.


WOW. TIMES LIKE THIS, I'M GLAD I HAVE A CAMERA BOLTED TO MY HEAD...
NICE MOVES!
WHO ARE YOU? AN EX-WRECKER? ONE OF THE WARRIORS ELITE? AN OLD PIT FIGHTER?
I'M A THEORETICIAN.
WHY DIDN'T YOU USE YOUR HANDGUN? BEFORE I REMOVED THE CLAW. YOU WERE JUST HOLDING IT.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE GUN. IN YOUR HAND. THE HANDGUN.
OH, THAT. I—I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WAS THERE.
NEVERMIND THAT—WHAT WAS THAT THING CHASING YOU?
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE IT, EITHER?
C'MON, RODIMUS IS WAITING FOR US. WE CAN COMPARE NOTES ON THE SHIP. YOU NEED A LIFT, SKIDS?
HEY, ANYONE SEEN TAILGATE?
I'M OVER HERE!
JUST COMING!
NINETEEN... EIGHTY... FOUR.


LATER.
EVERYONE *FUNCTIONAL* IS HERE EXCEPT RED ALERT AND ORE—I MEAN *SHOCK*.
I SENT RED ALERT TO INVESTIGATE REPORTS OF NOISES ON THE LOWER DECKS. SHOCK MUST BE WITH HIM.
LOOK AT THEM ALL. WHAT DO I TELL THEM?
THE *TRUTH*. WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH CYBERTRON, WE CAN'T FIND OURSELVES ON THE MAP, ORE IS DEAD, HYPERION AND POLARIS ARE DEAD, BUT CYCLONUS IS HAPPY SO THAT'S OKAY.
SEE, THIS IS WHY YOU'RE NOT A PUBLIC SPEAKER.
I THINK YOU SHOULD ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE.
WE'VE GOT THE QUANTUM GENERATORS WORKING AGAIN—BIG TICK. WE'RE READY TO RESUME OUR QUEST—BIG TICK. AND WE'VE MANAGED TO SAVE *VIRTUALLY* ALL OF THE AUTOBOTS WHO GOT PULLED OUTSIDE—THAT'S MORE OF A *LITTLE* TICK. *BUT IT'S STILL A TICK!*
HMM. I THINK I'LL GO FOR A MIXTURE OF DEPRESSINGLY GLOOMY AND OFFENSIVELY UPBEAT. THANKS, GUYS.

SO, YOU GONNA SHOW ME YOUR ALT MODE OR WHAT?
YOU'RE OBSESSED WITH ALT MODES! IT'S NOT POLITE TO ASK SOMEONE WHAT THEY TURN INTO! HOW'D YOU LIKE IT IF I KEPT—
OOH, ALRIGHT THEN. BUT I'M TAKING IT SLOW, OKAY?
TELL YOU WHAT: I'LL SPEAK TO SKIDS AND POP BACK IN ABOUT SIX MILLION YEARS' TIME, YEAH?

HEY!
I'VE BEEN THINKING: "SWERVE AND SKIDS." YEAH...?
OKAY THEN: "SKIDS AND SWERVE."
THE MOUTH IS MOVING BUT THE WORDS, THEY MAKE NO SENSE.
I'M SAYING WE SHOULD TEAM UP! DO YOU WANT TO TEAM UP? 'COS WE DEFINITELY SHOULD.

LISTEN, SWERVE, I THOUGHT THIS WAS GONNA BE A QUICK TRIP, BUT THE GUY OVER THERE WITH THE EYEBROWS SAYS WE'RE ON SOME SORT OF QUEST...?
UH-HUH. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE 12 FRAGMENTS OF THE PRIMAL KEY, UNLOCK THE INFINITY GATE, TRAVEL SIDEWAYS IN TIME, DEFEAT THE AGENTS OF CHAOS AND RESTORE ORDER TO THE MULTIVERSE.

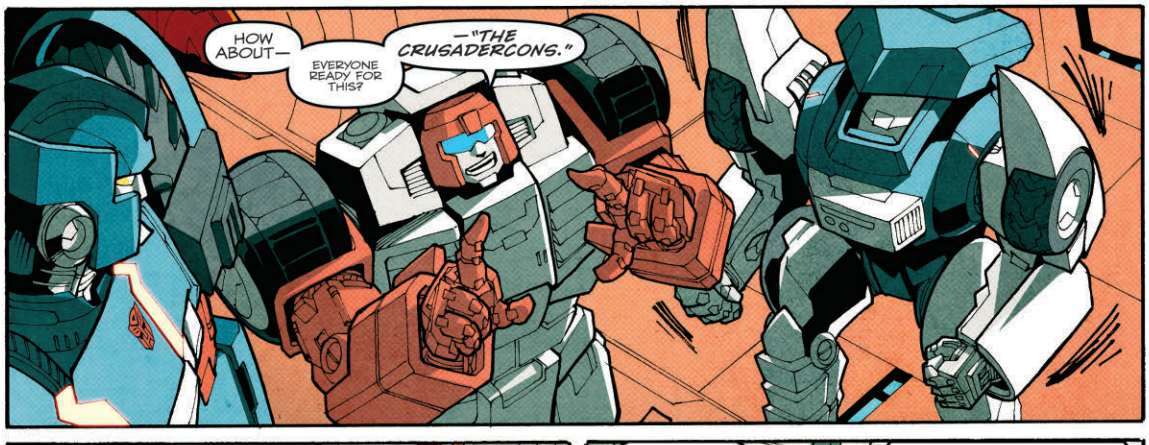
NAH, I'M JUST MESSING WITH YOU.
WE'RE ACTUALLY LOOKING FOR THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON, A MYTHICAL GROUP OF SUPREMELY POWERFUL DO-GOODERS WHO LEFT OUR HOMEWORLD 10 MILLION YEARS AGO TO CIVILIZE THE GALAXY, LEAVING A TRAIL OF BREADCRUMBS IN THE FORM OF A STAR MAP HIDDEN INSIDE A DEAD MATRIX.

YEAH... I KINDA LIKED THE FIRST ONE BETTER?

EVERYONE—YOUR ATTENTION FOR A MOMENT.
TODAY WAS, ER... TODAY WAS NOT A GOOD DAY. THANKS TO ACCIDENTS BEYOND OUR CONTROL, THREE OF OUR NUMBER—THREE OF OUR FRIENDS—ARE NO LONGER WITH US.
IS IT BETTER OR WORSE THAT THEY DIED DURING PEACETIME? I DON'T KNOW. BUT I DO KNOW THAT I'LL MISS THEM, AND THAT THEY'D WANT US TO PRESS ON.
'TIL ALL ARE ONE.

ONCE WE'VE PINPOINTED OUR LOCATION ON THE MATRIX MAP WE'LL SET COURSE FOR CRYSTAL CITY, WHERE WE'LL INVITE THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT—THE FIRST DISCIPLES OF THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON—TO ACCOMPANY US ON OUR JOURNEY.
IN THE MEANTIME, DOES ANYBODY HAVE ANY PRESSING QUESTIONS? I KNOW THAT THIS IS A TIME FOR MOURNING—FOR QUIET REFLECTION—BUT DOES ANYONE HAVE ANYTHING IMPORTANT TO ASK THAT ABSOLUTELY CANNOT WAIT?
I DO, YEAH...

...WHAT ARE WE GONNA CALL OURSELVES?
WHEN I WAS IN THE WRECKERS WE CALLED OURSELVES... WELL, WE CALLED OURSELVES "THE WRECKERS." IT WAS A GOOD NAME.
I LOOK AROUND ME, AND I'M EMBARRASSED. I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A SORRY BUNCH OF HAS-BEENS AND HANGERS-ON. HELL, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO HALF OF YOU ARE.
SO YEAH, WE NEED A DECENT NAME IF NOTHING ELSE.


HOW ABOUT—
EVERYONE READY FOR THIS?
—"THE CRUSADERCONS."

THE CRUSADERCONS.
YEP.
AS IN DECEPTICONS.
NOT NECESSARILY.
"THE CRUSADERCONS." MAN, THE MORE YOU SAY IT, THE COOLER IT SOUNDS.

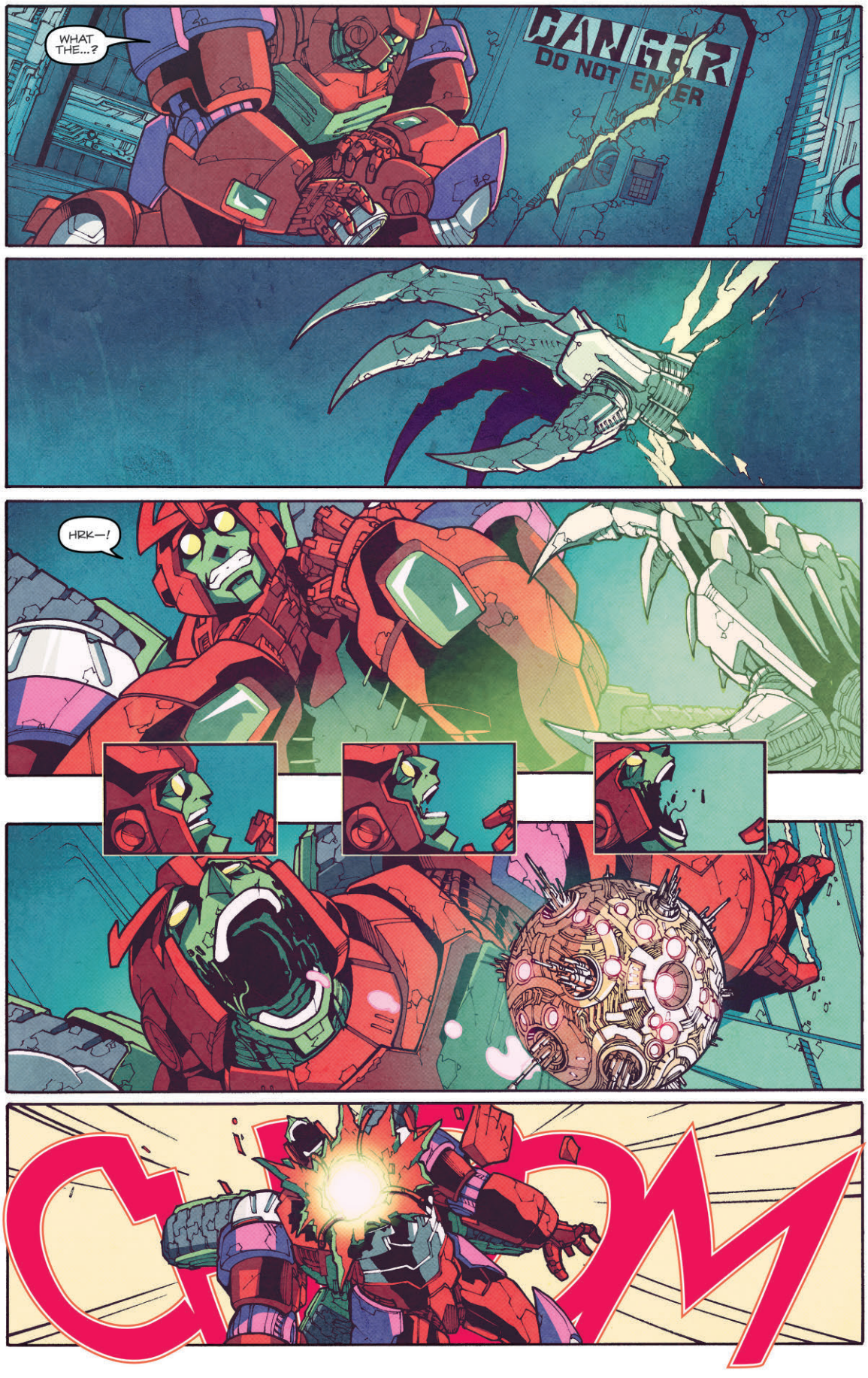
SOMEONE HEARS THAT, THEY'RE GONNA THINK WE'RE DECEPTICONS.
WHAT, SO IT HAS TO END IN "BOT"?
WELL.... YEAH. OMNIBOTS, MONSTERBOTS, DUOBOTS... IT'S KIND OF AN UNWRITTEN RULE, ISN'T IT.
FORGET THE RULES! THE WAR'S OVER—IT'S TIME TO RECLAIM THE SUFFIX!

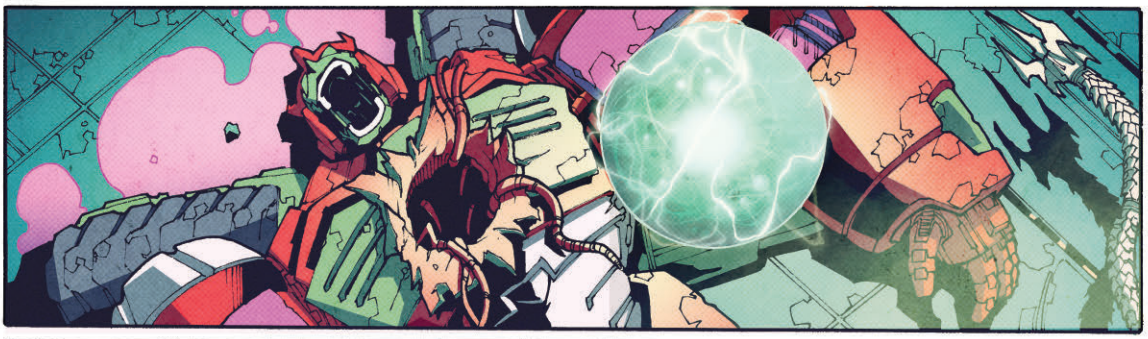
RED ALERT FOR YOU.
HE SOUNDS A BIT AGITATED.
RED. WHAT'S THE—?
SLOW DOWN... I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.
WHAT? WHAT'S NOT YOUR FAULT?
IT'S NOT MY FAULT THIS HAPPENED! I MEAN, I ASSUMED THIS WAS A STANDARD NEUTRAL SHIP! I DIDN'T CHECK ALL THE ROOMS BEFORE WE BOUGHT IT! I DIDN'T THINK—
THIS IS WHAT I SOUND LIKE WHEN I'M LOSING PATIENCE, RED. WHAT PRECISELY IS THE MATTER?
I THINK—I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT I THINK—
—I THINK THERE'S A SPARKEATER ON BOARD!

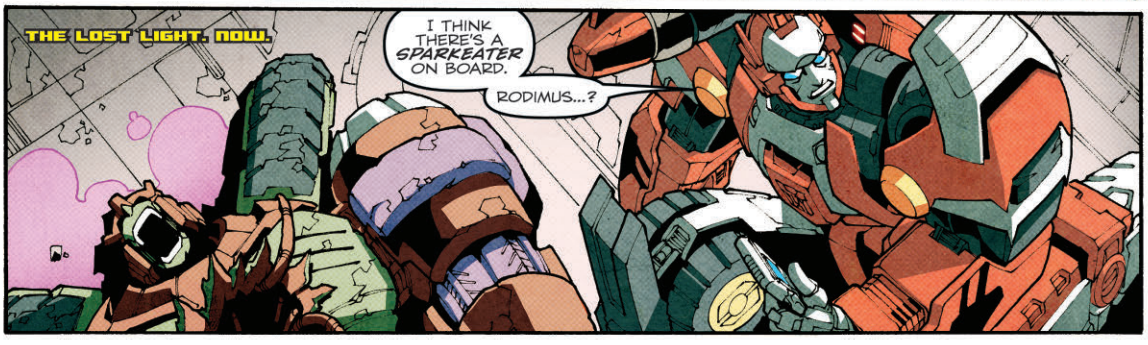
□ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #3 COVER A
BY **ALEX MILNE** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

□ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #3 COVER RI
BY **ALEX MILNE**

THE LOST LIGHT, THEN.
OH, ORE.
LOOK AT YOU. LOOK AT YOU.
BRAINSTORM TOLD ME TO EXPECT THE WORST, BUT—
—WHAT A RIDICULOUS WAY TO DIE.
AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH—ESCAPING HELL'S POINT, BRAVING THE CRUCIBLE, SURVIVING BABU YAR, WELDING PROWL'S HANDS TOGETHER FOR A JOKE—YOU END UP GETTING KILLED BY AN ENGINE BLOCK.
AND WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE ME? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW? I'M A WALKING MISNOMER: THE WORLD'S ONLY DUOBOT.
HERE.
LET ME MARK YOUR PASSING THE TRADITIONAL WAY, WITH A VIAL OF INNERMOST ENERGON.
AS THE SAYING GOES, "YOU FLARE, YOU FLICKER, YOU FADE."
YEAH—AND THE WORLD'S A DARKER PLACE WITHOUT YOU, BUDDY.
NOW HOLD STILL WHILE I TIDY AWAY YOUR PERSONAL EFFECTS...
PROW
...DELETE YOUR LAST CALL....
"...AND LOOK FOR THE TRACER THAT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO ATTACH TO THE ENGINES."
...AH, THERE IT IS!
MUST'VE ROLLED.


WHAT THE...?
DANGER
DO NOT ENTER
HRK—!
CRUSH





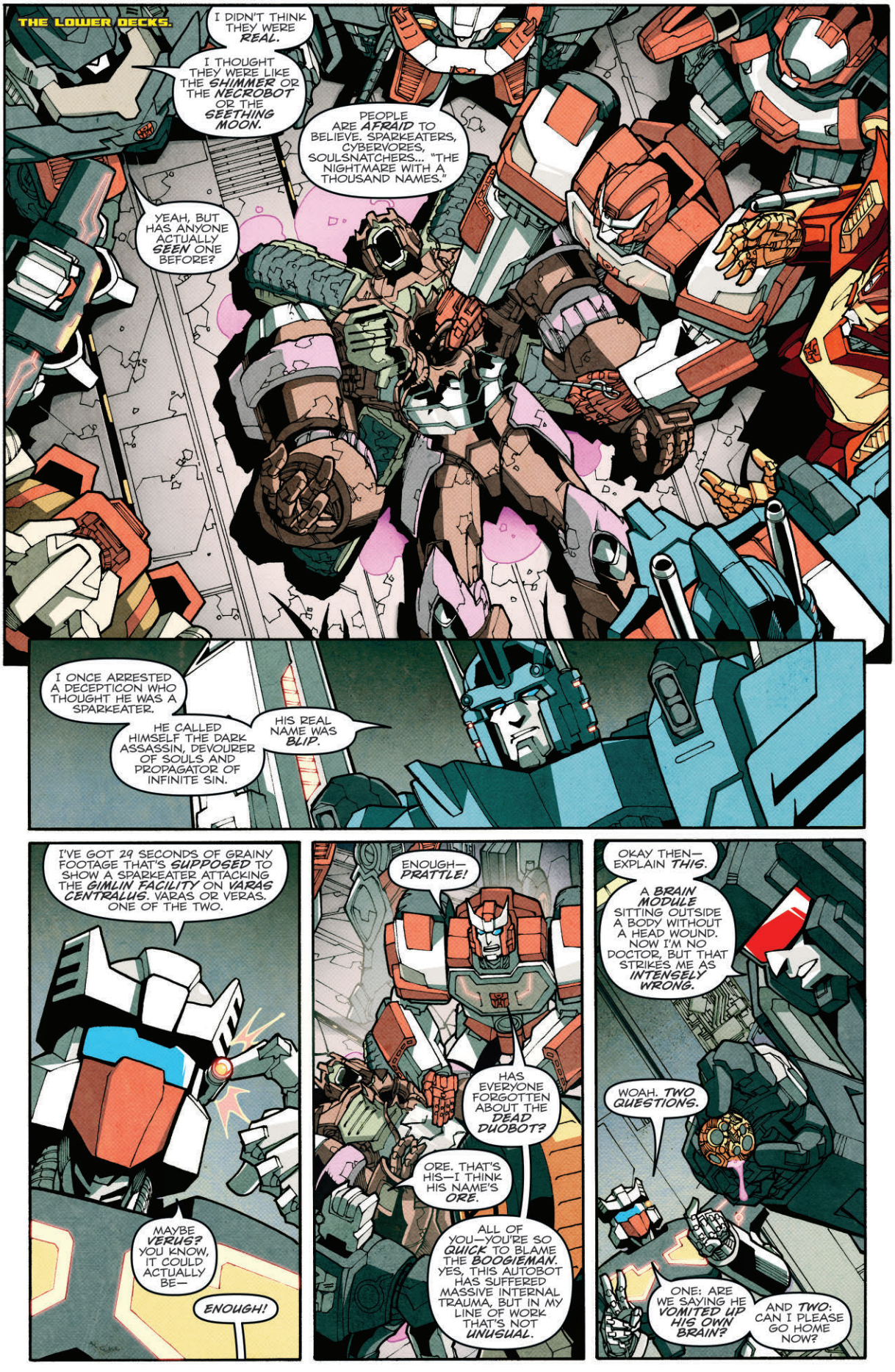
LIARS, A TO D

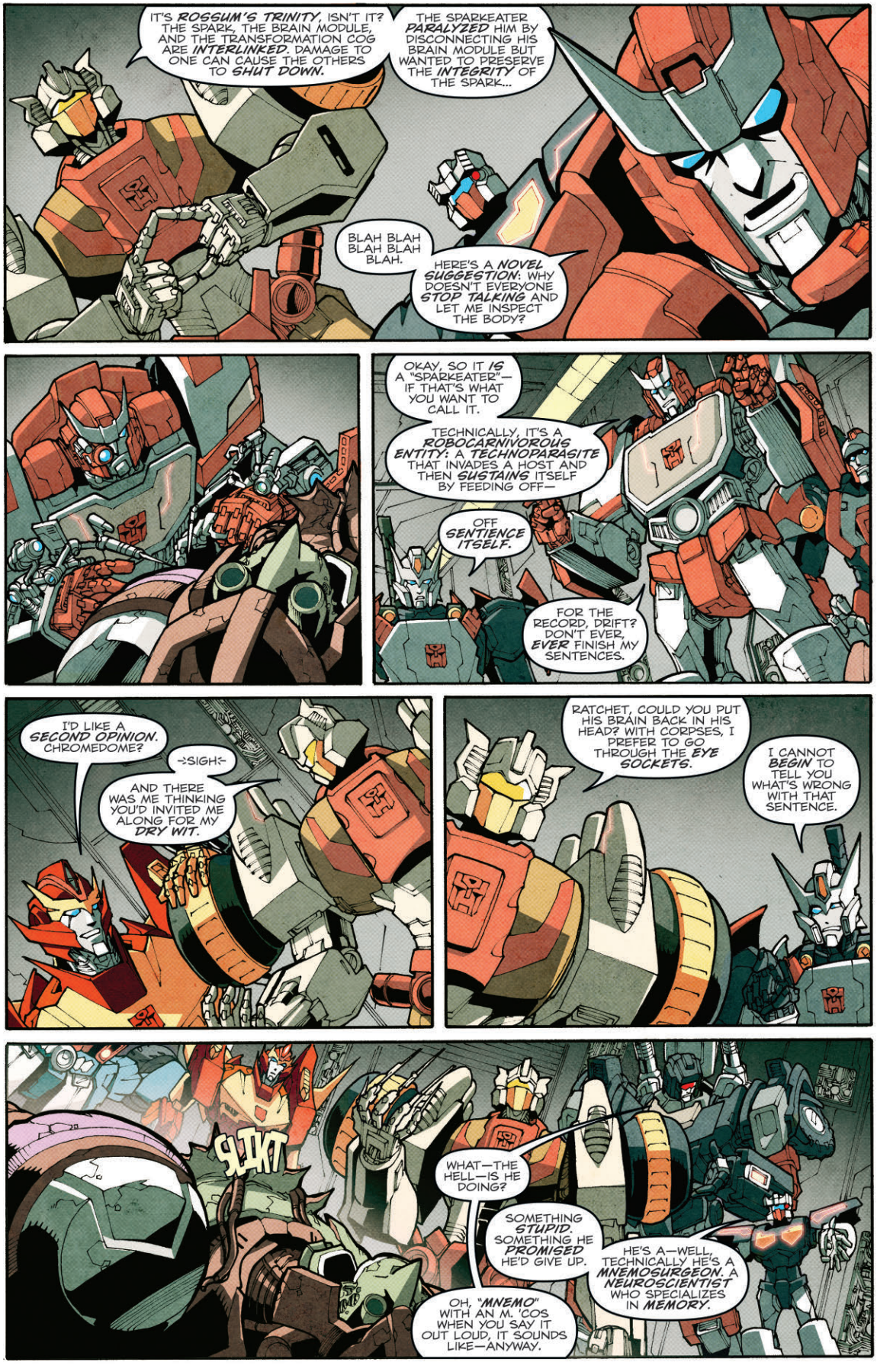
PART 3: THE CHAOS OF WARM THINGS

"NICKEL, IRON, COBALT, CHROME,
HE'LL EAT YOUR SOUL.
TURN YOUR SPARK TO STONE.
NICKEL, IRON, COBALT, CHROME,
RUN, LITTLE ROBOT, RUN AWAY HOME."

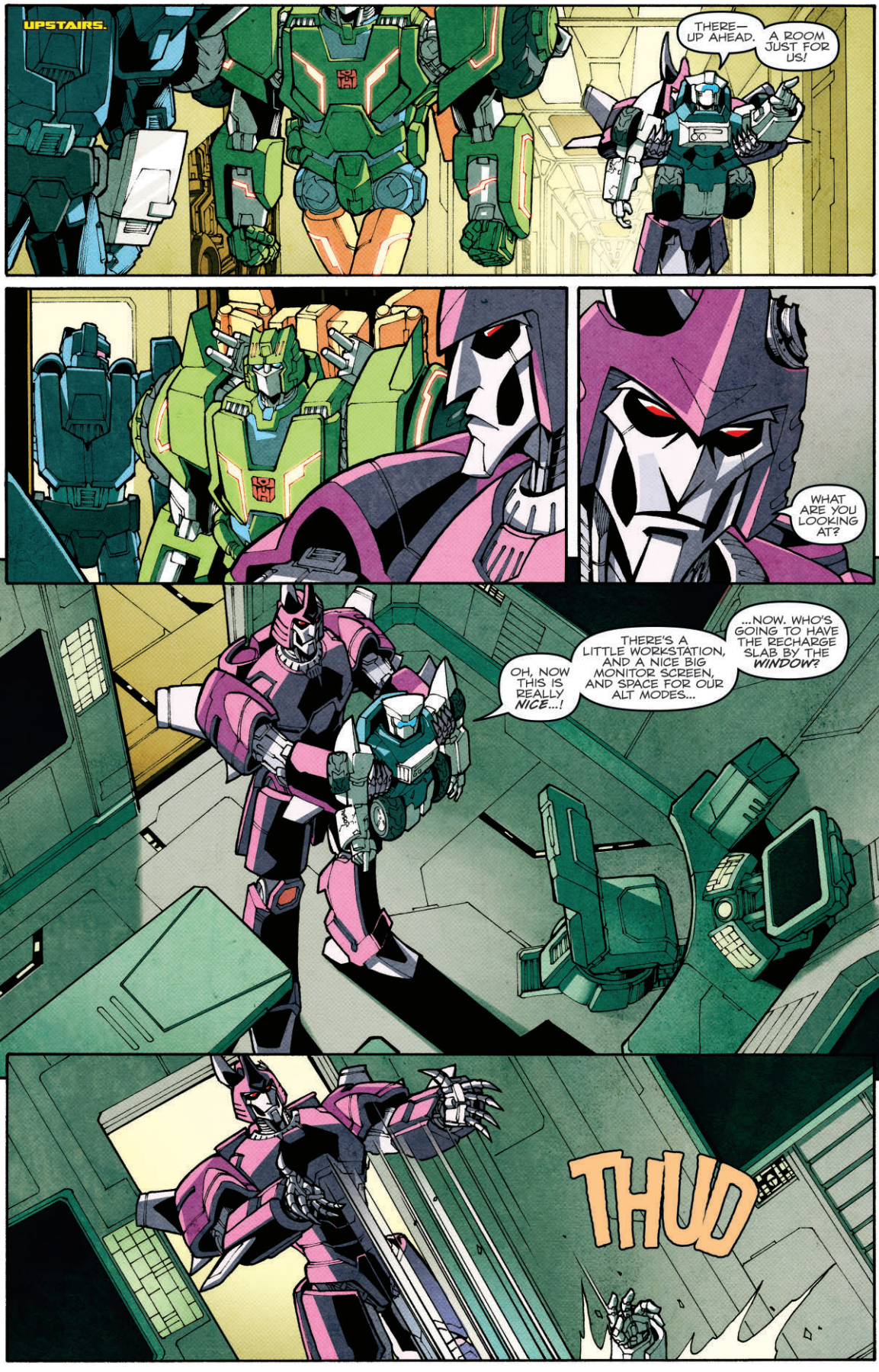
—TRADITIONAL CYBERTRONIAN RHYME

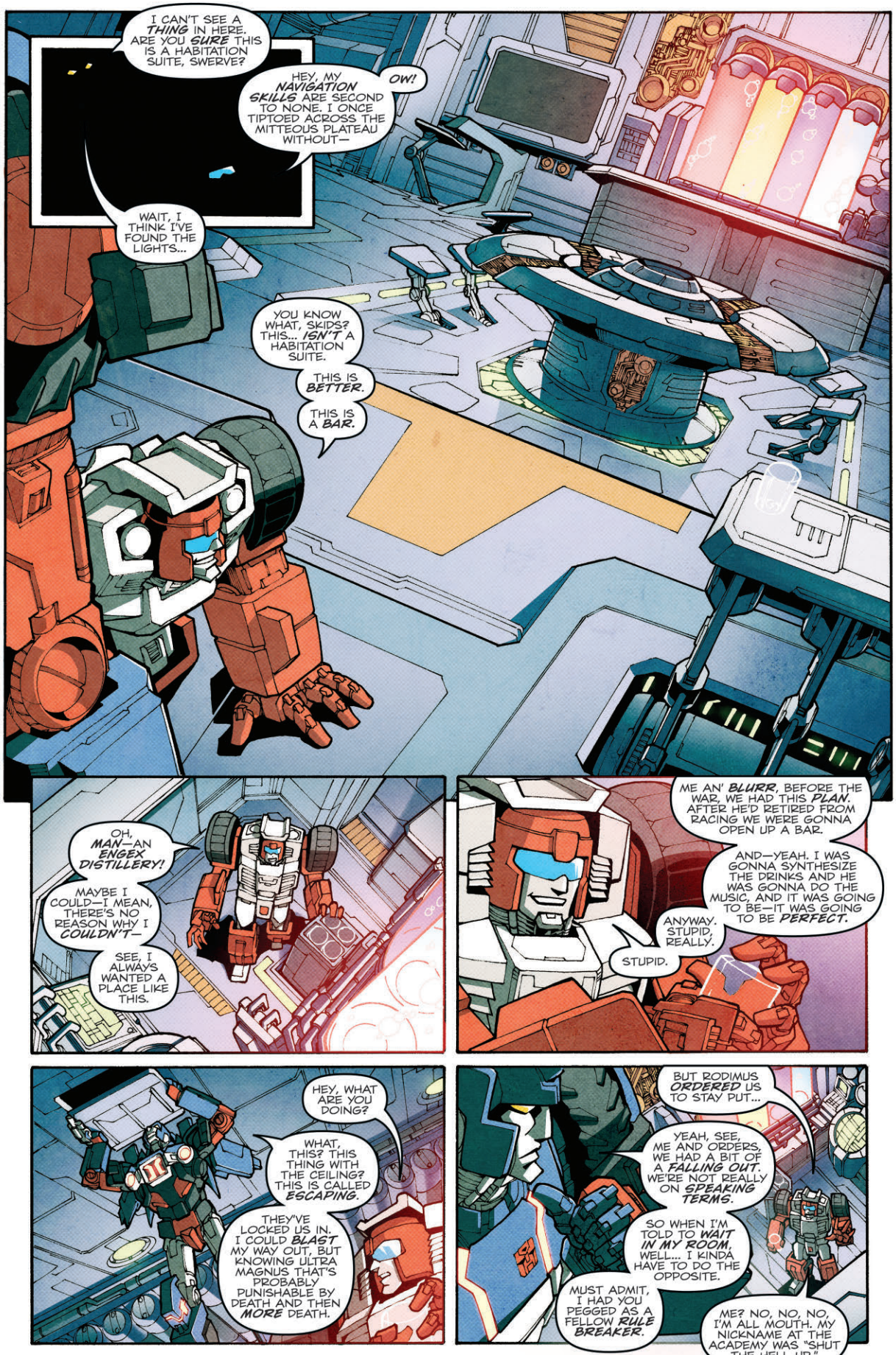
LISTEN UP, EVERYONE. THERE'S BEEN A BIT OF AN INCIDENT ON THE LOWER DECKS.
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, BUT AS A PRECAUTION I'D LIKE EVERYONE TO PAIR OFF, FIND A HABITATION SUITE, AND WAIT INSIDE UNTIL I GIVE THE ALL CLEAR.
EVERYONE, THAT IS, EXCEPT RATCHET, TRAILBREAKER, AND CHROMEDOME— YOU THREE ARE WITH ME.
JUST A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE IN RESPONSE TO SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY UNREMARKABLE AND ACTUALLY QUITE BORING.
BUT IF ANYONE HERE DOES HAPPEN TO CARRY INDUSTRIAL-STRENGTH ENERGY DAMPENERS OR TURN INTO A NULLIFICATION BOOTH, OR IS ABLE TO GENERATE LEVEL 9 CONTAINMENT FIELDS, THEN HEY, FEEL FREE TO TAG ALONG...
...SO, UM... 'TIL ALL ARE ONE!
GIVE THEM FIVE MINUTES TO FIND A HAB SUITE THEN LOCK 'EM IN.
LOCK THEM IN? YOU THINK THEY'D DISOBEY ORDERS?
I WOULD, IF I WAS THEM.
CHROMEDOME! WAIT UP. I'M COMING WITH YOU.
YOU SURE? COULD BE DANGEROUS, REWIND.
I KNOW— THAT'S WHY I'M COMING WITH YOU.
SORRY, CAN ANYONE GIVE ME A HAND? I SEEM TO BE STUCK...
...CYCLONUS!
AT LAST, SOMEONE I RECOGNIZE!
DO YOU THINK YOU COULD JUST... HELLO? CYCLONUS?
CYCLONUS...?

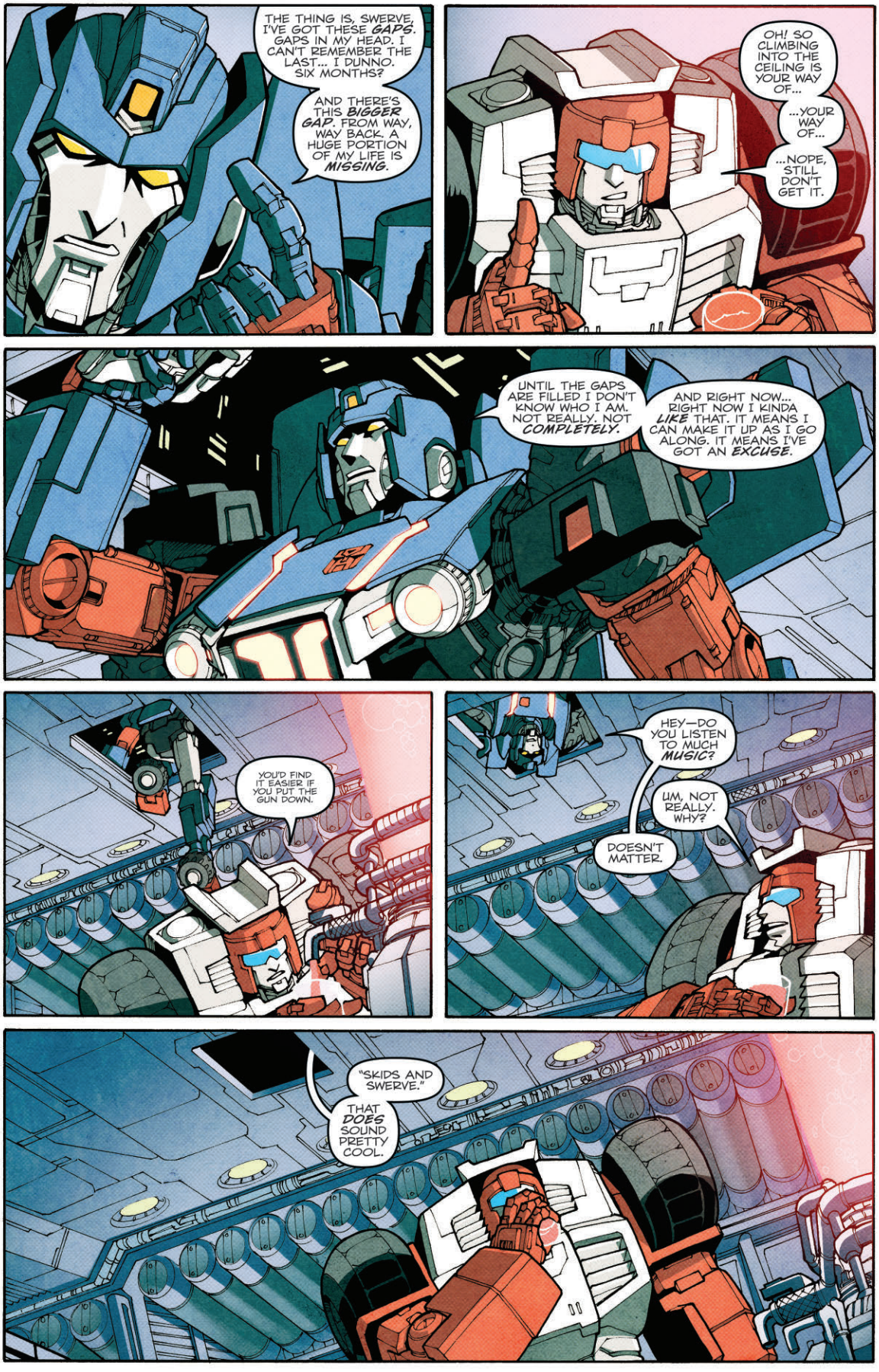

THE LOWER DECKS.
I DIDN'T THINK THEY WERE REAL.
I THOUGHT THEY WERE LIKE THE SHIMMER OR THE NECROBOT OR THE SEETHING MOON.
PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO BELIEVE. SPARKEATERS, CYBERVORES, SOULSNATCHERS... "THE NIGHTMARE WITH A THOUSAND NAMES."
YEAH, BUT HAS ANYONE ACTUALLY SEEN ONE BEFORE?
I ONCE ARRESTED A DECEPTICON WHO THOUGHT HE WAS A SPARKEATER.
HE CALLED HIMSELF THE DARK ASSASSIN, DEVOURER OF SOULS AND PROPAGATOR OF INFINITE SIN.
HIS REAL NAME WAS BLIP.
I'VE GOT 29 SECONDS OF GRAINY FOOTAGE THAT'S SUPPOSED TO SHOW A SPARKEATER ATTACKING THE GIMLIN FACILITY ON VARAS CENTRALUS. VARAS OR VERAS. ONE OF THE TWO.
MAYBE VERUS? YOU KNOW, IT COULD ACTUALLY BE—
ENOUGH!
ENOUGH—PRATTLE!
HAS EVERYONE FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE DEAD DUOBOT?
ORE. THAT'S HIS—I THINK HIS NAME'S ORE.
ALL OF YOU—YOU'RE SO QUICK TO BLAME THE BOOGIEMAN. YES, THIS AUTOBOT HAS SUFFERED MASSIVE INTERNAL TRAUMA, BUT IN MY LINE OF WORK THAT'S NOT UNUSUAL.
OKAY THEN—EXPLAIN THIS.
A BRAIN MODULE SITTING OUTSIDE A BODY WITHOUT A HEAD WOUND. NOW I'M NO DOCTOR, BUT THAT STRIKES ME AS INTENSELY WRONG.
WOAH. TWO QUESTIONS.
ONE: ARE WE SAYING HE VOMITED UP HIS OWN BRAIN?
AND TWO: CAN I PLEASE GO HOME NOW?


IT'S ROSSUM'S TRINITY, ISN'T IT? THE SPARK, THE BRAIN MODULE, AND THE TRANSFORMATION COG ARE INTERLINKED. DAMAGE TO ONE CAN CAUSE THE OTHERS TO SHUT DOWN.
THE SPARKEATER PARALYZED HIM BY DISCONNECTING HIS BRAIN MODULE BUT WANTED TO PRESERVE THE INTEGRITY OF THE SPARK...
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH.
HERE'S A NOVEL SUGGESTION: WHY DOESN'T EVERYONE STOP TALKING AND LET ME INSPECT THE BODY?
OKAY, SO IT IS A "SPARKEATER"—IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO CALL IT.
TECHNICALLY, IT'S A ROBOCARNIVOROUS ENTITY: A TECHNOPARASITE THAT INVADES A HOST AND THEN SUSTAINS ITSELF BY FEEDING OFF—
OFF SENTIENCE ITSELF.
FOR THE RECORD, DRIFT? DON'T EVER, EVER FINISH MY SENTENCES.
I'D LIKE A SECOND OPINION. CHROMEDOME?
-SIGH-
AND THERE WAS ME THINKING YOU'D INVITED ME ALONG FOR MY DRY WIT.
RATCHET, COULD YOU PUT HIS BRAIN BACK IN HIS HEAD? WITH CORPSES, I PREFER TO GO THROUGH THE EYE SOCKETS.
I CANNOT BEGIN TO TELL YOU WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT SENTENCE.
SLIKT
WHAT—THE HELL—IS HE DOING?
SOMETHING STUPID. SOMETHING HE PROMISED HE'D GIVE UP.
OH, "MNEMO" WITH AN M. 'COS WHEN YOU SAY IT OUT LOUD, IT SOUNDS LIKE—ANYWAY.
HE'S A—WELL, TECHNICALLY HE'S A MNEMOSURGEON. A NEUROSCIENTIST WHO SPECIALIZES IN MEMORY.

I DON'T QUITE GET THE SCIENCE OF IT, BUT HE KNOWS THE BRAIN SO INTIMATELY THAT HE'S ABLE TO READ MEMORIES AND—AND OTHER STUFF, TOO.
STUFF WE DON'T TALK ABOUT.
BUT—ORE'S DEAD! A BIG, RED SLAB OF DEAD!
WHICH MAKES THIS TRICKY. I MIGHT ONLY BE ABLE TO ACCESS THE LAST FEW MOMENTS.
SEE, AFTER THEY DIE, THE DETAILS...
"...TEND TO GET A LITTLE SKETCHY."

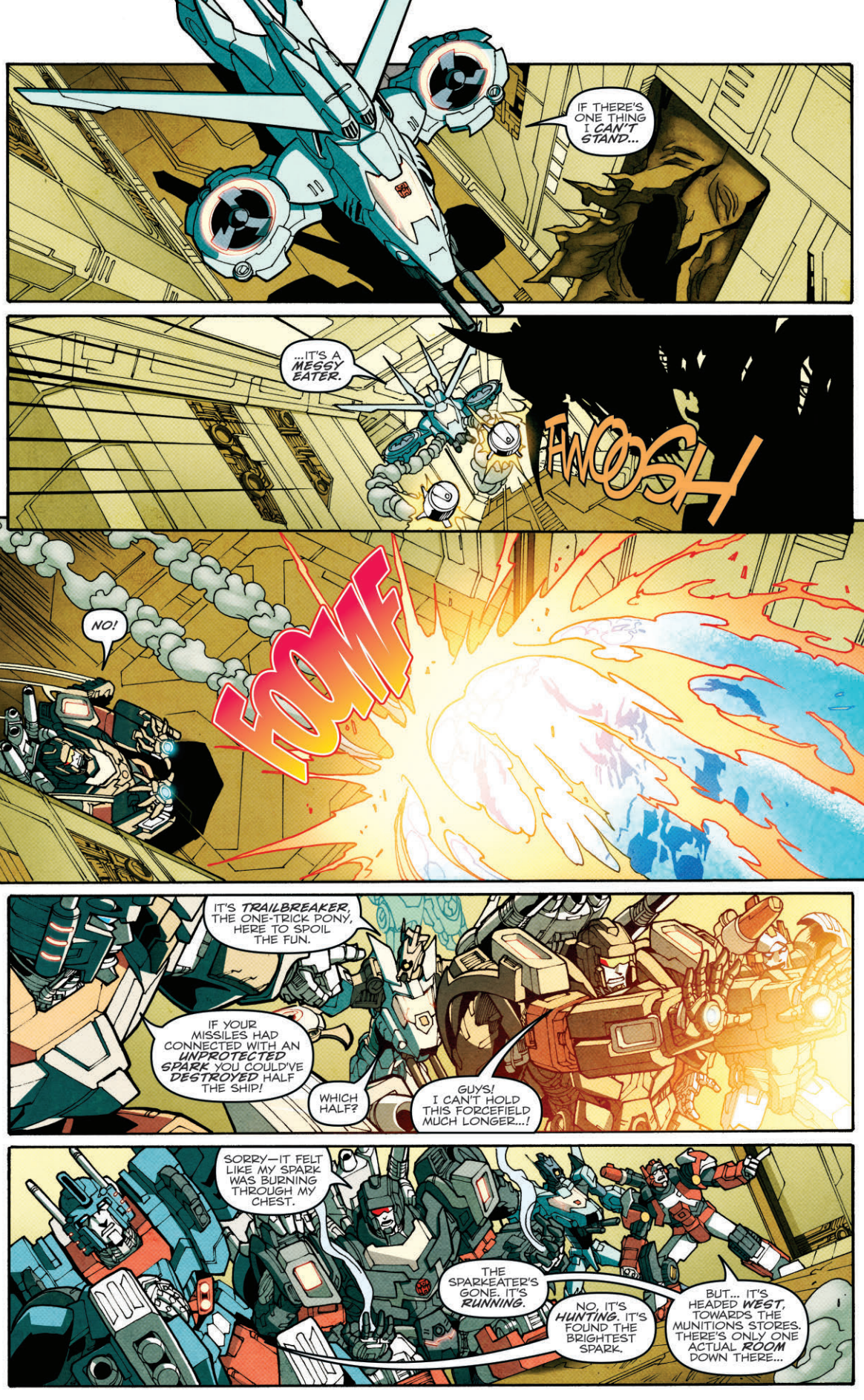

UPSTAIRS.
THERE— UP AHEAD.
A ROOM JUST FOR US!
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
OH, NOW THIS IS REALLY NICE...!
THERE'S A LITTLE WORKSTATION, AND A NICE BIG MONITOR SCREEN, AND SPACE FOR OUR ALT MODES...
...NOW. WHO'S GOING TO HAVE THE RECHARGE SLAB BY THE WINDOW?
THUD

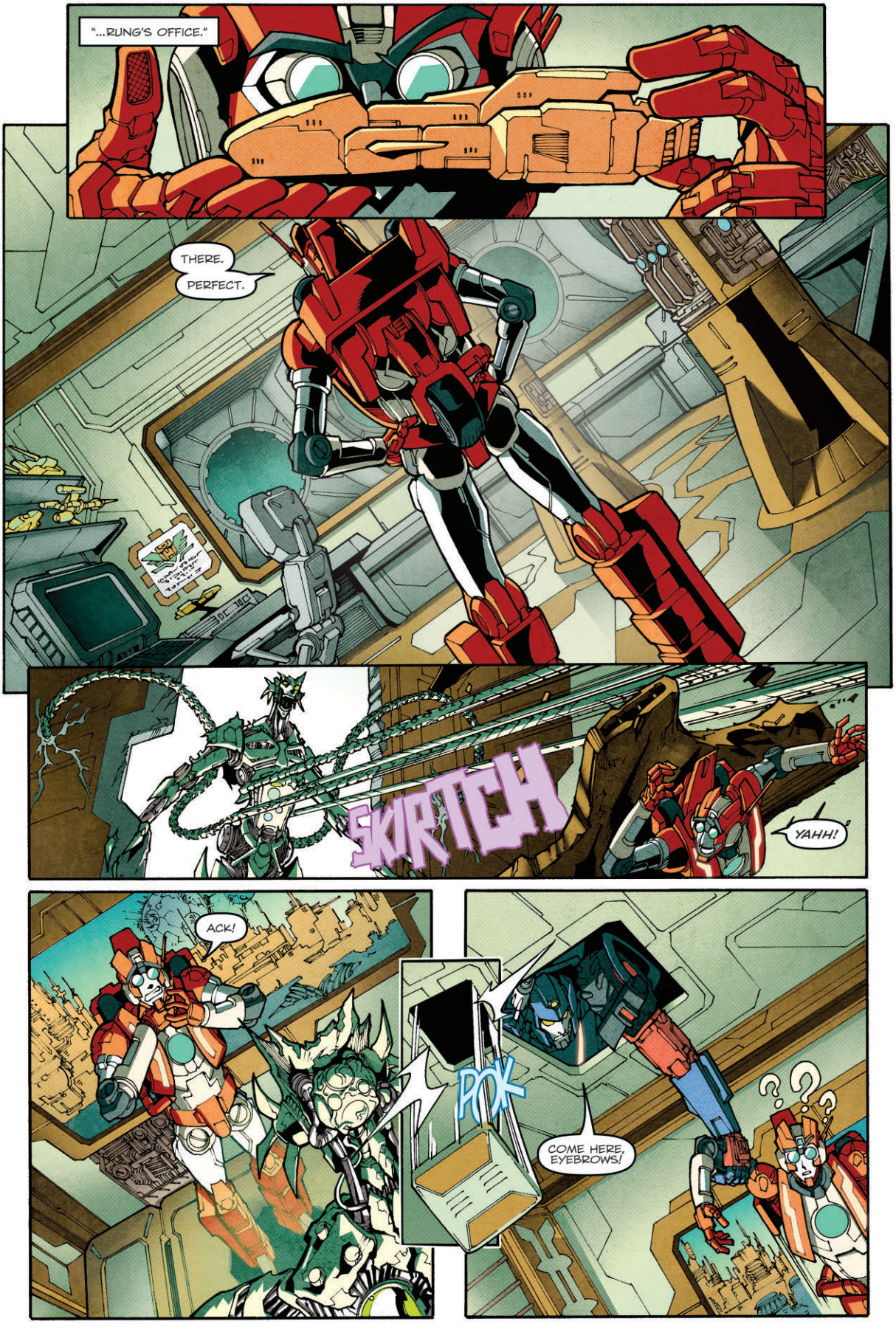

I CAN'T SEE A THING IN HERE. ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A HABITATION SUITE, SWERVE?
HEY, MY NAVIGATION SKILLS ARE SECOND TO NONE. I ONCE TIPTOED ACROSS THE MITTEOUS PLATEAU WITHOUT—
OW!
WAIT, I THINK I'VE FOUND THE LIGHTS...
YOU KNOW WHAT, SKIDS? THIS... ISN'T A HABITATION SUITE.
THIS IS BETTER.
THIS IS A BAR.
OH, MAN—AN ENGEX DISTILLERY!
MAYBE I COULD—I MEAN, THERE'S NO REASON WHY I COULDN'T—
SEE, I ALWAYS WANTED A PLACE LIKE THIS.
ME AN' BLURR, BEFORE THE WAR, WE HAD THIS PLAN. AFTER HE'D RETIRED FROM RACING WE WERE GONNA OPEN UP A BAR.
AND—YEAH. I WAS GONNA SYNTHESIZE THE DRINKS AND HE WAS GONNA DO THE MUSIC, AND IT WAS GOING TO BE—IT WAS GOING TO BE PERFECT.
ANYWAY. STUPID, REALLY.
STUPID.
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT, THIS? THIS THING WITH THE CEILING? THIS IS CALLED ESCAPING.
THEY'VE LOCKED US IN. I COULD BLAST MY WAY OUT, BUT KNOWING ULTRA MAGNUS THAT'S PROBABLY PUNISHABLE BY DEATH AND THEN MORE DEATH.
BUT RODIMUS ORDERED US TO STAY PUT...
YEAH, SEE, ME AND ORDERS, WE HAD A BIT OF A FALLING OUT. WE'RE NOT REALLY ON SPEAKING TERMS.
SO WHEN I'M TOLD TO WAIT IN MY ROOM, WELL... I KINDA HAVE TO DO THE OPPOSITE.
MUST ADMIT, I HAD YOU PEGGED AS A FELLOW RULE BREAKER.
ME? NO, NO, NO, I'M ALL MOUTH. MY NICKNAME AT THE ACADEMY WAS "SHUT THE HELL UP."

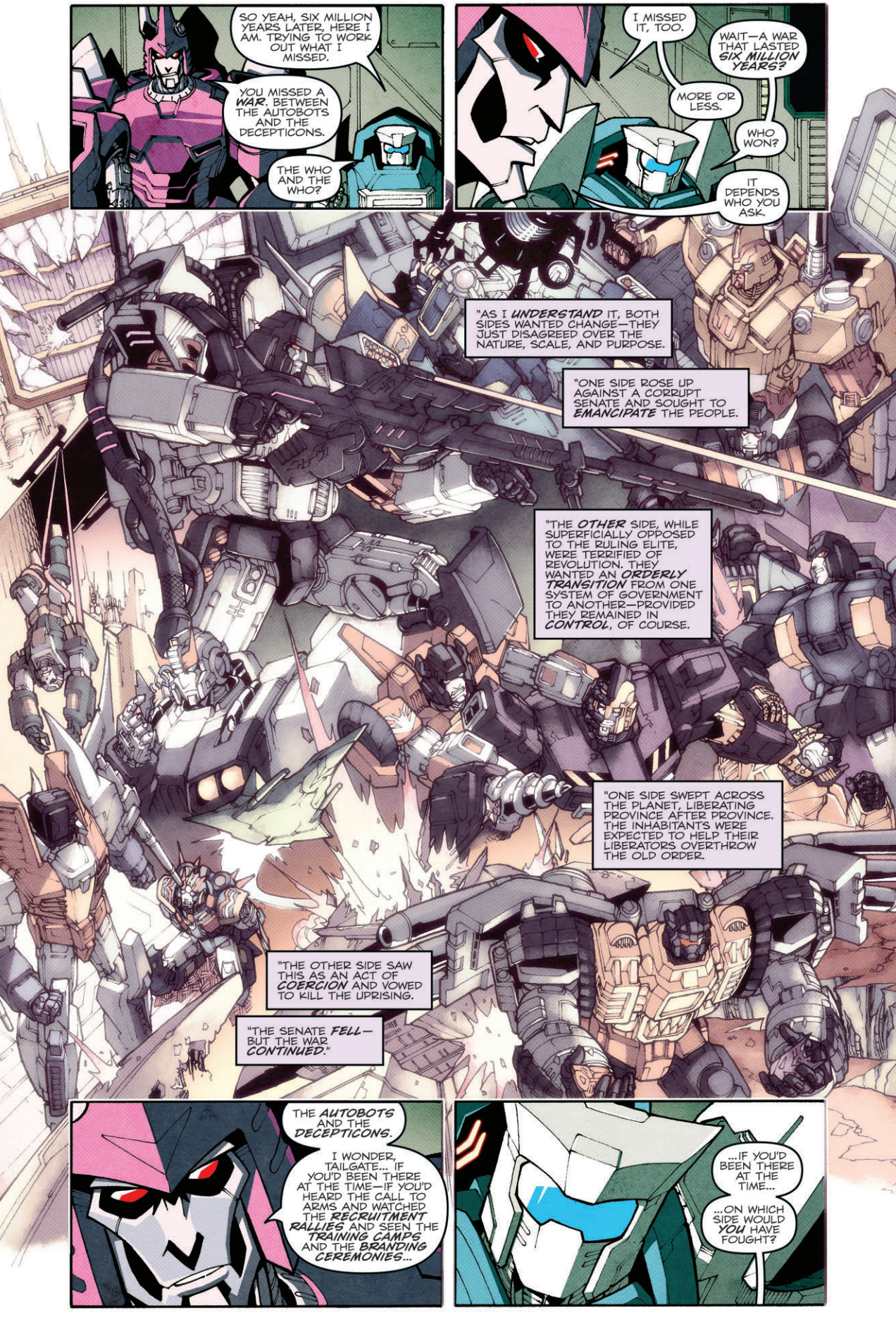

THE THING IS, SWERVE, I'VE GOT THESE GAPS. GAPS IN MY HEAD. I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST... I DUNNO. SIX MONTHS?
AND THERE'S THIS BIGGER GAP. FROM WAY, WAY BACK. A HUGE PORTION OF MY LIFE IS MISSING.
OH! SO CLIMBING INTO THE CEILING IS YOUR WAY OF...
...YOUR WAY OF...
...NOPE, STILL DON'T GET IT.
UNTIL THE GAPS ARE FILLED I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM. NOT REALLY. NOT COMPLETELY.
AND RIGHT NOW... RIGHT NOW I KINDA LIKE THAT. IT MEANS I CAN MAKE IT UP AS I GO ALONG. IT MEANS I'VE GOT AN EXCUSE.
YOU'D FIND IT EASIER IF YOU PUT THE GUN DOWN.
HEY—DO YOU LISTEN TO MUCH MUSIC?
UM, NOT REALLY. WHY?
DOESN'T MATTER.
"SKIDS AND SWERVE."
THAT DOES SOUND PRETTY COOL.

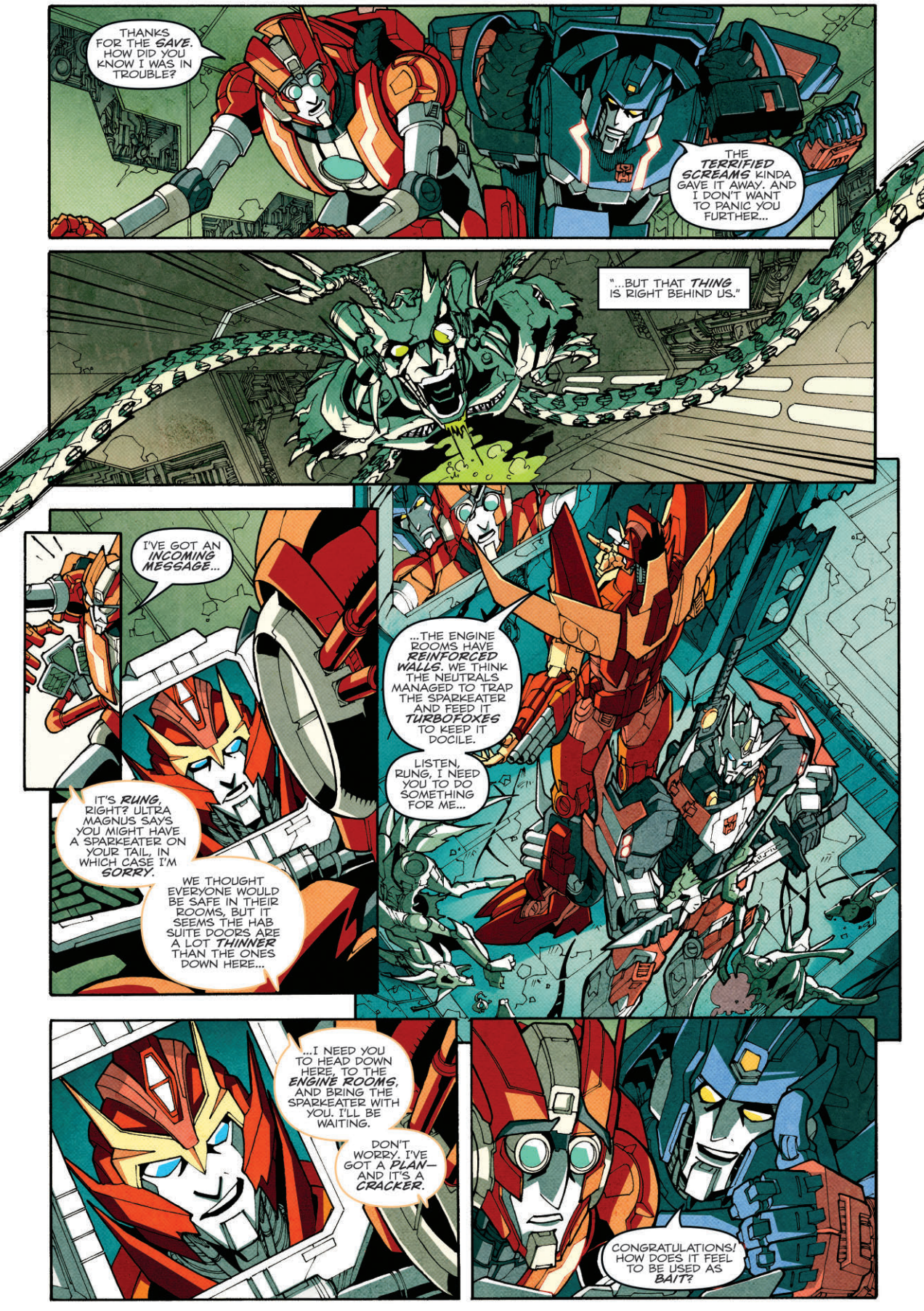
AAAARGGH!
CHROMEDOME!
"THE WORSE THE DEATH, THE MORE PAINFUL THE MEMORIES..."
FIRST THING YOU EVER SAID TO ME.
WHAT DID YOU SEE, CHROMEDOME? WAS IT A SPARKEATER?
WELL, IF BY "SPARKEATER" YOU MEAN "FREAKY, MAD-EYED PSYCHOPATH WHO FLOATS ABOVE THE GROUND WITH HALF HIS HEAD MISSING AND DEAD SOULS IN HIS GUTS," THEN YEAH, I'D SAY WE'VE GOT A POSITIVE I.D.
OKAY. THAT'S BAD.
HOW BAD? ON A SCALE OF ONE TO MEGATRON...
IT'S IN ITS RESURGENT PHASE. ORE WAS ITS FIRST PROPER FEED IN A LONG, LONG TIME—NOW THAT IT'S REDISCOVERED ITS TASTE FOR FRESH SPARKS IT WON'T BE SO DELICATE.
THIS IS A DARK AND TROUBLING OMEN. SPARKEATERS ARE DRAWN TO PAIN AND EMOTIONAL TRAUMA.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE NEUTRALS WERE UP TO, BUT HORRIFIC THINGS MUST HAVE HAPPENED ON THIS SHIP. WE'RE BEING PUNISHED.
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, DRIFT, I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER HEARD SUCH A LOAD OF—
SHOCK!
I SAID ORE. I MEANT SHOCK. HIS NAME'S SHOCK. SORRY EVERYONE.
OKAY, LET'S FIND THIS THING. MAGNUS HAS SEALED ALL THE INTERIOR DOORS, SO IT'LL BE CONFINED TO THE CORRIDORS.
IT'LL BE DISORIENTED AFTER GORGING ITSELF. ONCE IT FINDS ITS BEARINGS IT'LL GO AFTER THE BRIGHTEST SPARK.
IT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S CARRYING SEMI-DIGESTED SPARKS, SO BEST NOT SHOOT AT IT. CONTAINMENT IS KEY.
SPLIT INTO TEAMS AND SCOUR THE UPPER DECKS. DRIFT AND I WILL STAY HERE AND TRY TO FIND OUT HOW THE NEUTRALS KEPT IT TRAPPED FOR SO LONG.
YOU'RE NOT COMING WITH US?
NO NEED. IT'LL COME BACK HERE, AND I'LL BE WAITING.
AND YOU'RE SURE OF THIS BECAUSE...?
BECAUSE RATCHET SAID IT WOULD GO AFTER THE BRIGHTEST—
LOOK, I'VE JUST GOT A HUNCH, OKAY?

UPSTAIRS...
WHIRL! WHIRL! LET ME IN!
THIS ISN'T FUNNY! IF THEY CATCH ME OUT HERE THEY'LL THINK I'M DISOBEYING ORDERS— AGAIN!
I'M ALREADY IN TROUBLE FOR LYING TO GET ONTO THE ETHICS COMMITTEE!
WAIT...
...I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING.
ANIMUS?
THE DOOR'S BEEN AUTO-LOCKED. HONESTLY. I MEAN, I WAS IGNORING YOU AT FIRST, BUT—
—ANIMUS...? YOU STILL THERE?
HEY! SPARKY!

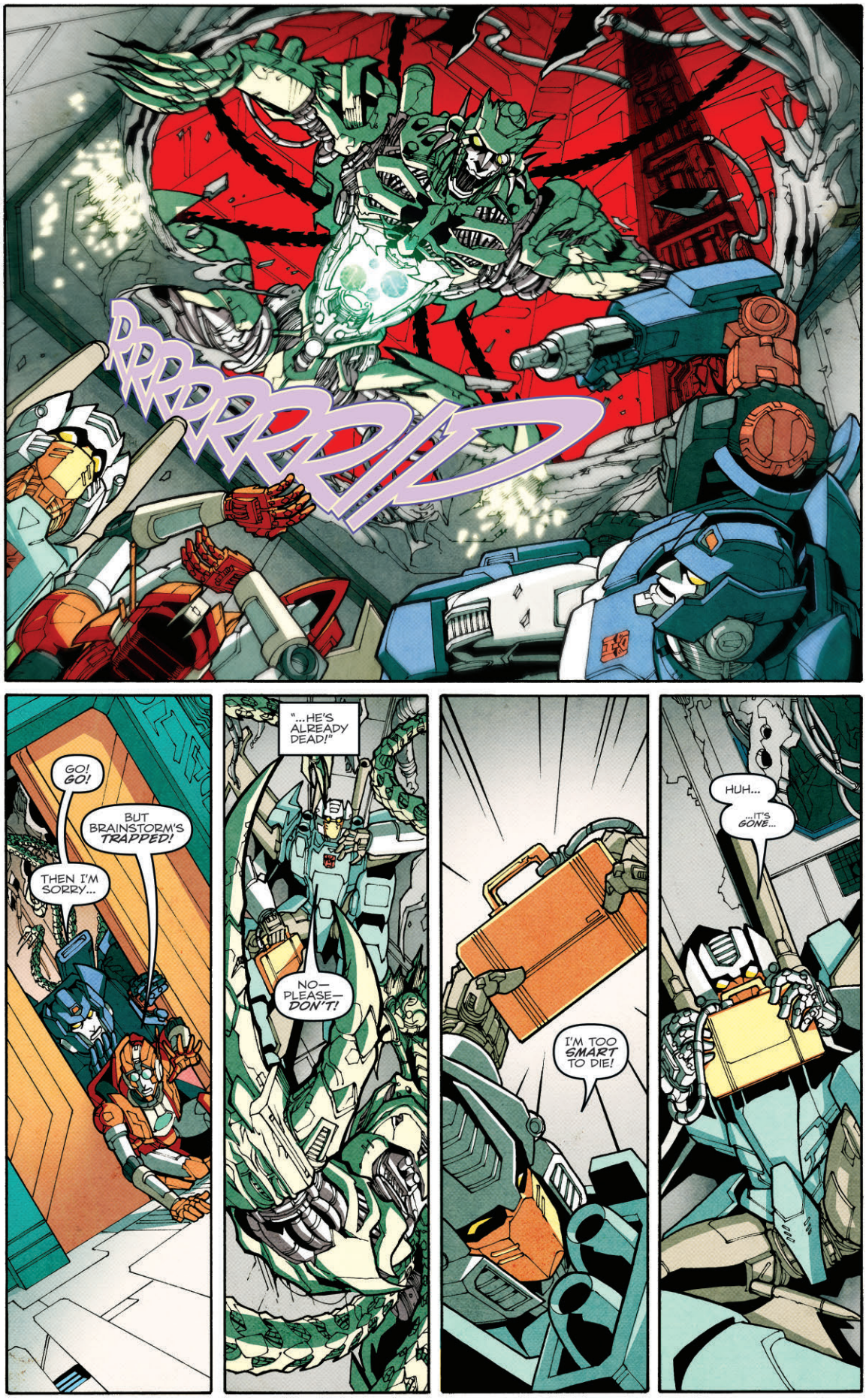

IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND...
...IT'S A MESSY EATER.
FWOOSH
NO!
FOOM
IT'S TRAILBREAKER, THE ONE-TRICK PONY, HERE TO SPOIL THE FUN.
IF YOUR MISSILES HAD CONNECTED WITH AN UNPROTECTED SPARK YOU COULD'VE DESTROYED HALF THE SHIP!
WHICH HALF?
GUYS! I CAN'T HOLD THIS FORCEFIELD MUCH LONGER...!
SORRY—IT FELT LIKE MY SPARK WAS BURNING THROUGH MY CHEST.
THE SPARKEATER'S GONE. IT'S RUNNING.
NO, IT'S HUNTING. IT'S FOUND THE BRIGHTEST SPARK.
BUT... IT'S HEADED WEST, TOWARDS THE MUNITIONS STORES. THERE'S ONLY ONE ACTUAL ROOM DOWN THERE...


"...RUNG'S OFFICE."
THERE.
PERFECT.
SKIRTCH
YAHH!
ACK!
POK
COME HERE, EYEBROWS!

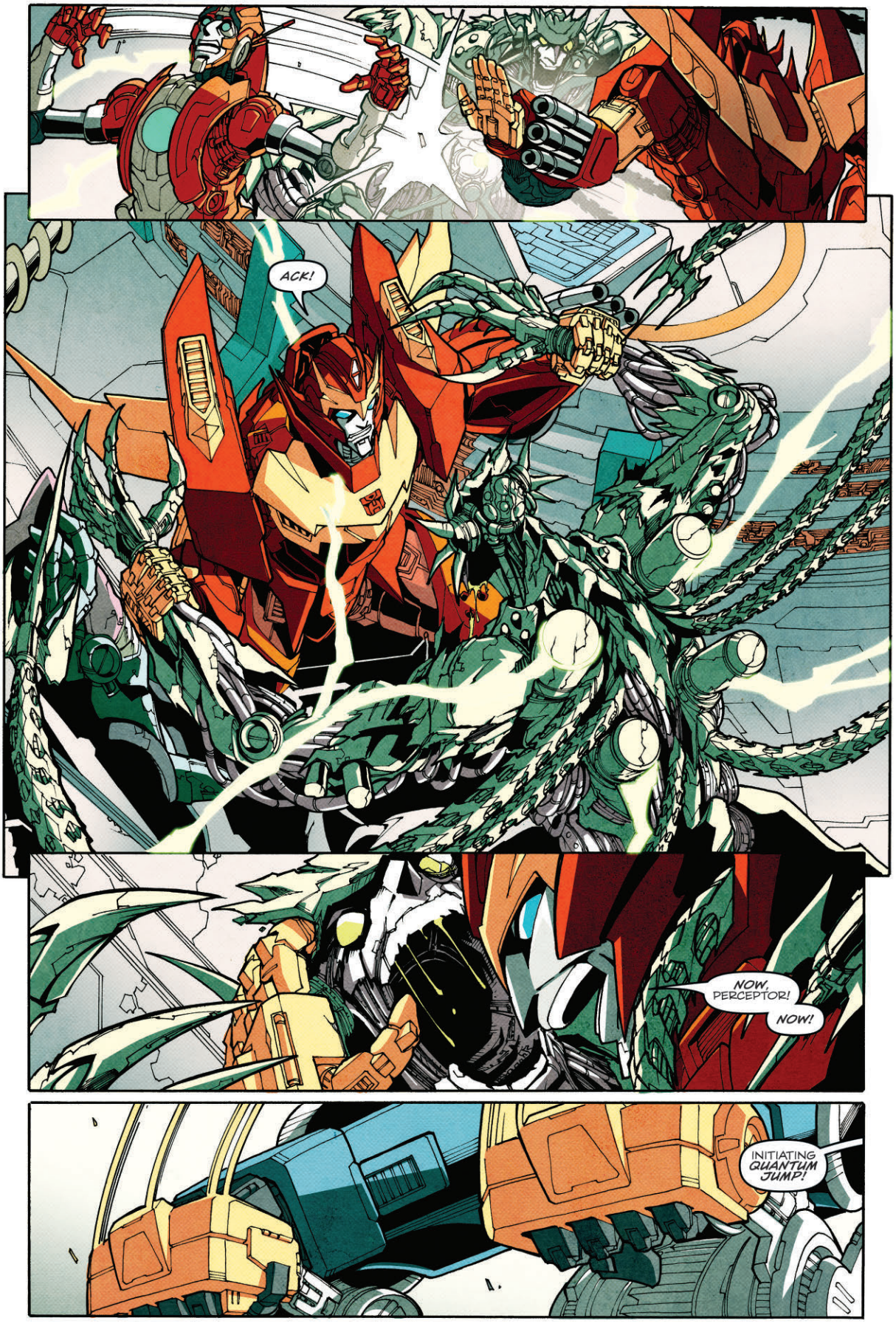

SO YEAH, SIX MILLION YEARS LATER, HERE I AM. TRYING TO WORK OUT WHAT I MISSED.
YOU MISSED A WAR. BETWEEN THE AUTOBOTS AND THE DECEPTICONS.
THE WHO AND THE WHO?
I MISSED IT, TOO.
WAIT—A WAR THAT LASTED SIX MILLION YEARS?
MORE OR LESS.
WHO WON?
IT DEPENDS WHO YOU ASK.
"AS I UNDERSTAND IT, BOTH SIDES WANTED CHANGE—THEY JUST DISAGREED OVER THE NATURE, SCALE, AND PURPOSE.
"ONE SIDE ROSE UP AGAINST A CORRUPT SENATE AND SOUGHT TO EMANCIPATE THE PEOPLE.
"THE OTHER SIDE, WHILE SUPERFICIALLY OPPOSED TO THE RULING ELITE, WERE TERRIFIED OF REVOLUTION. THEY WANTED AN ORDERLY TRANSITION FROM ONE SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT TO ANOTHER—PROVIDED THEY REMAINED IN CONTROL, OF COURSE.
"ONE SIDE SWEPT ACROSS THE PLANET, LIBERATING PROVINCE AFTER PROVINCE. THE INHABITANTS WERE EXPECTED TO HELP THEIR LIBERATORS OVERTHROW THE OLD ORDER.
"THE OTHER SIDE SAW THIS AS AN ACT OF COERCION AND VOWED TO KILL THE UPRISING.
"THE SENATE FELL—BUT THE WAR CONTINUED."
THE AUTOBOTS AND THE DECEPTICONS.
I WONDER, TAILGATE... IF YOU'D BEEN THERE AT THE TIME—IF YOU'D HEARD THE CALL TO ARMS AND WATCHED THE RECRUITMENT RALLIES AND SEEN THE TRAINING CAMPS AND THE BRANDING CEREMONIES...
...IF YOU'D BEEN THERE AT THE TIME...
...ON WHICH SIDE WOULD YOU HAVE FOUGHT?


THANKS FOR THE SAVE. HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS IN TROUBLE?
THE TERRIFIED SCREAMS KINDA GAVE IT AWAY. AND I DON'T WANT TO PANIC YOU FURTHER...
"...BUT THAT THING IS RIGHT BEHIND US."
I'VE GOT AN INCOMING MESSAGE...
IT'S RUNG, RIGHT? ULTRA MAGNUS SAYS YOU MIGHT HAVE A SPARKEATER ON YOUR TAIL, IN WHICH CASE I'M SORRY.
WE THOUGHT EVERYONE WOULD BE SAFE IN THEIR ROOMS, BUT IT SEEMS THE HAB SUITE DOORS ARE A LOT THINNER THAN THE ONES DOWN HERE...
...THE ENGINE ROOMS HAVE REINFORCED WALLS. WE THINK THE NEUTRALS MANAGED TO TRAP THE SPARKEATER AND FEED IT TURBOFOXES TO KEEP IT DOCILE.
LISTEN, RUNG, I NEED YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME...
...I NEED YOU TO HEAD DOWN HERE, TO THE ENGINE ROOMS, AND BRING THE SPARKEATER WITH YOU. I'LL BE WAITING.
DON'T WORRY. I'VE GOT A PLAN— AND IT'S A CRACKER.
CONGRATULATIONS! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE USED AS BAIT?

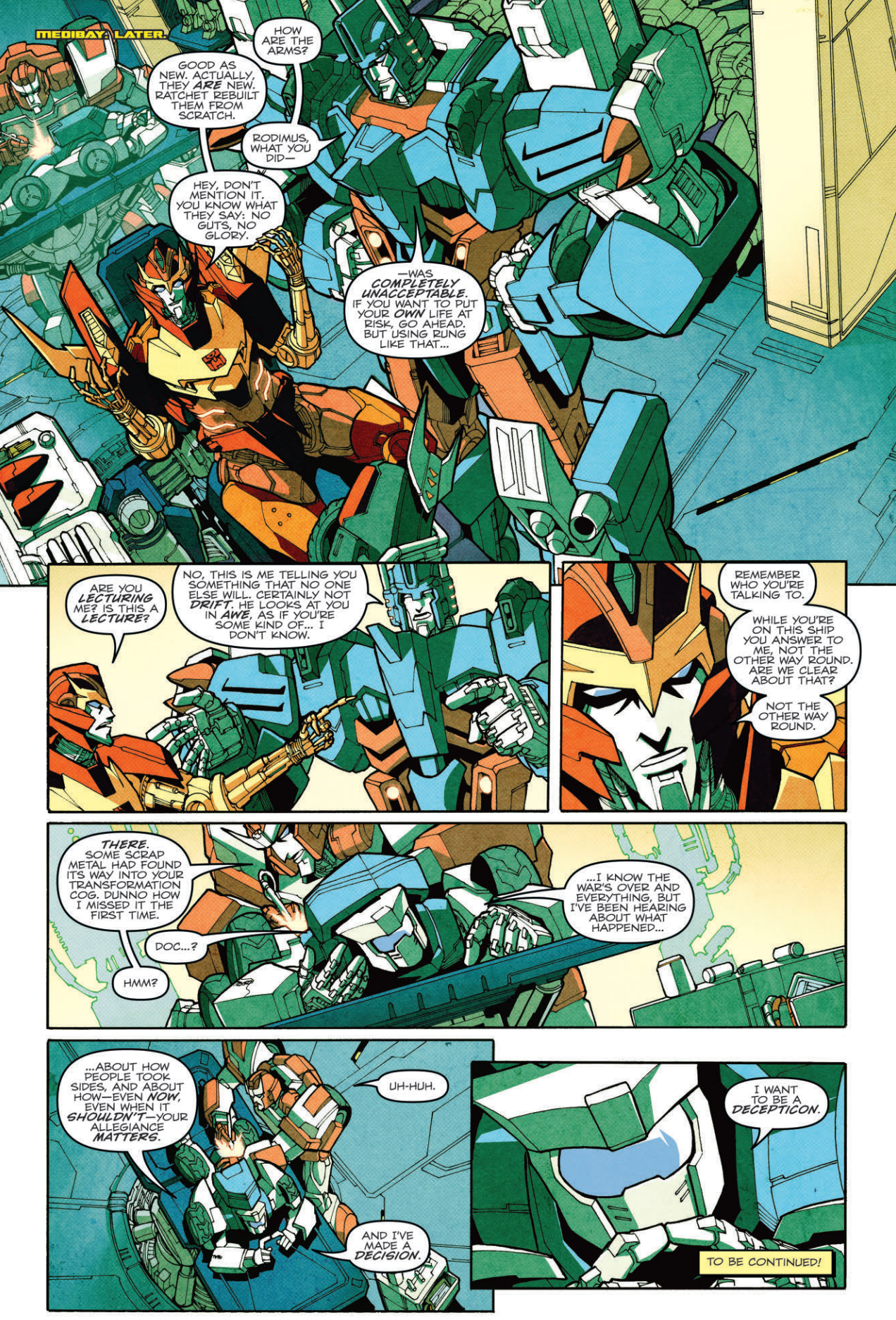
OKAY, SO THE QUICKEST WAY TO THE ENGINE ROOMS...
...IS DOWN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT.
POK
HOW COME YOU GET A GRAPPLING HOOK AND ALL I GET IS A THUMB WITH A MICROPHONE IN IT?
A THUMB WITH A—?
WOW. NO WONDER OUR FRIEND IS SO INTERESTED IN YOU. SPEAKING OF WHICH...
...IT'S TIME WE MADE A MOVE!
THUNK
ENGINE ROOMS.
WHAT'S GOING ON? IT'S SKIDS, RIGHT? WE ALL THOUGHT YOU WERE DE—
JUST TAKE US TO THE DAMN ENGINE ROOMS!


RRRRRRD
GO! GO!
BUT BRAINSTORM'S TRAPPED!
THEN I'M SORRY...
"...HE'S ALREADY DEAD!"
NO— PLEASE— DON'T!
I'M TOO SMART TO DIE!
HUH...
...IT'S GONE...

RUNG! OVER HERE!
I'M SORRY. WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO ISN'T VERY PLEASANT.
HEY!
RODIMUS, PLEASE—I MUST PROTEST!
YOU'RE HURTING ME!
CAN YOU HEAR ME, PERCEPTOR?
THE BRIDGE.
YES, THE INTERCOM'S PICKING YOU UP LOUD AND CLEAR.
I'VE SHIELDED THE THRUSTERS LIKE YOU ASKED, BUT THIS PLAN OF YOURS—I WANT TO PLACE ON RECORD MY SEVERE RESERVATIONS.
DULY NOTED AND IGNORED. NOW GET READY!
HURRY UP, UGLY—YOUR DINNER'S GETTING COLD FEET.


ACK!
NOW, PERCEPTOR!
NOW!
INITIATING QUANTUM JUMP!

WOW.
THAT WAS JUST... WOW.
AND I THOUGHT I WAS THE RISK TAKER...
FIRST RULE OF INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL: NEVER STAND NEXT TO A QUANTUM GENERATOR WHEN IT'S ABOUT TO FLOUT THE LAWS OF NATURE...


MEDIBAY: LATER.
HOW ARE THE ARMS?
GOOD AS NEW. ACTUALLY, THEY ARE NEW. RATCHET REBUILT THEM FROM SCRATCH.
RODIMUS, WHAT YOU DID—
HEY, DON'T MENTION IT. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY: NO GUTS, NO GLORY.
—WAS COMPLETELY UNACCEPTABLE. IF YOU WANT TO PUT YOUR OWN LIFE AT RISK, GO AHEAD. BUT USING RUNG LIKE THAT...
ARE YOU LECTURING ME? IS THIS A LECTURE?
NO, THIS IS ME TELLING YOU SOMETHING THAT NO ONE ELSE WILL. CERTAINLY NOT DRIFT. HE LOOKS AT YOU IN AWE, AS IF YOU'RE SOME KIND OF... I DON'T KNOW.
REMEMBER WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO.
WHILE YOU'RE ON THIS SHIP YOU ANSWER TO ME, NOT THE OTHER WAY ROUND. ARE WE CLEAR ABOUT THAT?
NOT THE OTHER WAY ROUND.
THERE. SOME SCRAP METAL HAD FOUND ITS WAY INTO YOUR TRANSFORMATION COG. DUNNO HOW I MISSED IT THE FIRST TIME.
DOC...?
HMM?
...I KNOW THE WAR'S OVER AND EVERYTHING, BUT I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED...
...ABOUT HOW PEOPLE TOOK SIDES, AND ABOUT HOW—EVEN NOW, EVEN WHEN IT SHOULDN'T—YOUR ALLEGIANCE MATTERS.
UH-HUH.
AND I'VE MADE A DECISION.
I WANT TO BE A DECEPTICON.
TO BE CONTINUED!

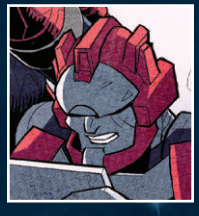
RODIMUS
Commander of the Lost Light Autobots/One-time Matrix holder
Brave, charismatic, reckless. Easily bored.

ULTRA MAGNUS
Second in command/ Duly Appointed Enforcer of the Tyrest Accord
Takes job (and everything else) extremely seriously. Smiled once and regretted it ever since.

DRIFT
Nominal third in command
Ex-Decepticon. Longs to be defined in some other way. Recent brush with death has reawakened his spiritual side.

BRAINSTORM
Weapons engineer/ prolific murderer
Amoral, single-minded workaholic and possible genius. Carries briefcase containing The Unmentionable.

RATCHET
Chief Medical Officer/ prolific life-saver
A world-weary super-medic with unreliable hands. Kind, but not as kind as he once was.



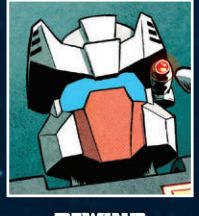
RED ALERT
Director of Security
Professional eavesdropper. Part-time conspiracist. Full-time paranoiac.

WHIRL
Warrior/practicing troublemaker
Ex-Wrecker. Twice voted "Autobot most likely to defect." Best avoided.

RUNG
Ship's psychiatrist
Weak of body, sharp of mind. Always present, seldom noticed.

SWERVE
Metallurgist
Good friend to all, best friend to none. Weapon of choice: the mouth.

CHROMEDOME
Mnemosurgeon
Cynical. Prone to moping. Resents own talents. Relies on Rewind to keep him honest.



REWIND
Archivist/Historian
A walking database. Excitable and trusting. Uses head-mounted camera to record history as it happens.

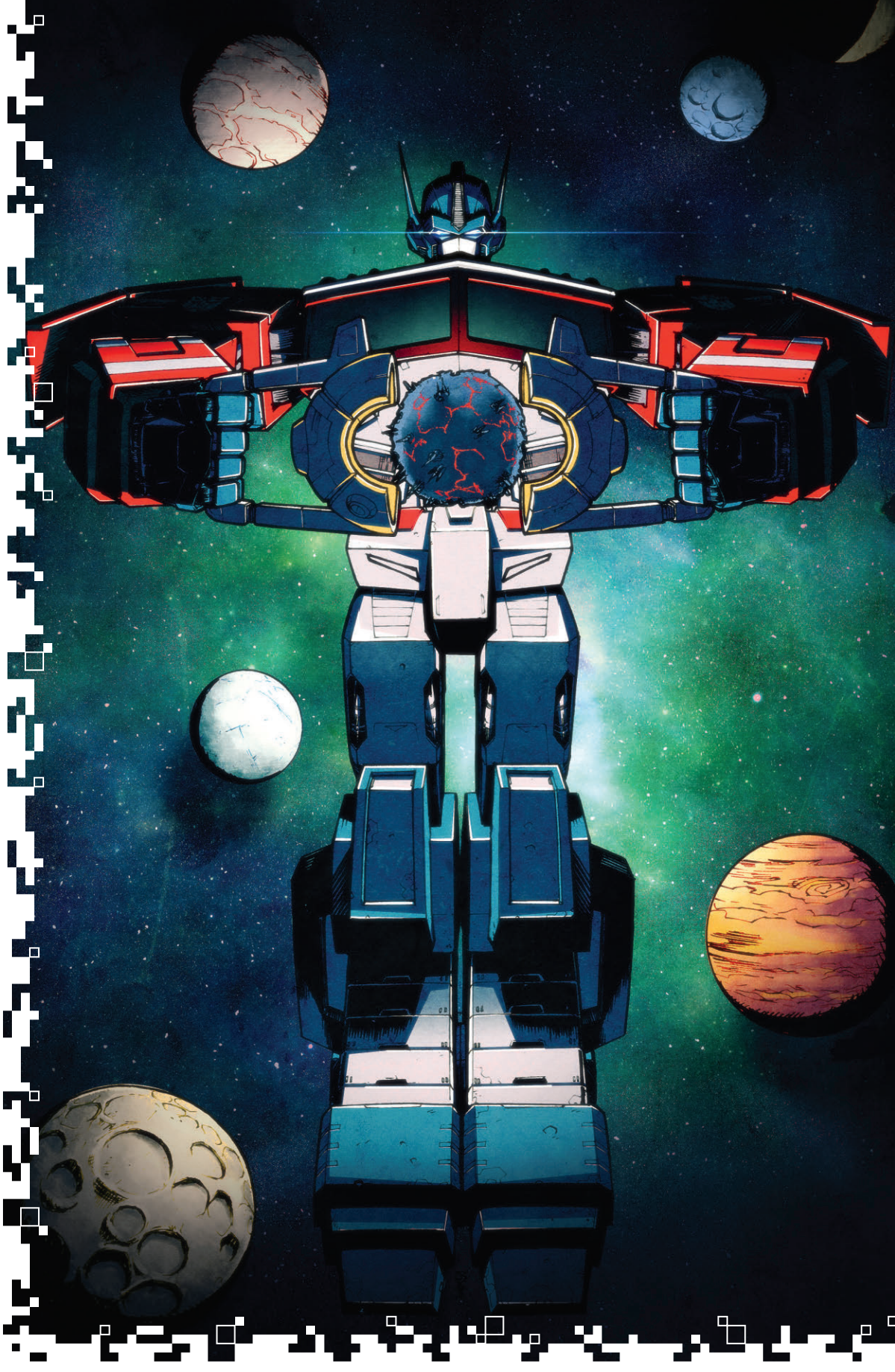
CYCLONUS
Ex-lieutenant of Galvatron
Dour and unrepentant. A fierce patriot still reeling from the loss of "his" Cybertron.

TAILGATE
Bomb disposal
Making up for lost time...

SKIDS
Theoretician
Carefree amnesiac who never lets go of his gun.

□ DEATH OF OPTIMUS PRIME COVER A

PHOTO BY **VIKTOR KIS**



□ DEATH OF OPTIMUS PRIME COVER B

BY **NICK ROCHE** COLORS BY **JOSH BURCHAM**

☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #1 COVER A
BY **ALEX MILNE** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

□ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #1 COVER B
BY **ALEX MILNE** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #1 COVER C

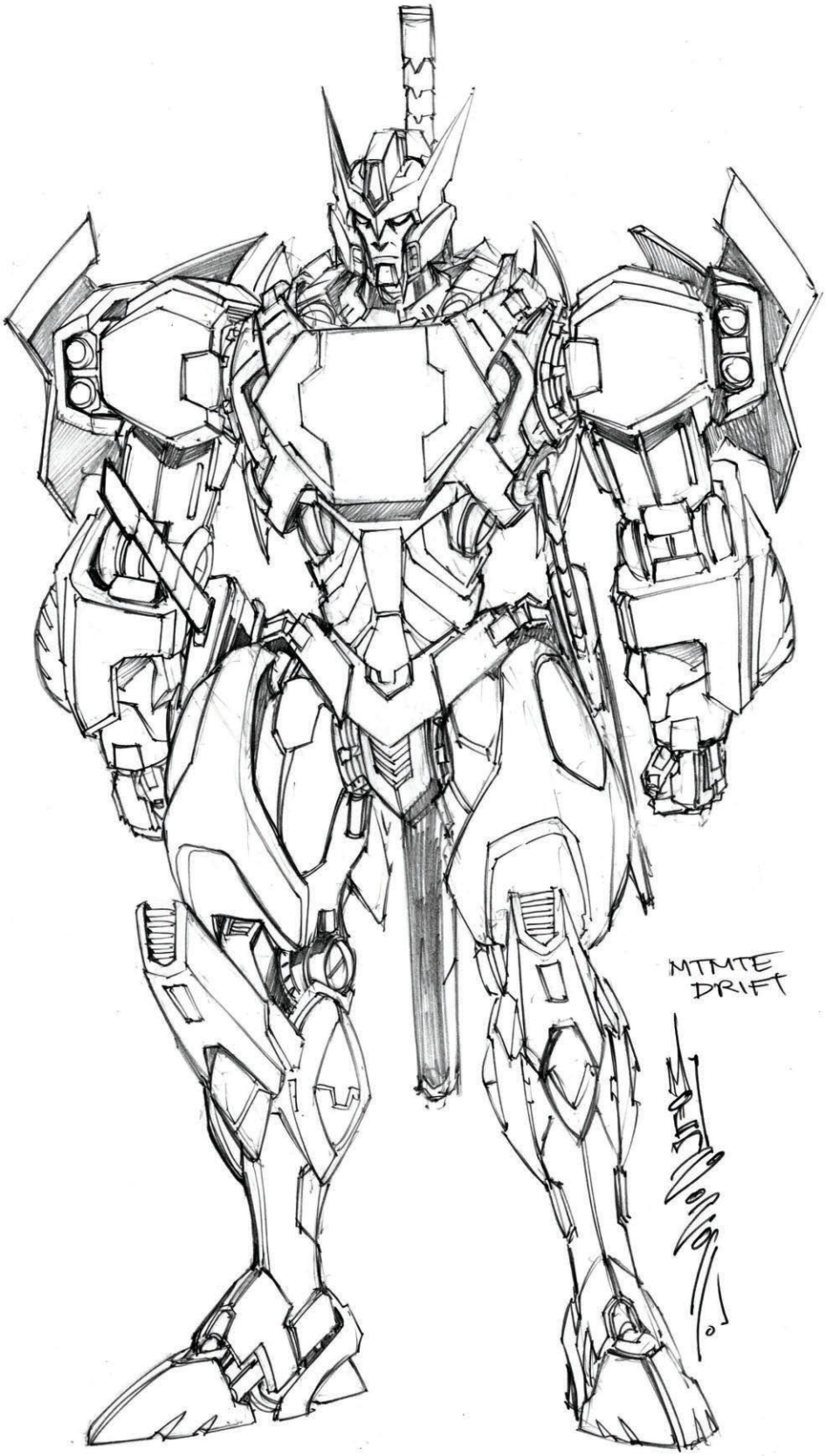
BY **ALEX MILNE** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

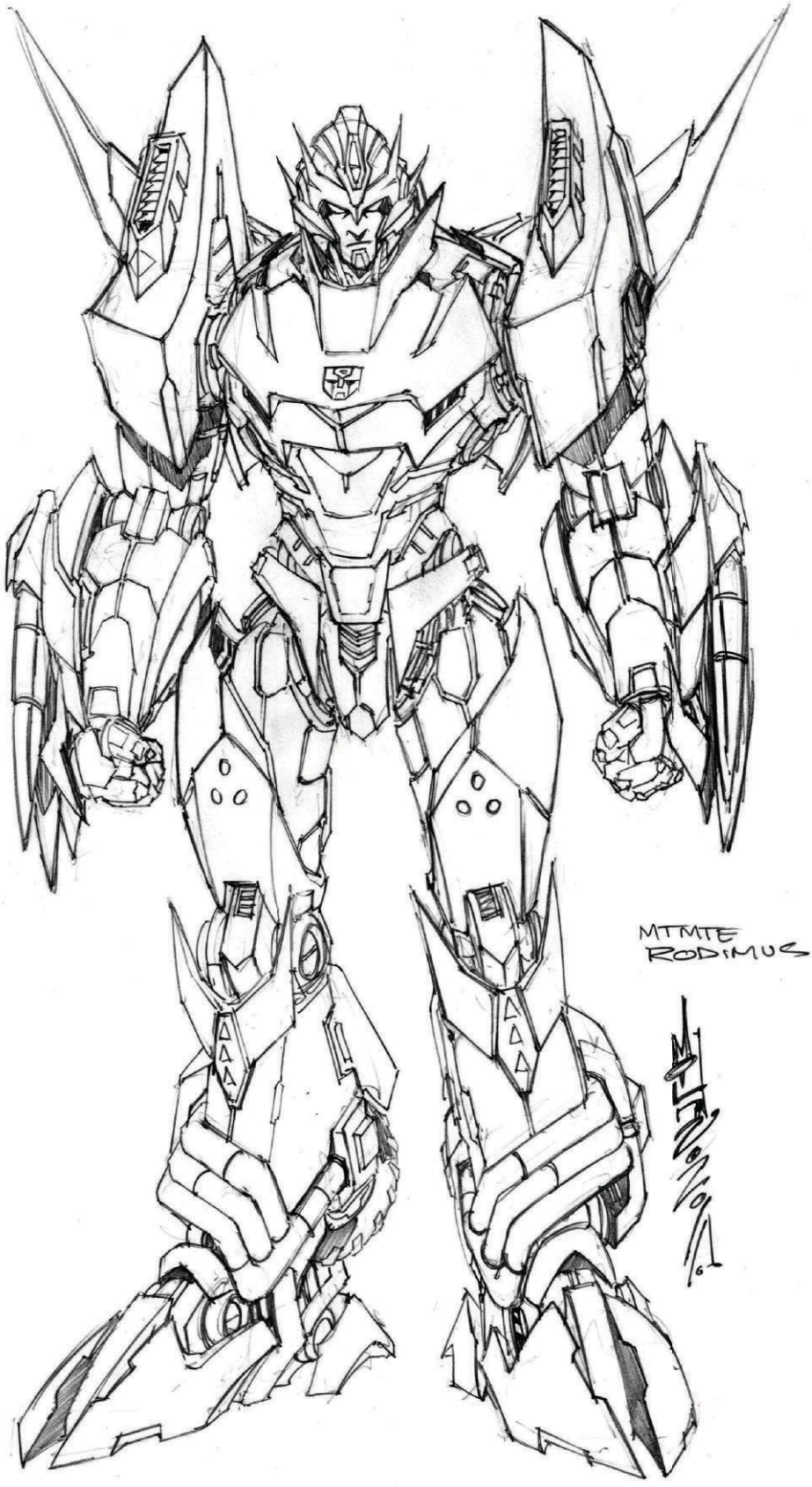
□ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #1 COVER D
BY **ALEX MILNE** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

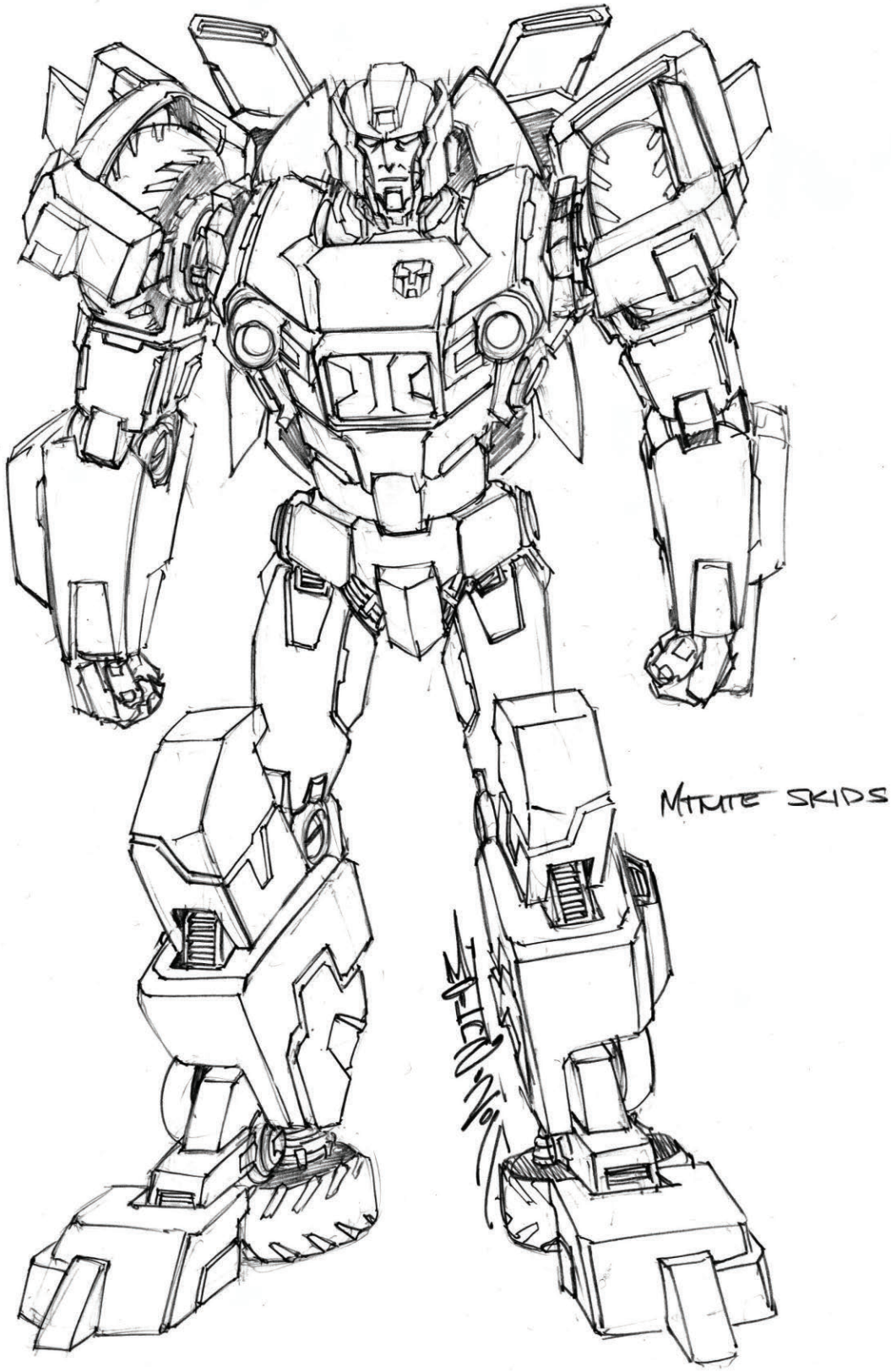
☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #2 COVER B

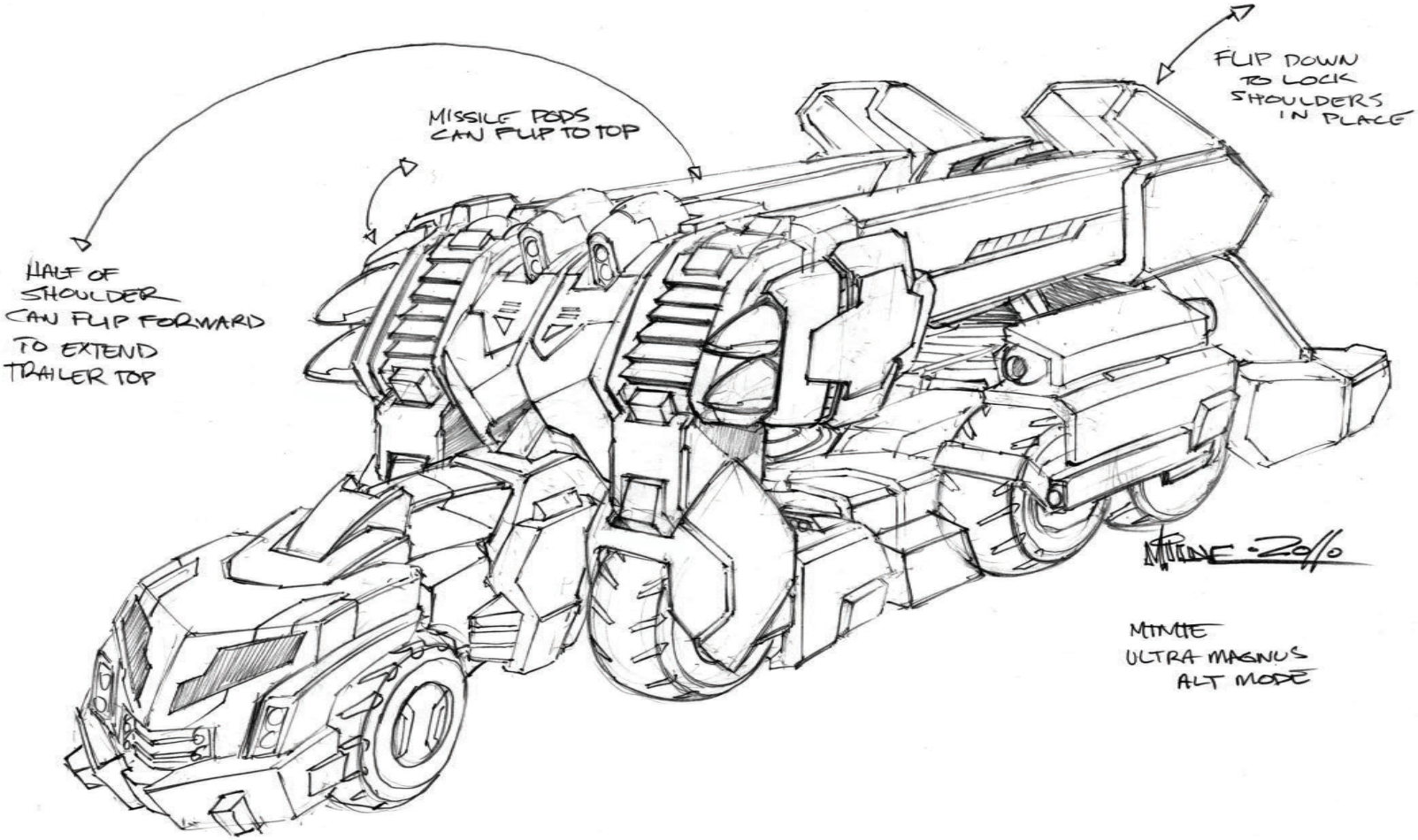
BY **NICK ROCHE** COLORS BY **JOSH BURCHAM**

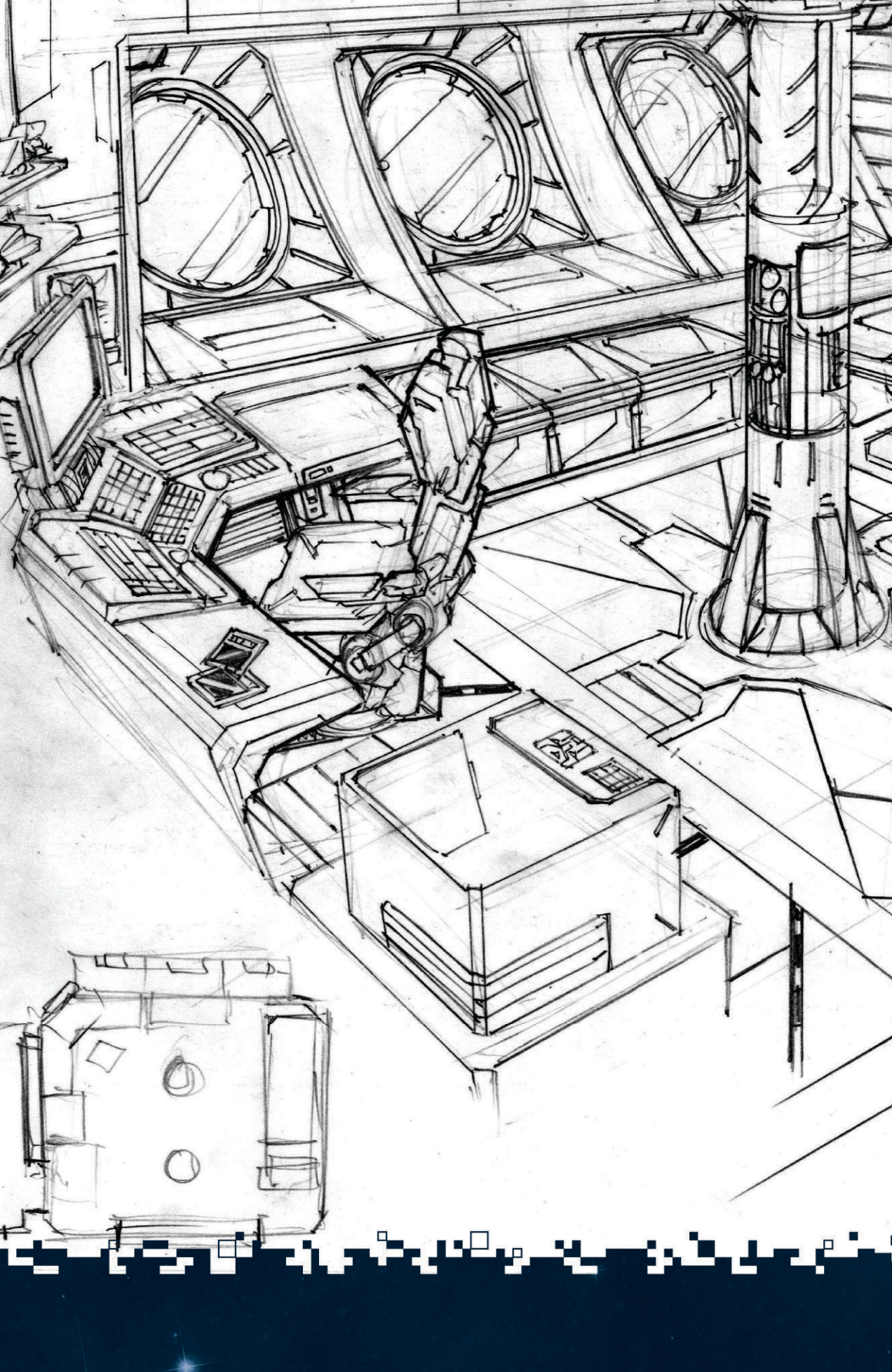
□ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #3 COVER B
BY **NICK ROCHE** COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

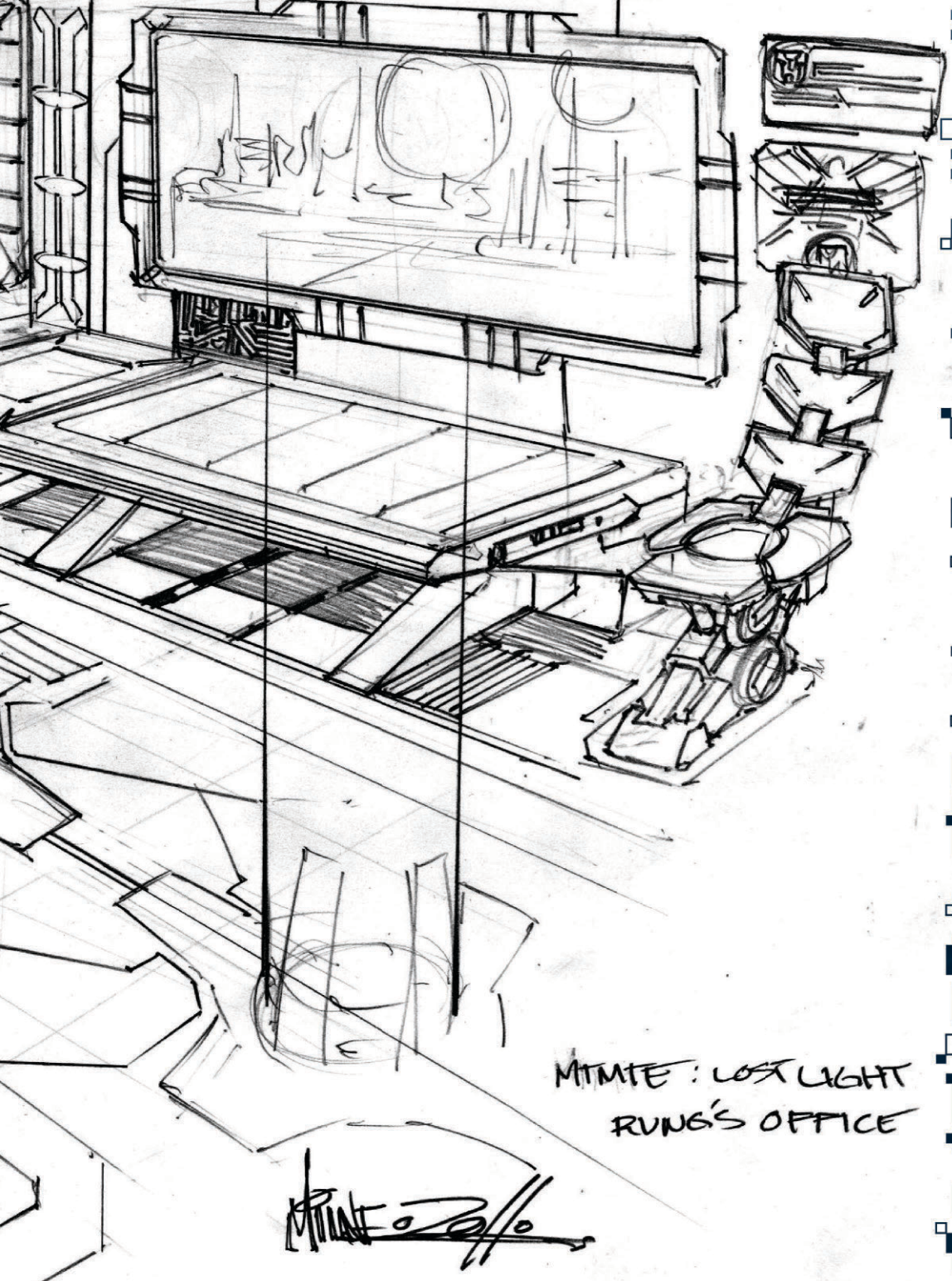

MTMTE
DRIFT

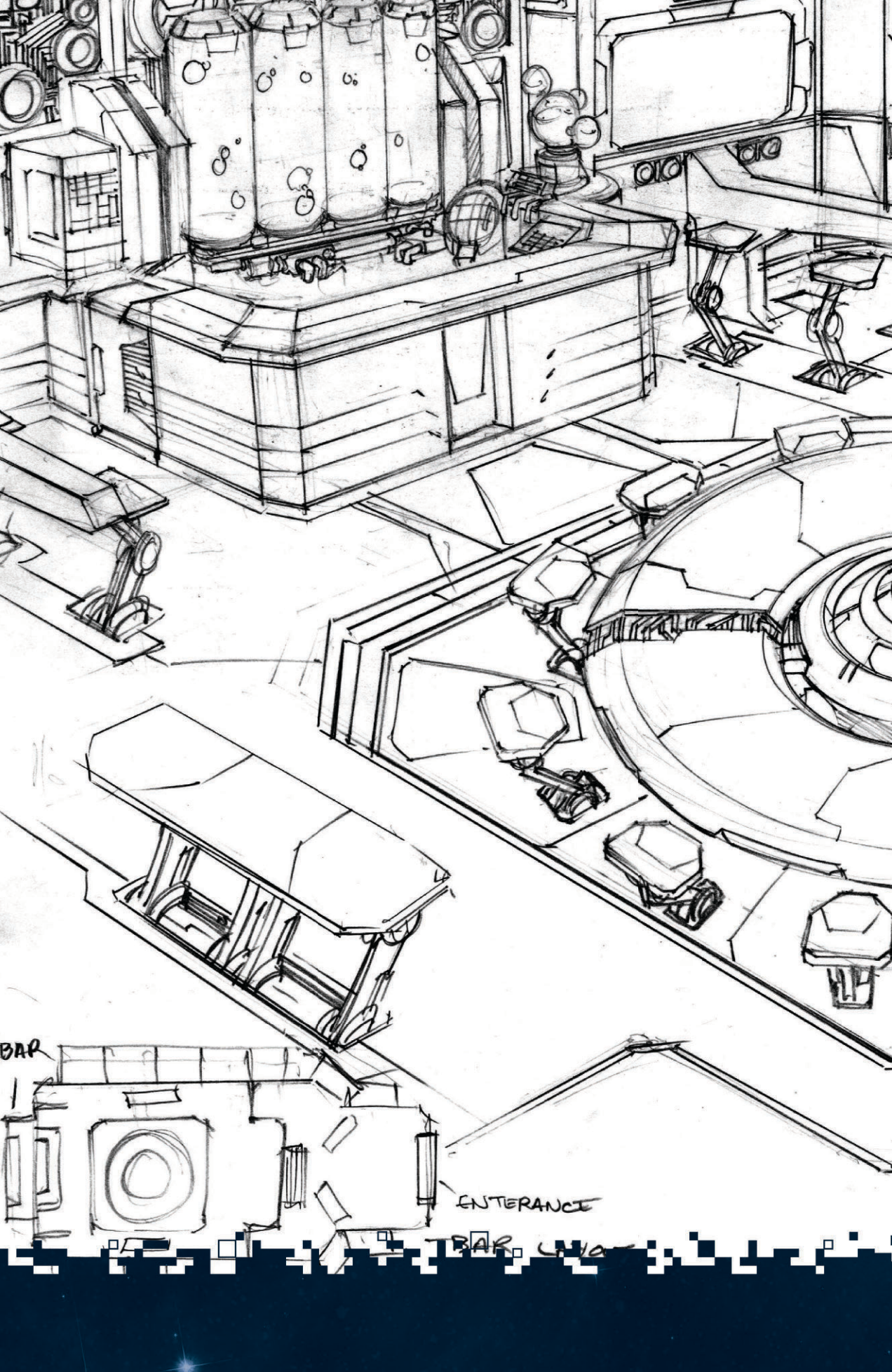

MTMTE
RODIMUS

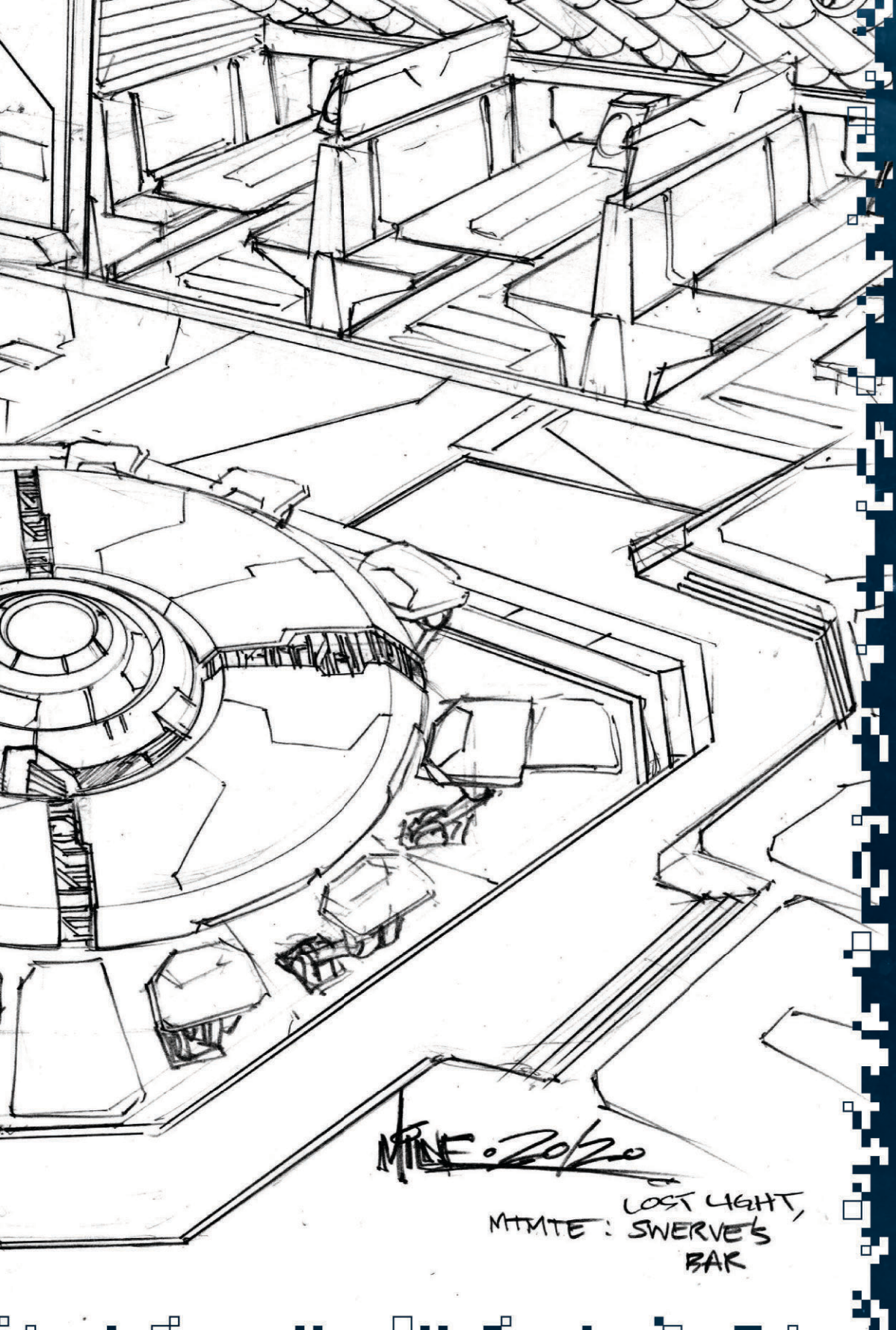

MITMITE SKIDS

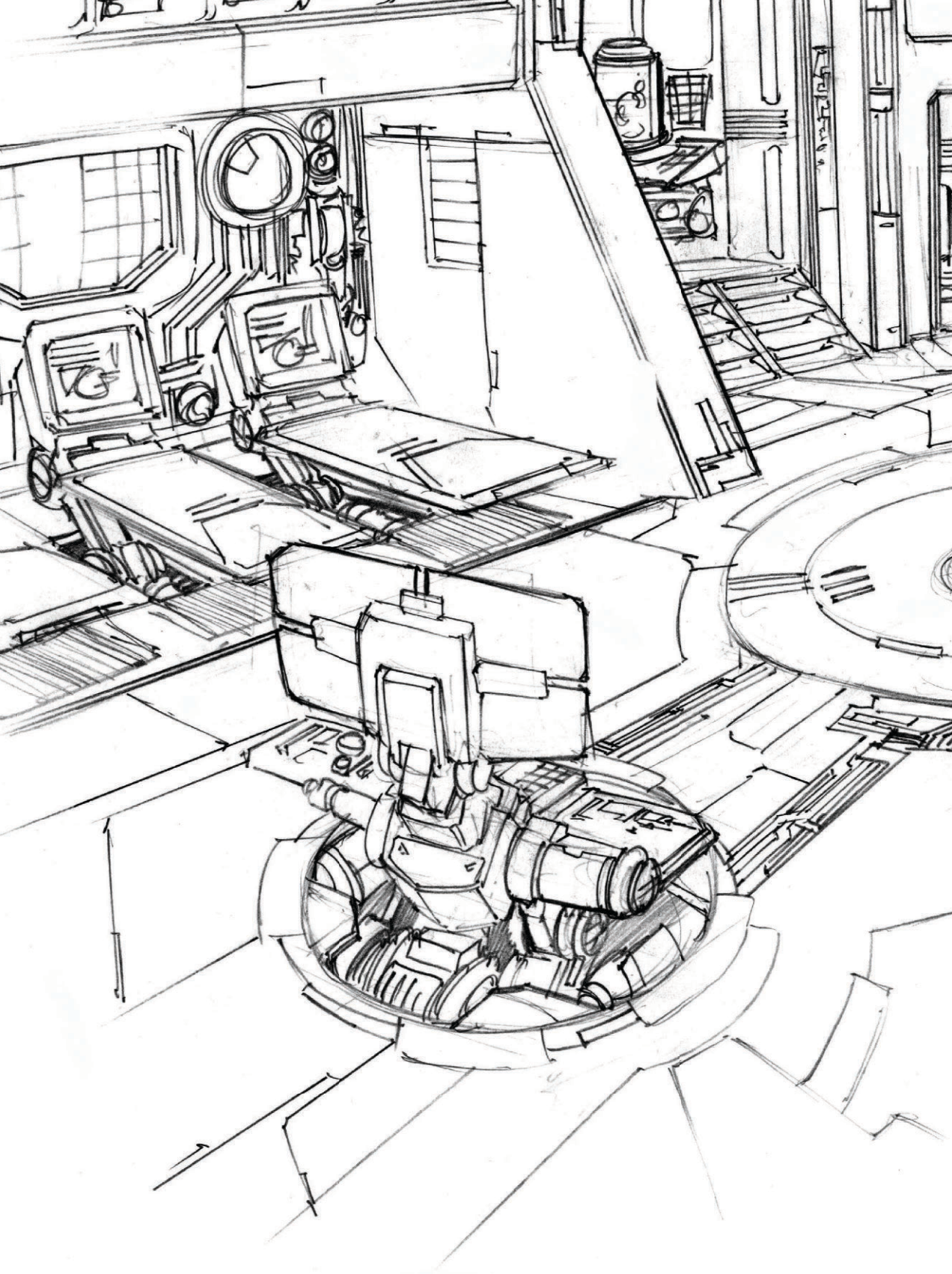

MISSILE PODS
CAN FLIP TO TOP
FLIP DOWN
TO LOCK
SHOULDERS
IN PLACE
HALF OF
SHOULDER
CAN FLIP FORWARD
TO EXTEND
TRAILER TOP
MINIE
ULTRA MAGNUS
ALT MODE

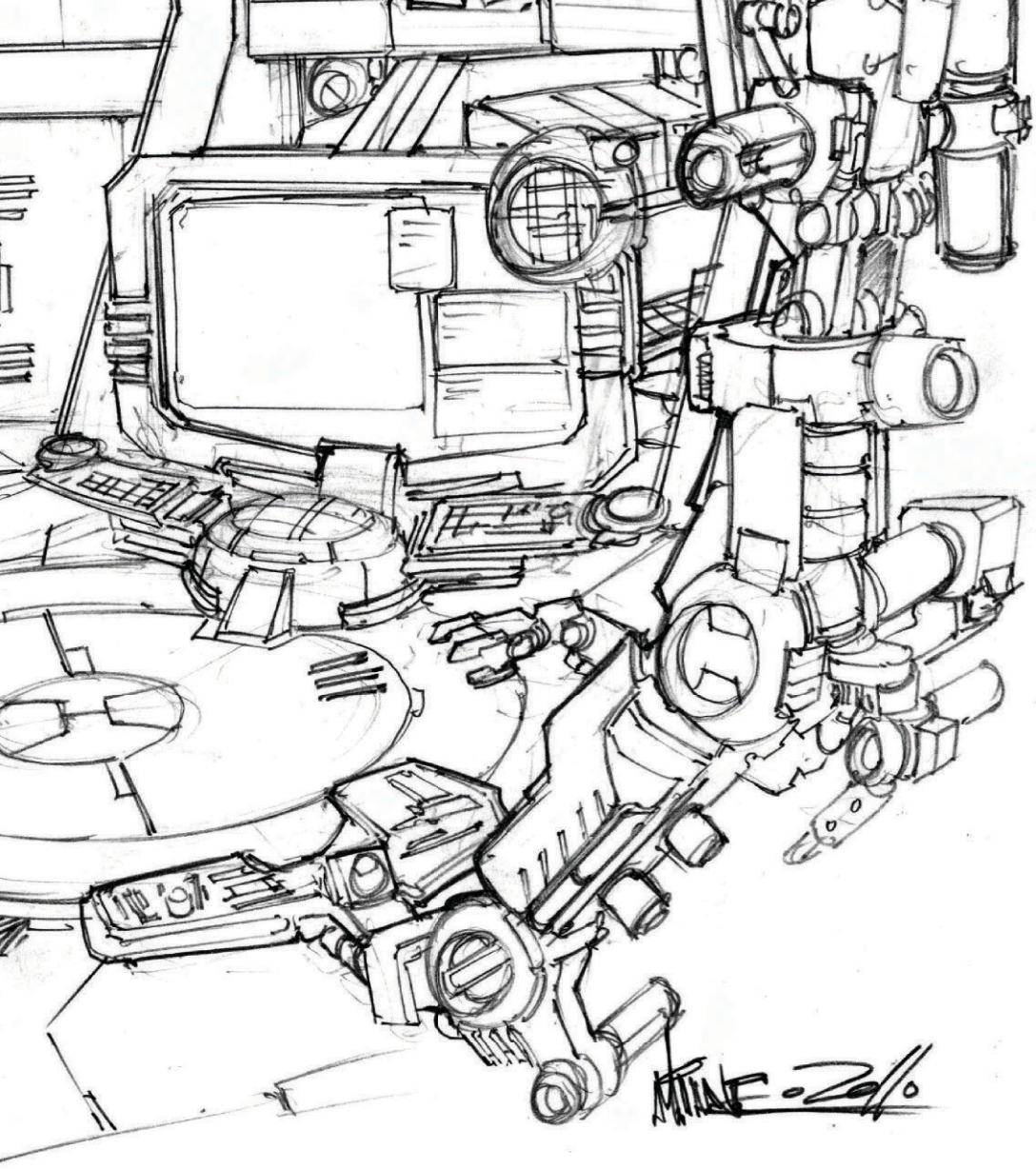



MTMTE : LOST LIGHT
RUNG'S OFFICE

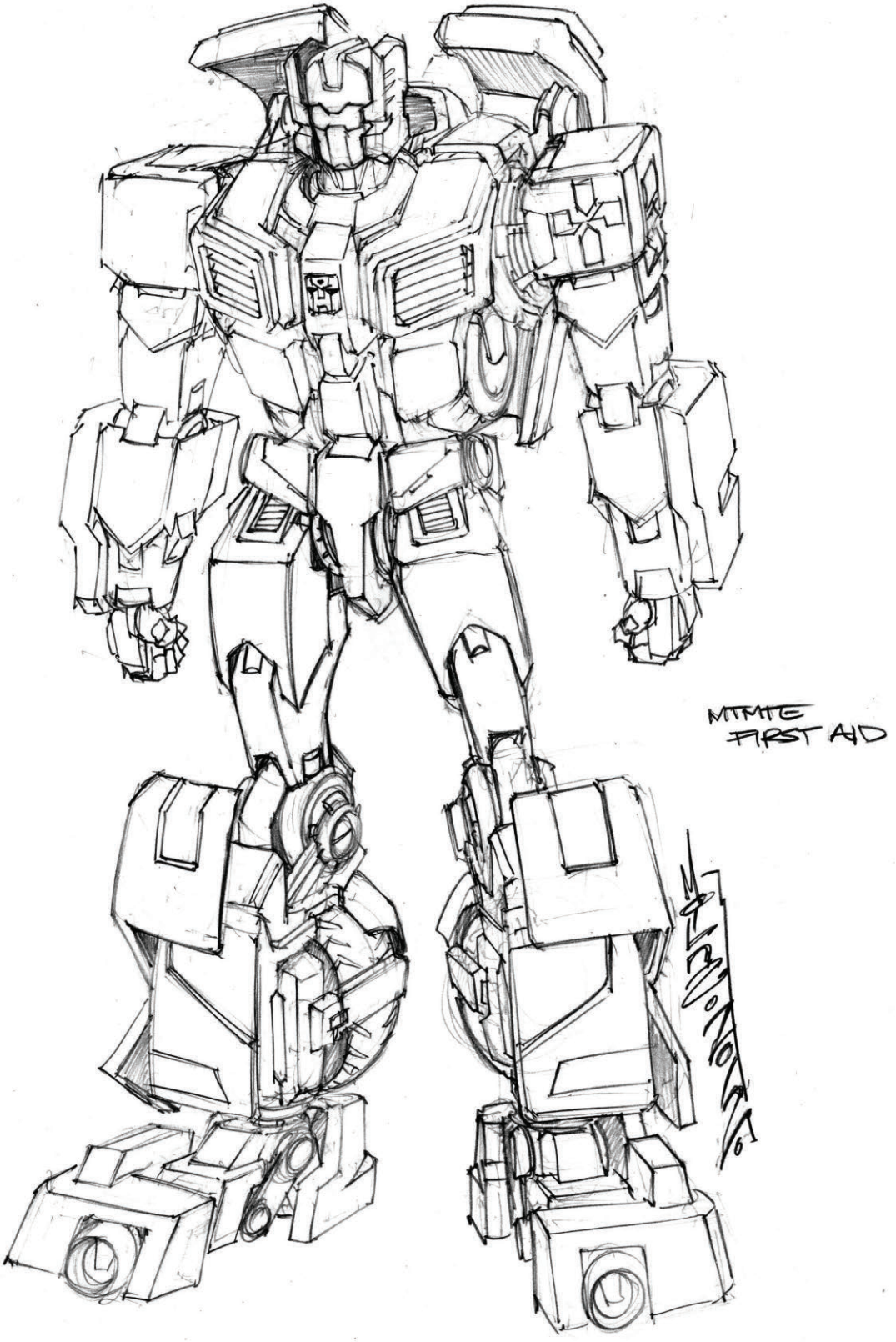

BAR
ENTERANCE
BAR

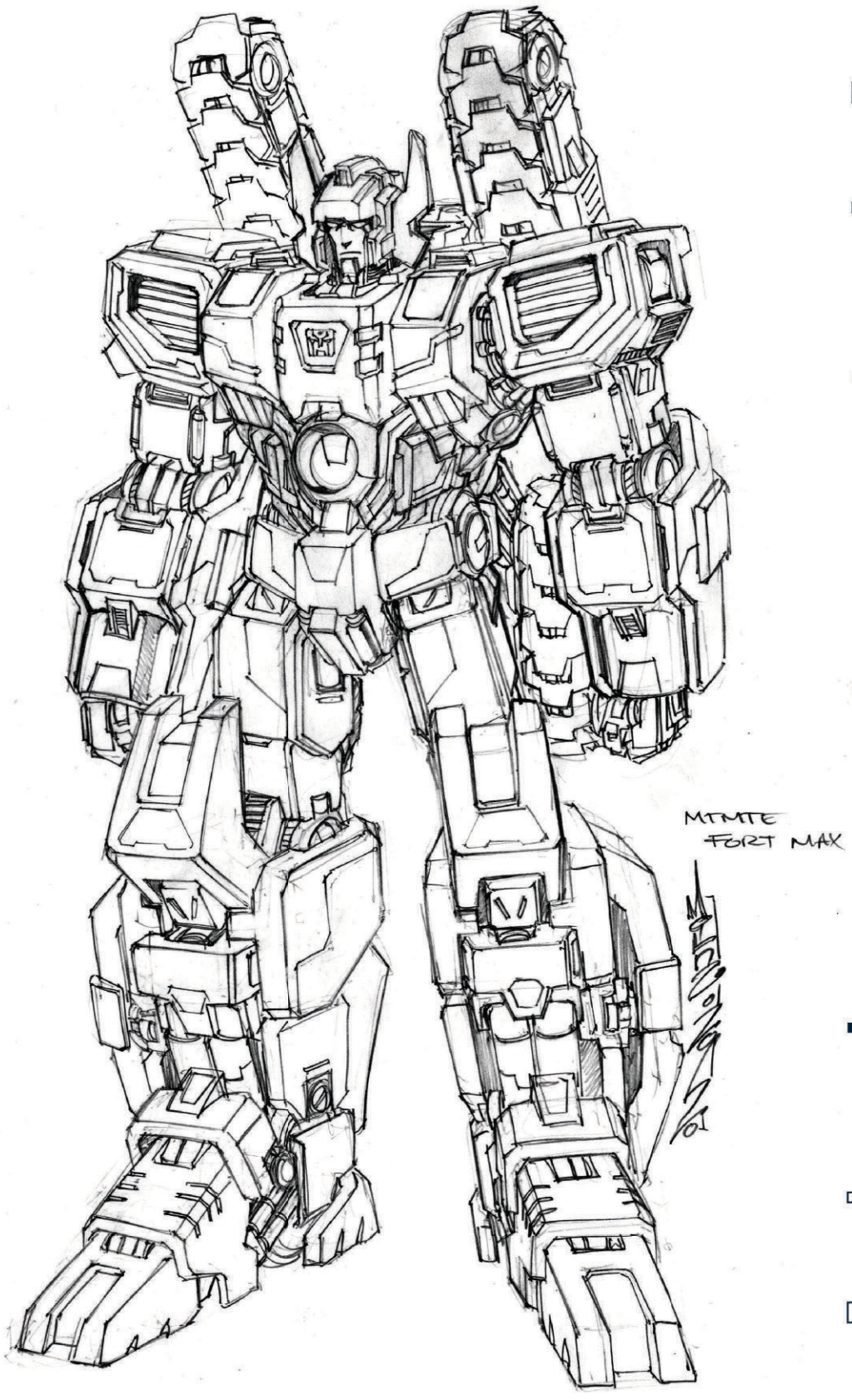

MTMTE: LOST LIGHT, SWERVE'S BAR

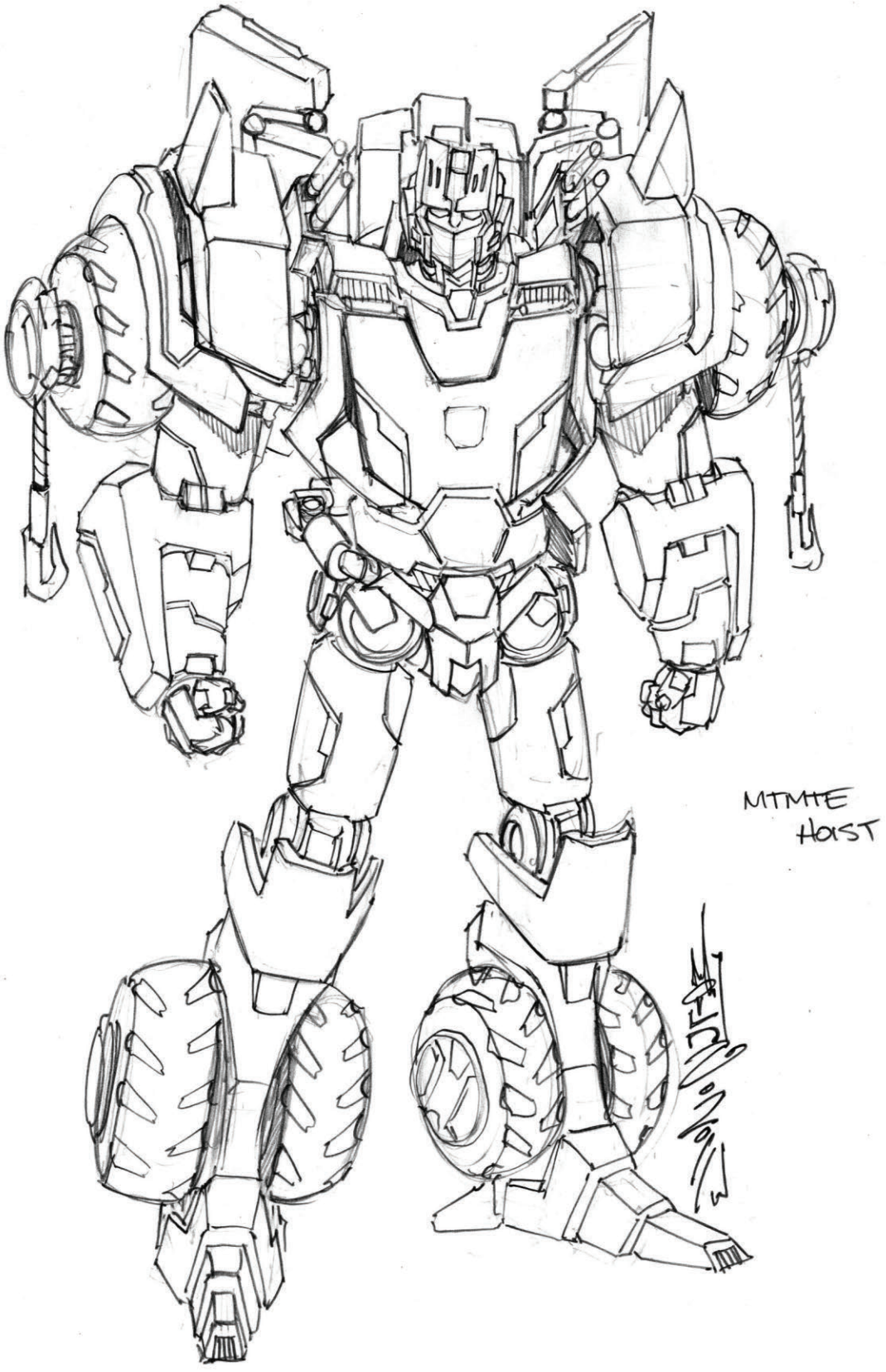


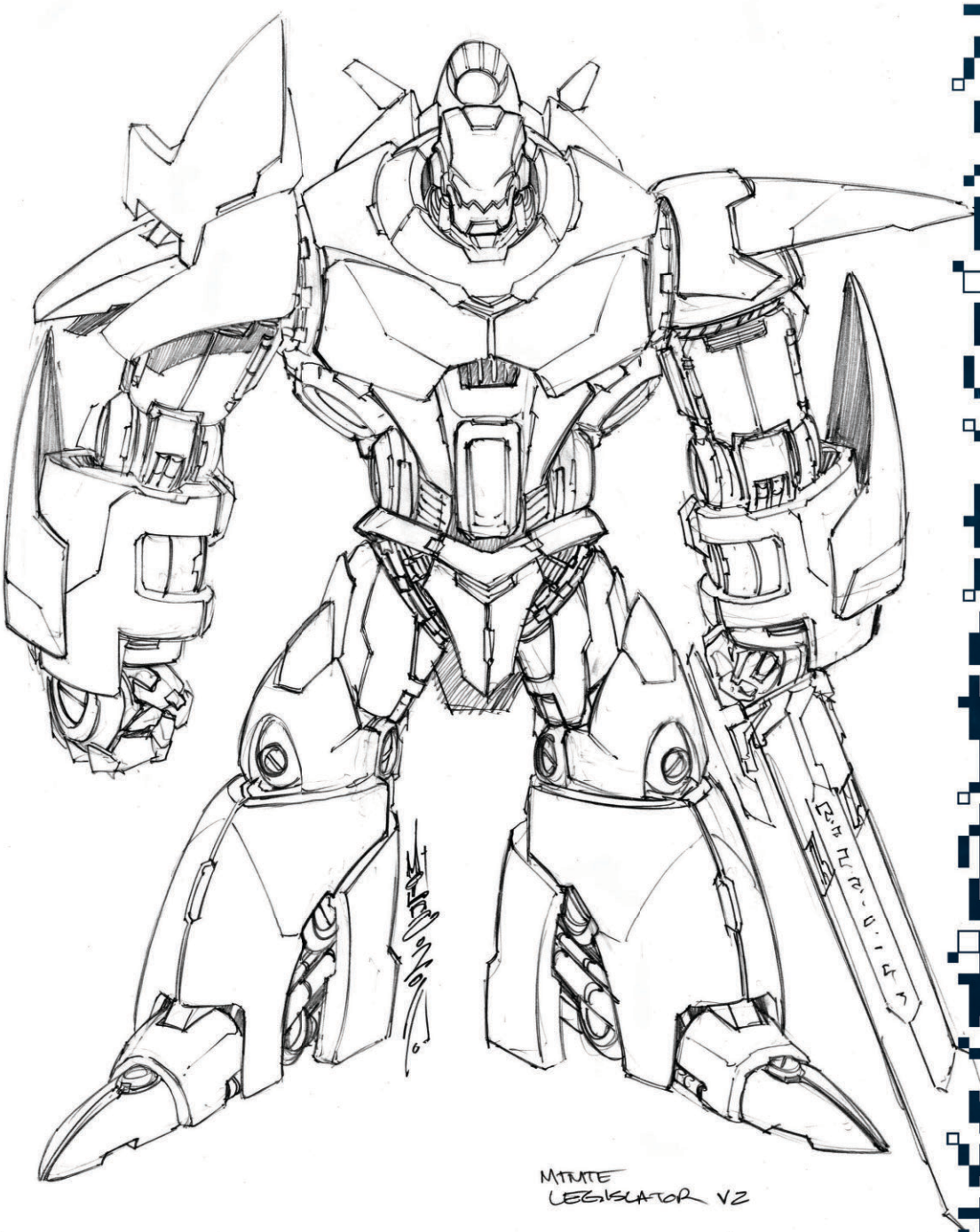


MTMTE
LOST LIGHT
MEDICAL BAY


MTMTE
FIRST AID


MTMTE
FORT MAX


MIMIC
HOIST


MINUTE
LEGISLATOR V2

EVERYTHING YOU DIDN'T REALIZE YOU NEEDED TO KNOW ABOUT *MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE*
(PART I)

The search for the Knights of Cybertron began with this paragraph in an IDW editorial memo written by the then editor of the Transformers line, Andy Schmidt:

"Schism'"[the original name for "The Death of Optimus Prime"] *ends and the ongoing series splits in two. The Autobots are left in charge of Cybertron. Bumblebee decides that he believes that change is needed. He wants to build a Cybertron based on new rules, new ideas, and new minds. As such, he refuses to use "the old ways."As a consequence, Rodimus, Ironhide, Drift and others leave Cybertron because they believe in tradition, in the beauty of what Cybertron once had. Drift knows of a place where the "old ways" still exist. And they set off into space to find the Knights of Cybertron, who have been protecting Cybertron's culture for millennia.*

MTMTE began life as *Robots in Disguise*, but Schmidt swapped the two titles around when he saw what James Roberts had planned for his characters.

After Rodimus and Drift, Chromedome, Rewind, and Whirl were always going to be part of the crew. The other key characters came later. Conscious that the *Lost Light* was crewed by lesser known Autobots, Roberts was keen to bag Ratchet (but was unable to secure the use of Wheeljack or Mirage).

Swerve was promoted to "main character" status only after Roberts came to write his dialog in issue #1. Future issues were tweaked to give the Mini-Autobot a bigger role—the "new" issue #2 (see below) was invaluable in this regard.

Rung's first appearance in the IDW universe was in *Last Stand of the Wreckers*—sort of. He wrote the new Wreckers' psychological profiles that appeared as bonus content in issues #1, #2, and #5 (and which are reprinted in the hardback collection of the series).

Roberts was asked to write *MTMTE* before he wrote the two-part "Chaos Theory" for issues #22-23 of Mike Costa's ongoing series. He made Whirl the prison guard who beat up Megatron knowing that the character was going to be a regular in *MTMTE*. Rung also has a cameo in issue #22.

When Roberts and Costa co-plotted the "Chaos" storyline, Costa generously let Roberts script the scenes on board the Kimia escape shuttle, knowing that most of the characters (including Chromedome, Brainstorm, and Swerve) were destined to appear in *MTMTE*.

Brainstorm's mysterious briefcase makes its first appearance in "Bullets," a prose story written by Roberts that appears as part of the *Last Stand of the Wreckers* collection. Trailbreaker, Xaaron, and the ill-fated Animus—the three members of the Ethics Committee—also appear, as does Swerve.

The name of the first three-issue story arc, "Liars, A to D," is a play on the 1981 Dexy's Midnight Runners song, "Liars A to E."

MTMTE issue one was originally subtitled "Launch Issue," referencing the fact that this was the beginning of a new series and (less metafictionally) that Rodimus had problems with getting the Lost Light safely off Cybertron.

Earlier versions of issue #1 were radically different, with Skids arriving on Cybertron (still being pursued by the "1984 bots") before the *Lost Light* took off. But this action sequence added to what was already a packed and frenetic opening installment, and so it was pushed back to become the spine of an entirely new issue #2 (which was originally the sparkeater issue). The fight between Whirl and Cyclonus replaced Skids' arrival in issue #1.

In the earlier drafts of issue #1, we first meet Whirl queuing up to board the Lost Light. In a moment of spite, he destoys Rung's precious collection of model spaceships. Cyclonus, meanwhile, is simply granted an audience with Rodimus on the bridge.

Tailgate—trapped underground for six million years—was originally going to be Powerglide, until the latter character appeared on present day Cybertron in "Chaos." Roberts had first pitched the idea of a Transformer being trapped underground for millions of years, oblivious to the passage of time, when he was sketching out stories for the abortive *Transformers: War Stories* project. In the *War Stories* version, Powerglide would have fallen underground before the war began and climed his way to the surface to find the Autobots being attacked by the Swarm—a scene from *All Hail Megatron*.

Roberts says that issue #1 is conceived as a grand pre-credits sequence similar to those seen in films like *Magnolia* or *The Player*, where dispirate characters and sequences are connected via long tracking shots or narration. He also says that the hardest part of writing issue #1 was spelling the "transformation sound" phonetically.

Skids' arrival in issue #2 was originally longer, with the amnesiac Autobot leaping from segment to segment of the shuttle as it slowly came apart.

In issue #3 of *Last Stand of the Wreckers*, Topspin speculates that a sparkeater might be inside the Aequitas chamber. Until the lettering stage of *MTMTE* issue #3 (when it was cut for reasons of space), the scene where the Autobots stand over Shock's body featured the following dialogue:

Trailbreaker:	Yeah, but has anyone actually **seen** [a sparkeater] before?
Red Alert:	I heard there was one on **Garrus 9**. Interrogation tool. High Command denied it, of course.
Trailbreaker:	Okay, anyone **apart** from **him**?
Trailbreaker:	(No offence, Red.)

In the same scene, Rewind says, "I've got 29 seconds of grainy footage that's supposed to show a sparkeater attacking the Gimlin Facility on Varas Centralus." This is a reference to Robert Gimlin, who with Roger Patterson told the world that they'd captured Big Foot on film.

Later in the issue, in an effort to prove his navigation skills to Skids, Swerve boasts that he once "tiptoed across the Mitteous Plateau"—this terrain was decribed by Tailgate in issue #1 as the most fragile on Cybertron, shortly after he'd fallen through it.

FIND OUT WHAT LEADS TO ALL OF THE CHAOS

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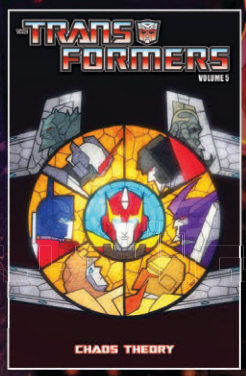

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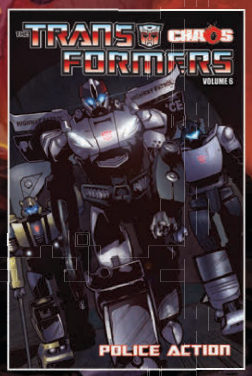

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More Than Meets The Eye reunites the fan-favorite creative team of **James Roberts** and **Nick Roche** with **Alex Milne** and sends the Transformers on an epic quest to the farthest reaches of the Transformers Universe and beyond in the three-part story "Liars, A to D!" Also includes the one-shot *Death of Optimus Prime*.

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